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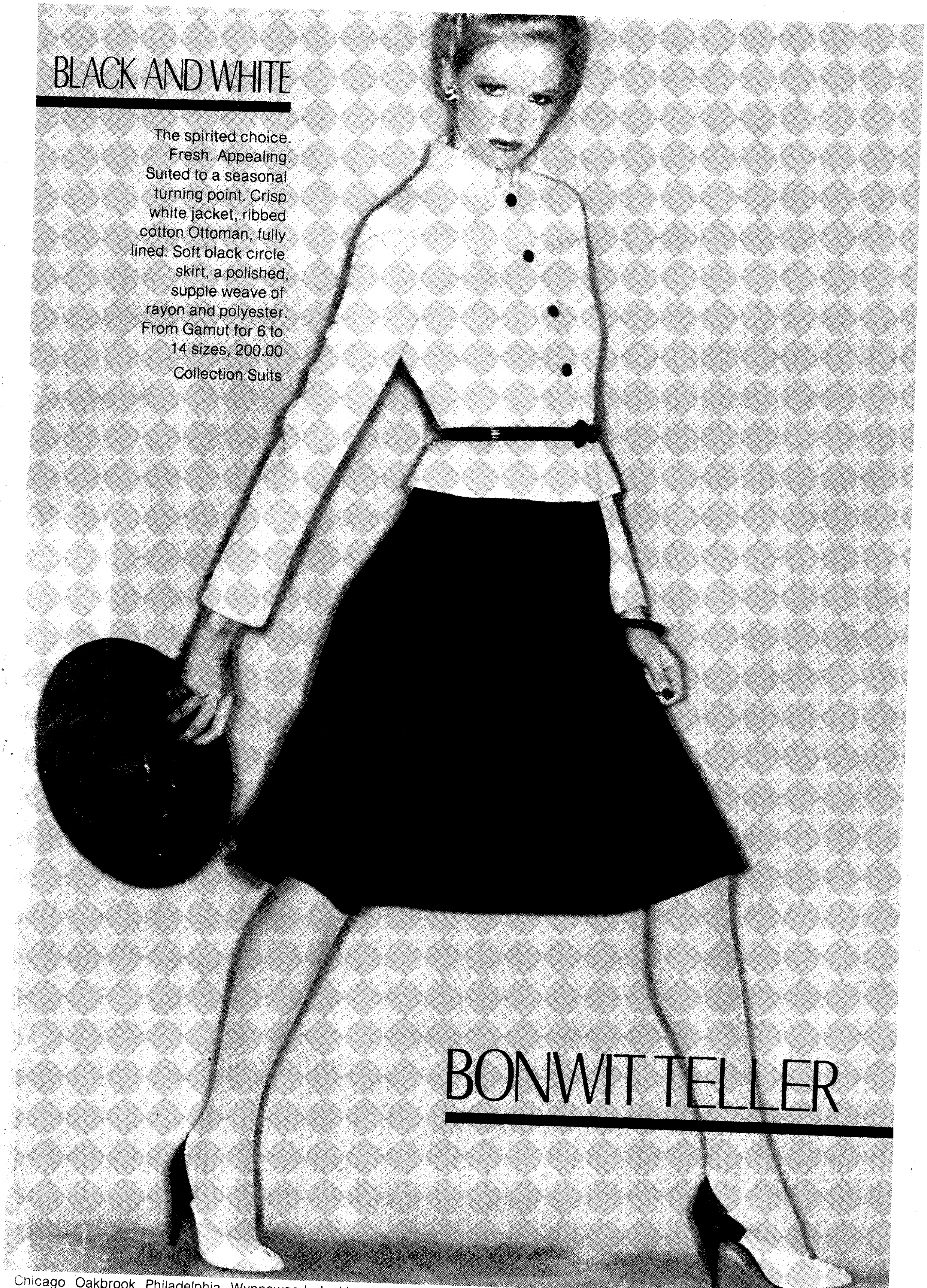

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in rotating repertory through Sunday, June 15. Charles MacArthur's 1941 satire **JOHNNY ON A SPOT**, with Gary Bayer and Roxanne Hart: Wednesday, Feb. 27 (opening) and Thursday, Feb. 28, as well as Tuesday through Thursday, March 4-6, at 8. . . . **THE WINTER'S TALE**, with Brian Murray and Marti Maraden. One of Shakespeare's so-called romances, full of plausible humor and implausible tragedy. There is also a bear; make what you can of that. (Reviewed in this issue.) Friday, Feb. 29, at 8; Saturday, March 1, at 2 and 8; Sunday, March 2, at 2 and 7; Friday, March 7, at 8; and Saturday, March 8, at 2 and 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—Richard Gere and David Dukes give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/17/79.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Three adults who prove to be as selfish as so many spoiled six-year-olds bicker over their not very gratifying adulteries in this latest dark comedy by Harold Pinter. Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider are the principals. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Censored Scenes from King Kong—Carrie Fisher, Stephen Collins, and Chris Sarandon in a musical entertainment by Howard Schuman, with music by Andy Roberts. A London import; directed by Colin Bucksey. Previews through Wednesday, March 5. Opens officially on Thursday, March 6, at 6:45. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Charlotte—Uta Hagen and Charles Nelson Reilly make up the cast of a play by Peter Hacks. Directed by Herbert Berghof. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi—A play by Pam Gems. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 27, and will run through Sunday, March 16. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Elizabeth and Essex—Estelle Parsons and Richard White in a musical based on Maxwell Anderson's "Elizabeth the Queen." Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble wrote the book, Douglas Katsaros did the music, and Richard Engquist is responsible for the lyrics. Nancy Rhodes directed. (Encompass, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

An Evening With W. S. Gilbert, A Musical Biography—A one-man show conceived by John Wolfson, with Lloyd Harris as Gilbert. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 28. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Evita—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Filumena—Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay are a reluctant man and wife in this warhorse of a comedy by Eduardo de Filippo. The scene is Naples shortly after the Second World War. Laurence Olivier directed. (2/25/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Housewives' Cantata—A dreary little exercise in imitation: imitation music, imitation lyrics, and imitation jokes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jane White, Who?—An evening of autobiographical monologues, musings, and songs by Miss White. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Wednesdays through Mondays at 8.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Leonard Frey. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 9.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **THE FORTUNE TELLER** opens Wednesday, Feb. 27, and will run through Sunday, March 16. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Major Barbara—A revival of Bernard Shaw's play, with Rachel Gurney, Philip Bosco, Laurie Kennedy, and Jon De Vries. Directed

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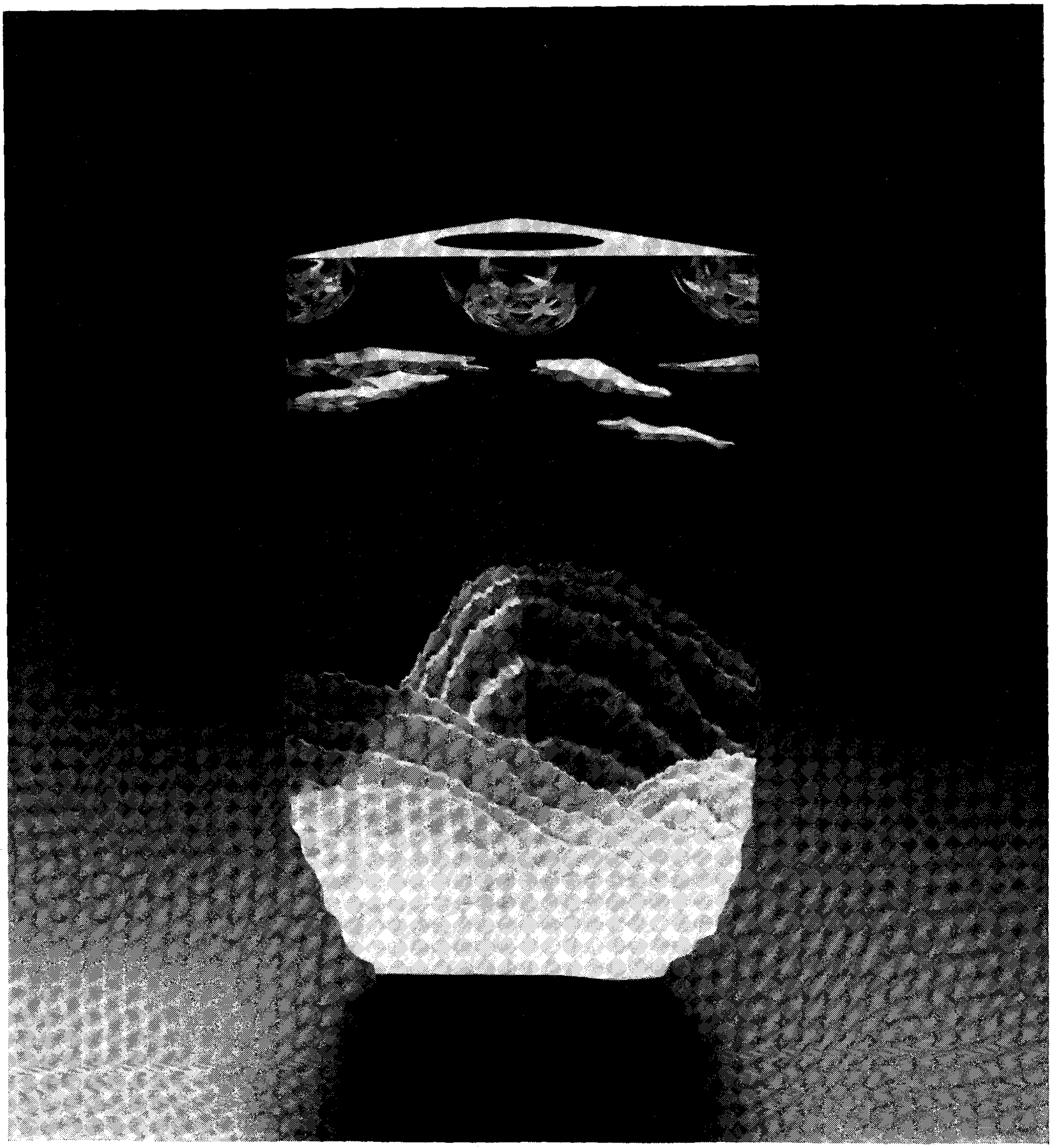

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Stephen Porter. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marie and Bruce—In Wallace Shawn's new comedy, a gross, foulmouthed tigress of a wife mauls her polite little husband, who may well gain the last word by keeping silent. With Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban. (2/11/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Milk of Paradise—A play by Sallie Bingham. Opens Thursday, Feb. 28, and will run through Sunday, March 9. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Millionaire in Trouble—A Yiddish musical, with Yakov Bodo. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesday at 8 and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Thursday at 2:30, and Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Mister Lincoln—Roy Dotrice portrays Abraham Lincoln in a one-character play by Herbert Mitgang. The director is Peter Coe. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Roy Cooper, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of Samm-Art Williams' play **home** starts Thursday, Feb. 28, and will run through Sunday, April 6. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

THEATRE
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Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Shakespeare's Cabaret—Extracts from fourteen plays and a couple of sonnets and poems set, improbably, to music by Lance Mulcahy. ("Venus and Adonis" is done as country-and-Western.) Michael Lessac is the director. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. Superbly enacted by Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

These Men—A TV sit-com by Mayo Simon about the woes of two young women in Laurel Canyon, written before the rains came. Very well played by Alix Elias and Jill Larson. (2/25/80) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

War and Peace—A dramatic adaptation by Erwin Piscator and Alfred Neumann of Tolstoy's novel. With Erik Rhodes, Jacqueline Bertrand, Carl Low, and Timothy Landfield. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Final performance Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Mary Tyler Moore has assumed Tom Conti's role in a return engagement of the play by Brian Clark. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dancin':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the elephant man:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 8,248 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm getting my act together and taking it on the road:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tues-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **STRIDER—THE STORY OF A HORSE:** The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. Starting Tuesday, March 4, Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn will replace Miss Lansbury and Mr. Cariou. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts. Starting Monday, March 3, Stockard Channing will replace Miss Arnaz. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A staged version of Disney's **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.** No Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays at 11 A.M.; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6:30. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Les Colombaioni—Carlo and Alberto Colombaioni, a clown duo. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Monday and Tuesday, March 3-4, at 6.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical revue, "Daze A Vu," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, March 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call 244-4660.)

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DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Feb. 27: "Landrover," "Duets," and "Sounddance."...¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 28: "Torse III," "Tango," "Locale," and "Squaregame."...¶ Friday evening, Feb. 29: "Torse III," "Exchange," and "Roadrunners."...¶ Saturday matinée, March 1: "Landrover," "Duets," and "Changing Steps et cetera."...¶ Saturday evening, March 1: "Fractions," "Tango," "Duets," and "Squaregame."...¶ Sunday matinée, March 2: "Fractions," "Locale," and "Roadrunners." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company—A troupe of forty dancers and musicians. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 8; and Sunday, March 2, at 4.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **SOLOMONS COMPANY / DANCE:** A full-length work, "NŌZ," Thursday, Feb. 28, and Saturday and Sunday, March 1-2, all at 8.... **ELIZABETH KEEN DANCE COMPANY:** "Quadrille" (première), "Ruins" (New York première), and "Slash," Thursday, March 6, at 8; Saturday, March 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 9, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Royal Dancers and Musicians from the Kingdom of Bhutan—Thirteen dancers and musicians in a program of traditional works based on ancient Buddhist folklore. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, the folkie duo Aztec Two-Step; Tuesday, March 4, singer and songwriter **MARY MCCASLIN;** Wednesday, March 5, the Good Rats, a Long Island rock group; Thursday, March 6, an all-guitar night with **JOHN ABERCROMBIE, RALPH TOWNER,** and **TERJE RYPDAL** (from Norway); and Friday through Sunday, March 7-9, **MCCOY TYNER'S** sextet. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** work together through Saturday, March 1, and on Monday, March 3, bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist **KENNY BARRON** will renew their activities as a duo. (Barron has played in Carter's quartet for the past couple of years.) On Sundays, Bradley's becomes an outpost for Brazilian jazz, as singer **ANGELA SUAREZ** and her quartet perform. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The Brazilian national dish is *feijoada*, a one-pot concoction of black beans and smoked meats, and some people find it heavy going. But the Brazilian national pastime is samba—although some might argue that it is *futebol* (soccer) or playing the guitar—and it is easy-to-take, light, never filling, and downright irresistible. This urbane room is a good place to hear the samba performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who plays hot, rhythmic solos on his full-sounding seven-string guitar, leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is accompanied by bassist **BRIAN TORFF.** They appear Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays....¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** romps over the keyboard and sings a little. She's on nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

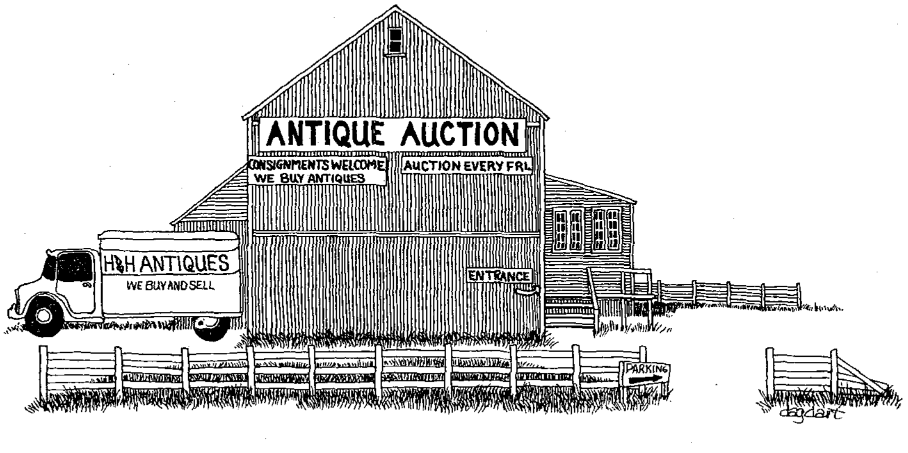
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The rock bands: The The and 60 Wednesday, Feb. 27; Joe (King) Carrasco and the Crowns Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fried steaks, chili, the Texas Two-Step, and designer jeans. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—This cocktail lounge, just around the corner from where "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" is playing, features American Popular Music—The Entertainment, with singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist, **JACK SIX,** doing the honors. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—In a program that could easily be entitled the "Art of the Blues Lyric," **ALBERTA HUNTER** hips audiences to such stock-in-trade laments as "I never loved but three men in my life./My father, my brother, and the man that wrecked my life." Miss Hunter performs at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE,** the singer-pianist who has no faults, will do three sets with a bassist, at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The place comes very close to New Orleans authenticity, except that when one looks out the windows one sees Vanderbilt Avenue, not the French Quarter, and occasional snow flurries instead of Spanish moss. One can also see and hear trumpeter **RED ROD-**



AWESOME

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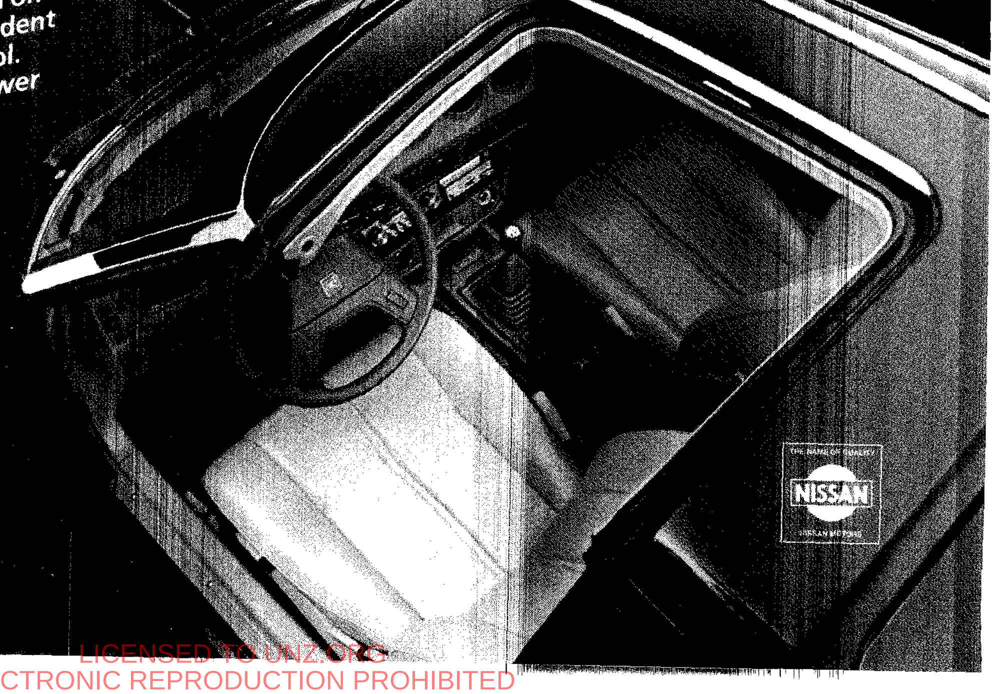

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Pleasure before business.

On our new 747B's from Los Angeles and Seattle to Tokyo and Bangkok, we treat you with a little vacation, as it were, before you get down to business. And we do it as smooth as silk to 33 cities across 4 continents. Because we, too, have important business to take care of. And that, dear passenger, is you.

Thai

How man was meant to fly.

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NEY and his young quartet Mondays through Fridays from six until eleven. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. On Sunday, March 2, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young swing tenor saxophonist, will lead his quintet, which will feature **RED RODNEY**, a middle-aged bebop trumpeter. They'll start about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, belowstairs jazz room. **JOE PASS**, the guitarist's guitarist, the listener's guitarist, and a guitarist for all seasons—he's real good—performs through Saturday, March 1. On Tuesday, March 4, pianist and composer **DAVE FRISHBERG** will arrive with his trio to perform his greatest hits—"Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Hip," "I Got to Get Me Some Z's," and "Van Lingle Mungo." Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that appears to be in the process of being refurbished itself. **DAVE MCKENNA** is the visiting pianist through Saturday, March 1; on Tuesday, March 4, singer and stride-and-Ellington expert **BROOKS KERR** will take over. Music in the dining room Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio supply music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are now twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by the Clash, the Specials, or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live-entertainment schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 27, Walter Steding and Tragic Flaw; Thursday, Feb. 28, Lounge Lizards and Lizzy DesCloux; Friday, Feb. 29, B-Girls and Nikki & the Korvettes; Saturday, March 1, dB's and Crackers; and Tuesday, March 4, Alda Reserve and Manhattan Project. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Dancing. Closed Sunday and Monday, March 2-3.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs, in the jazz living room, one will find Alive!, a Berkeley-based quintet, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1; and on Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, trombonist **STEVE TURRE** and trumpeter **JON FADDIS** will co-pilot a quintet. Sunday is big-band night. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. Right now, the music everyone is listening to is provided by pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, raucous, and the best place in the city to celebrate Texas Independence Day, which falls on a Sunday this year. (The date, which most Texans memorize by the eighth grade, is March 2nd.) The celebrants will be genuine Texans **DOUG SAHM** and Kinky Friedman and non-natives **DR. JOHN** and **RICHIE HAVENS**. Before all this regionalistic hoopla, on Wednesday, Feb. 27, Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON** will lead his band. And after all the regionalistic hoopla, on Monday and Tuesday, March 3-4, **DOUG SAHM** will be back; and on Thursday, March 6, **DR. JOHN** will deliver some more Cajun swamp rock. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

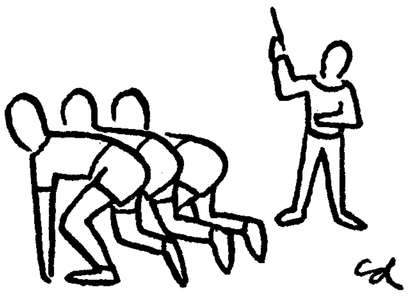
Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—An upper East Side haven for former big-band and pop singers. June Valli, who made pop records in the fifties, is singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: Cheetah Chrome and Addictions Wednesday, Feb. 27; Hooks, Steadies, and Coolies Thursday, Feb. 28; Von Lmo and 3rd Rail Friday, Feb. 29; Billies and Luigi & the Wiseguys Saturday, March 1; Honey Davis and Nuclear Energy Sunday, March 2; Mark Dagley, Unknowns, and Night Watch Monday, March 3; and Missing Page, Method, and Burnettes Tuesday, March 4. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A tribute to composer Frank Loesser, carried out by singer **CAROL SLOANE** and singer-pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, will end its run on Saturday, March 1, just in time for the next tribute. The honorees, beginning Tuesday, March 4, will be Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and the singers will be **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and **JOHN LA SALLE**. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. Jazz, jazz-rock, or rhythm-and-blues music from ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.



Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, and rock club. British keyboardist Brian Auger's band is here Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 27-28; the Healy Treece band, a Grateful Dead-spinoff group, will work Friday through Sunday, Feb. 29-March 2; singer and songwriter Townes Van Zandt will drop by on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 4-5; and veteran pop-folkie **MARY TRAVERS** will be on hand Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. Bob January's orchestra is on the bandstand along with singer **BARBARA LEA** Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer and songwriter Ronee Blakley goes on with violinist Scarlet Rivera—together they make up a sort of all-woman mini-Rolling Thunder Revue—at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Wednesday, Feb. 27. Barbara Cook is now singing here Thursdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—A revue is under way in the King Cole Room that celebrates some of the musicals produced by Cheryl Crawford—"Porgy and Bess," "One Touch of Venus," and "Brigadoon" are three of them. Selected songs from these and other shows are performed by **PATRICE MUNSEL**, Steve Elmore, and Ira Hawkins. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. The Decoding Society, a jazz group, plays here on Wednesday, Feb. 27; and Thursday through Sunday, March 6-9, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will be leading a sextet that will include trombonist **CURTIS FULLER**. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge entitled the French Quarter, trombonist **URBIE GREEN** oversees a quartet through Saturday, March 1. On Monday, March 3, pianist **DOROTHY DONEGAN** will bring in a quartet. Music nightly, except Sundays, after nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Established brand-name bebop: flugelhornist **ART FARMER'S** quartet through Saturday, March 1; bassist **LISLE ATKINSON'S** quartet on Sunday and Monday, March 2-3; and flutist and tenor saxophonist **JAMES MOODY'S** group Tuesday through Saturday, March 4-8. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and with good reason. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. On Wednesday, Feb. 27, saxophonist **MONTY WATERS** will work with pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, bassist **CALVIN HILL**, and drummer **JIM LOVELACE**. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 27, the Nails, New York's contribution to ska; Thursday, Feb. 28, Chicago-blues musician **HOMESICK JAMES**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, the Memphis Rockabilly Band, which actually hails from Boston; and Friday and Saturday, March 7-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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8, bluesman **LOUISIANA RED.** Shows usually begin at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. George Sanders' band Wednesday, Feb. 27; Neon Thursday, Feb. 28; Richard Lloyd Friday, Feb. 29; and Rattlers and Reptiles Saturday, March 1. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Flutist **HERBIE MANN'S** combo is playing in the large downstairs room Fridays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty and Sundays at ten. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** *and her trio work on* Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICKOLAS** and his quartet—pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB**—wind up their visit on Sunday, March 2; on Tuesday, March 4, guitarist **JIM HALL** will come in with a trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Pianist Harris Simon is on hand Thursdays through Sundays; pianist Esther Blue works Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing (mostly) musicians; enthusiastic students. Bebopping pianist Joe Albany leads his quartet through Friday, Feb. 29; and on Saturday, March 1, the Basie alumni quintet, the **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS,** saxophonist and singer **EARLE WARREN,** and their cohorts—will take command. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAZZ BANDS ARE BACK—The second in a series of four concerts, this one by the Glenn Miller Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

HAROLD DANKO & THE GELTMAN BAND—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

MILLIE JACKSON—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8 and 11:30.

CBA ENSEMBLE—Slide Hampton conducting, with James Moody. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

ZOLA—In a gospel, jazz, and blues program, with Russell Procope. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8 and 11.)

THE JAM—With the Inmates and the Speedies. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

THE SPINNERS—With Ray, Goodman & Brown. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Feb. 29, at 9.)

DAVID MURRAY OCTET and **JEROME COOPER**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 10:30.

UFO, BLACKFOOT, and **OFF BROADWAY**—Palladium. Saturday, March 1, at 8.

HARVIE SWARTZ BAND—Jazz Gallery. Saturday, March 1, at 8.

LOS PAYAS—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 1, at 8.

BYARD LANCASTER UNIT/BROADWAY LOCAL—Jazz Gallery. Sunday, March 2, at 8.

CARMEL QUINN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, March 6, at 8.

OLD AND NEW DREAMS BAND and **ARTHUR BLYTHE QUARTET**—Town Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8.

OLD-TIME COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL—The first two of six programs. Friday, March 7, at 8:30. Hazel Dickens and the Red Clay Ramblers. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8:30: The Ardoin Family and the Sullivan Family. (Brooklyn *Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)*

SALSA CONCERT—Tito Puente and his orchestra, Hector Casanova, Cheo Feliciano, Junior Gonzalez, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

GEORGE LEWIS, URSULA OPPENS, and **FREDERIC RZEWSKI**—Public Theatre. Friday, March 7, at 10:30.

SUNNY MURRAY—With Byard Lancaster and Wilber Morris. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

PAUL KNOPF / CLARE JOHNSON—In a program of *music and dance. (Washington Square Meth*odist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

HENRY THREADGILL SEXTET and **GEORGE LEWIS & DOUGLAS EWART**—Public Theatre. Saturday, March 8, at 10:30.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1: Harold Vick, Al Dreares, Peck Morrison, and Stan Hope. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 5: Craig Purpura quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 7-8: Louis Hayes quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 29: Commitment. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1: Dennis Charles Duo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7: Leo Smith. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 11 and 1: Left Hand Frank and the All Stars of Rock. (Squat Theatre, 256 *W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)*

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WALTER DARBY BANNARD / AUGUSTE RODIN (1840-1917)—Large abstract paintings. Through Thursday, March 6. / Several casts made during the artist's lifetime are included in a show of twenty-two sculptures. Through Saturday, March 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

FRANÇOIS AND BERNARD BASCHET—Stainless-steel sculptures that look like exotic flowers and ferns and give off musical sounds when they are jostled. Through Saturday, March 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Paintings based on themes from "The Tempest" by a figurative artist. Through March 12. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE—Abstract metal sculptures. Through March 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Paintings by a well-known West Coast artist whose abstract works suggest endless serpentine columns of figures. Through Saturday, March 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

C. K. CHATTERTON (1880-1973)—Paintings and drawings that have much in common with Hopper, who was this artist's schoolmate in Henri's art classes as well as his lifelong friend. Many of the scenes are of Maine. Through Saturday, March 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

DOUGLAS DAVIS—Two works: a silent movie—its subject is art—in which the artist and two *others perform; and a videotape installation,* with sound. Through March 15. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

FRANK FAULKNER—Richly encrusted pattern paintings in which large over-all geometric designs are worked out in tiny medallions of acrylics. Through Saturday, March 1. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY / RICHARD SERRA—Two sculptural works—a nine-and-a-half-foot Corten steel wall piece, shaped like an airfoil and weighing six hundred and fifty pounds, and a drastically flattened arch of heavy-gauge aluminum, also mounted on the wall. / A black square, nine and a half feet by eleven, painted with an oil stick on linen and hung at an angle on a white wall. Through March 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT KIPNISS / LOUIS LOZOWICK (1892-1973)—Drawings and oil paintings in which lofty trees and rural buildings are silhouetted against a pale sky, almost in chiaroscuro. Through Saturday, March 8. / Precisionist paintings and drawings of industrial scenes—fiery smelters, high steel, high-tension lines. Through March 15. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

JUAN MARTINEZ—Works by a Spanish painter; first one-man show in New York. Through March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

KENNETH NOLAND / DIANE KEATON—Handmade rag-paper works. / Photographs of hotel lobbies and rooms. Through Saturday, March 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

ENZO PLAZZOTTA—Classical bronze nudes, many life-size; there are also numerous ballet dancers and several sculptures of mares, foals, and a bull. Through Friday, March 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MARIANO ROYO—Abstract paintings by a young artist who lives in Pamplona, Spain. All of them are based on rectangles selected from aerial photos of farmlands in the province of Navarra. Through Saturday, March 1. (Walter, a new gallery at 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Abstract works of linen, silk, and cotton threads sewn on linen. Through March 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHARLES SEPLOWIN—Wall sculptures, most of them evoking winged flight, made of molded sheet steel or aluminum, with a couple of *molded poplar-veneer pieces, and one of cast* bronze. Through March 21. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

LAURA SHECHTER—Small, meticulously painted oils and watercolors of china and glassware—creamers, sugar bowls, vials, tumblers. Through Friday, March 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KIMBER SMITH—Recent abstract paintings done in bright colors sketchily applied to canvas. Through Thursday, March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EDVINS STRAUTMANIS / WILLIAM UMBREIT—Abstract paintings. / Carved-wood sculptures. Through Friday, Feb. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

JOAN THORNE—Large abstract oil paintings consisting mainly of ribbons of thick, raw color. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

PAUL VÁZQUEZ—Large abstract paintings, some of them combining oils and acrylics. Through Saturday, March 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by thirteen Latin-American realists; several have exhibited here before, among them Claudio Bravo, Julio Larraz, and Emilio Sanchez. Through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: A shadowy interior with a figure at a desk, done in 1910 by Marcel Duchamp; a sunny, enigmatic gouache by Magritte; and several pieces by Margaret Israel. Through Wednesday, March 5. . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by Americans, including landscapes in oil by John Twachtman and Theodore Robinson, and a Demuth watercolor. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Paintings (by Jane Freilicher, Alfred Leslie, Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers, among others) from the personal collection of Tibor de Nagy, whose gallery is marking its thirtieth anniversary. Through March 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, Nolde, and Kokoschka. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and works on paper by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Klee, Braque, and others. Through March 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hopper, Calder, Marini, and others. Through Friday, Feb. 29.

SCULPTURE—Two white marble bust-length figures, attributed to "the immediate circle of Michelangelo," which were part of a group called "The Three Fates." (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LARRY ABRAMSON—Yellow squares shown in a variety of settings—as flags, under a tall canopy, on rectangles of plywood—in a nicely arranged exhibit of this young Israeli artist's work. Through Saturday, March 1. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL ANSELL / JIM YOUNGERMAN—Drawings of sunbathers, roller-skaters, loafers—all of them seen from above. / Figure drawings, combining colored ink and pencil, in which louvered windows are a repeated element. Through March 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

HANNELORE BARON—Strange little Klee-like figures, printed by a primitive monotype process and assembled as collages, together with scraps of fabrics and the like, on paper. Through Saturday, March 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Drawings of nudes, dated 1971. Through Saturday, March 1. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BYRON BROWNE (1907-61)—Paintings done in the early fifties which were among the early manifestations of Abstract Expressionism. Through Saturday, March 1. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

MARVIN CHERNEY (1925-67)—Portraits, mostly. Through Saturday, March 8. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PINCHAS COHEN GAN—A room-size installation of freestanding painted-canvas panels, and other works. Through March 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

JOE DIGIORGIO—Large seascapes done in a modified Pointillist style, some of them depicting Pacific rollers exploding against black rocks, and some showing a barely rippled expanse of water seen in a diffused light. Through March 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Book illustrations and other drawings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

RAFAEL FERRER—Fantasy sculptures, paintings, drawings, and constructions, including a gaudily decorated tent (visitors are invited inside), all exhibited in a carnival-sideshow atmosphere. Through Saturday, March 1. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD C. FLOOD—Wall sculptures made of brightly painted wood, Masonite, and cheesecloth, some of which look like abstractions of brontosaurus heads. Through Saturday, March 1. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

SHERRON FRANCIS—Abstract paintings, mostly thick, crusty surfaces combining acrylics, gel, and marble dust. Through Thursday, March 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

BILGÉ FRIEDLAENDER—Minimalist drawings. Through Saturday, March 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

EILEEN GRAY (1879-1976)—Two woven rugs, and collage studies for them, in a show that is running concurrently with her exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Saturday, March 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

CAROLINE GREENWALD—Airy abstract paper works involving strands of raw silk, flax, fluffy paper pulp, wool, and hair. Through Saturday, March 1. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

SUZANNE HARRIS (1940-79)—Geometric sculptures: plate-glass triangles jutting out of the wall, and metal castings of freestanding attenuated pyramids. Through Saturday, March 1. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

MINORU KAWABATA / MICHAEL GILLEN—Abstract paintings. / Abstract sculptures. Through March 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH KONZAL—Small-scale, blocky abstract sculptures done in polished steel, wood, or bronze. Through Saturday, March 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

NICHOLAS MARSICANO—Paintings and drawings of nudes. Through Saturday, March 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD MERKIN—Stylized caricatures, done in rich pastels, of representative low-lifes and the gamy world they live in, plus a few portraits of literary figures. Through Friday, March 7. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—Paintings and drawings, early and late. Through March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—Two exhibitions of sculptures coinciding with his current show at the Whitney Museum of American Art. At the Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.: "Landscape Tables," in which dome-shaped islands arise from a flat rectangular bed of granite or travertine. Through March 12. . . . ¶ At the Pace, 32 E. 57th St.: Medium-sized basalt or Aji-granite boulders that have been not so much sculpted as edited—a little trimming, a little polish. Through March 15.

HENRY PEARSON—This survey of the artist's works, from his earliest domino-like abstractions to his latest delicate watercolors exploring mythological themes, shows that a black rectangle has always had a prominent part in his compositions. Through Saturday, March 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM PEREHUDOFF—New abstract acrylics. Through Saturday, March 8. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

ALLEN RUPPERSBERG—Reliquaries containing make-believe literary treasures ("Lady Chatterley's Lover" and "The Ambassadors"), and pencil drawings with a sort of domesticated Surrealist twist—a setting hen on a clutch of four kittens, for instance. Through Saturday, March 8. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MIRIAM SCHAPIRO—Pattern fabric collages on paper. Through Saturday, March 1. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Large freestanding steel sculptures, some of them employing the junkyard findings usually associated with his early work and some of them welded together from new metal. Through Saturday, March 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

PAT STEIR—Another in this artist's series of paintings commenting on art history. This time the subject is the fifties, and the works consist of colorful frames painted on the canvas with nothing in them but a scrawly line or a squiggle. Through March 12. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BARBARA STRASEN—Works in a number of mediums (pencil on vellum, acrylic on board, painted plastic plates), having to do with life in the desert. Through Saturday, March 8. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

PAUL THEK—Twenty-five small oils, ornately framed and lighted. Through March 15. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

FRANCES BARTH—Abstract geometric paintings in mixed mediums on canvas and on plywood. Through Saturday, March 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

TEMMA BELL—Paintings of Icelandic scenes, plus still-lifes and figures. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Bowery, at a new address: 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

SIRI BERG—Paintings and drawings entitled "Aspects of the Circle." Through Saturday, March 8. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

CHRIS BURDEN—A ten-foot flywheel weighing six thousand pounds spins smoothly on its own momentum for two hours once it is set into motion by the rear wheel of a motorcycle backed up against it. This represents, in the artist's mind, the thinness of the line between aesthetic beauty and violence. Related draw-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings and boxed exhibits are also shown. Through March 15. (Feldman, in a downtown location at 351 West Broadway. Opens at 11:30.)

Daria Dorosh—Abstract paintings based on details from color photographs taken by the artist and reorganized on canvas. Through Saturday, March 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Nancy Goldring—Two series of works, each combining drawing and photographs. Through March 19. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Terence La Noue—Paintings in mixed mediums on unstretched rectangular canvas and on paper. Through March 26. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Kim MacConnel / Gordon Matta-Clark (1945-78)—Pattern paintings. / Color photographs based on a sculptural work the artist did in Antwerp. Through March 15. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Reeva Potoff—A cardboard-and-tissue-paper installation, fifty feet wide and twelve feet high, that re-creates, in an impressionistic way, a waterfall in an area of Maine called Grindstone Neck. Through Saturday, March 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Gerhard Richter—A sampling of the works of this artist, well known in Germany, whose style changes frequently, ranging from abstract to copies of photographs. Included is a sculptural piece consisting of four large windows, thirteen feet tall, pivoted in a steel frame. Through Saturday, March 1. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jane Rosen—Sculptured wall pieces—muscular torsos and a couple of animal heads—made of gypsum cement and dry pigment modelled by hand. Through Saturday, March 1. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Arlene Slavin—Herons silhouetted against painted rice-paper folding screens. Through Thursday, March 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Robert Stackhouse—A sculptural work consisting of a battered, fourteen-foot dinghy (found), split down the middle by the twenty-seven foot silhouette of an ancient cargo boat. The artist, in fact, specializes in boat-shaped sculpture. Through March 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Gary Stephan—Three new abstract paintings done in earthy-looking acrylics and based on the torso. Through Thursday, March 6. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **blue mountain**, 121 Wooster St.: Works by twenty members of this gallery (which succeeds the Green Mountain Gallery) include a semi-abstract pencil study of the Columbus Circle subway entrance by Stanley Lewis; abstract shapes cut out of colored paper by Janet Sawyer; and a pencil drawing of Eugene V. Debs by Carl Methfessel. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Opens at noon.) . . . **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Yvon Lambert, a Parisian gallery owner, is exchanging places this month with Paula Cooper, and while she is presenting some of her artists in Paris, he is showing twelve of his here. All the works are based on a seventeenth-century Italian painting, by Artemisia Gentileschi, of Judith and her maid decapitating Holofernes. Through March 15. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by a dozen emerging artists selected over the past year through the Center's screening process. Included are contemporary scenes done in colored chalk on large black-paper backgrounds by Philip Rand Smith; romantic episodes in charcoal-and-ink drawings by Wonsook Kim; and illustrated architectural "in" jokes, by Michael Mostoller, one of which shows King Kong deserting his Empire State perch for Philip Johnson's A.T. & T. building. Through March 29. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: A show entitled "Luminosity in Paint," by six artists, includes misty, wintry landscapes by Wolf Kahn; roseate cloud studies by Jon Schueler; and thickly painted Impressionistic landscapes by Sideo Fromboluti. Through Thursday, March 6. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **prince street gallery**, 121 Wooster St.: Five artists—Marie-Annick Brown, Chris Semergieff, Cynthia Costello, Gerald Marcus, and Charles Kaiman—are represented in this show of landscapes, still-lifes, and figures. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Opens at noon.)

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OTHER GALLERIES

Charles Gleyre (1806-74)—Large allegorical salon paintings by this Swiss academician (his students included Renoir, Monet, and Whistler), plus a sizable group of colorful watercolors and drawings he did on commission for John Lowell, Jr., of the Boston Lowells, whom he accompanied on a tour of Egypt and the Near East. Through March 22. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—A retrospective of her paintings, drawings, and constructions from the seventies. Through April 17. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lee Friedlander—Black-and-white photographs of trees—Japanese flowering trees prominent among them. Through Saturday, March 8. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Jill Krementz—Sixty black-and-white photographs of writers: Anais Nin, Kurt Vonnegut, Norman Mailer, Truman Capote. Through March 15. (Central Falls, 478 West Broadway. Opens at 12:30.)

Ruth Mayerson-Gilbert / Amy Stromsten—Photographs of butcher shops. / Flash pictures taken at night. Through March 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Olivia Parker—Black-and-white and color still-life photographs. Through March 13. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Doug Prince / Abraham Menashe—Surreal silver prints, along with Plexiglas boxes containing similar works. / Photographs of the handicapped. Through Saturday, March 1. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—A silhouette of the model Kiki dated 1922 is one of more than fifty vintage prints, including solarizations and Rayographs. Also drawings and objects. Through March 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Arthur Rothstein—A retrospective of the photojournalist's works. Through Saturday, March 8. (Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Morgan Sanders—Color photographs of trucks parked on New York City streets, detailing fenders, doors, headlights, and windshield wipers. Through March 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Burk Uzzle—Photographs of Cambodian refugees. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—Sixty photographs dated from the late thirties to the early sixties, including politicians, movie stars, Bowery bums, children, and lovers at Coney Island. Through Saturday, March 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain—A show of a hundred prints, dated 1839 to 1919, including works by Francis Frith, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, Roger Fenton, and others. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through April 13. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty African sculptures from Katanga; three of the works are by the Buli Master. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than thirty pieces of furniture, including folding screens, designed by Eileen Gray (1879-1976), who for many years had a gallery and shop in Paris. Through April 1. A complementary show is at the Rosa Esman Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the sixties and seventies by more than a hundred and seventy-five artists, including Robert Indiana, Picasso, Robert Ryman, Richard Estes, Les Levine, and Jennifer Bartlett. Through April 1. . . . ¶ A show of eighty-five drawings and a number of paintings by Jackson Pollock, pointing up the similarities in the techniques he used in them. Through March 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of abstract paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary British artists relatively unknown in this country. . . . ¶ An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through March 9.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries by American folk painters, among them Winthrop Chandler, Edward Hicks, and Henry Church. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Isamu Noguchi: theatre sets (three of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through April 6. Complementary shows are at the André Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., and at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Fifteen paintings by Maurice Prendergast. Through Sunday, March 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Painting in Relief," a show of works by Ron Gorchov, Donald Judd, Nancy Arlen, and others. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology.

Through June 29. . . . ¶ Approximately a hundred prints by the Optical artist Richard Anuszkiewicz. Through March 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. Through March 18. (Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. Otherwise, the museum is open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of more than two hundred craft objects by young metalsmiths from around the country. The show was chosen by three jurors, whose own work is also on view. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit is a selection of silk, embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Through March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. The works range from a 1910 carved-porcelain scarab vase by Adelaide Robineau to Rudy Autio's contemporary painted-stoneware lidded vessel. Through May 25. . . . ¶ A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. . . . ¶ A show of nearly three hundred individual ceramic tiles. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The history of the formation of the museum's permanent collection—of ceremonial objects, paintings, glass, coins, photographs, and other works—is reflected in a seventy-fifth anniversary show. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-fifth annual, composed of two hundred and eighty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Through April 19. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3070. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Separate shows (films, paintings, and so forth) by Jeff Balsmeyer, Silvia Kolbowski, Allan McCollum, Richard Prince, and Jenny Snider, through March 29.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Works by more than a hundred artists, among them Alice Neel, Christo, Jasper Johns, Lee Krasner, and Roy Lichtenstein. Saturday, March 1, through Saturday, March 8; handmade miniature books by sixteen artists, through Saturday, March 8.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Warren Burt (recorded music with videotapes), Wednesday, Feb, 27, at 8:30; Gamelan Son of Lion (music), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 8:30: three audiotape installations by Vito Acconci, through March 15.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Individual exhibitions of paintings, sculptures, photographs, poems, and films by a number of artists, including Bill Taggart, James Little, Alice Notley, and Bill Lundberg. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 2, from 2 to 6: A videotape by Vito Acconci.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Domenico Trimarchi, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 29, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Jerome Hines, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine. . . . Saturday, March 1, at 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Roberta Peters, Patricia Payne, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, March 3, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Domenico Trimarchi, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 4, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 5, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Domenico Trimarchi, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Patricia Payne, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday evening, Feb. 27: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Rico Serbo, and Brent Ellis; conducted by Andrew Meltzer. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 28: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Charles Roe, Gerald Grahame, Dominic Cossa, Richard McKee, David Rae Smith, Jack Harrold, and dancer Cynthia Gregory; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 29: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; John Crosby. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 1: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, Charles Long, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Charles Roe, Gerald Grahame, Dominic Cossa, Richard McKee, David Rae Smith, Jack Harrold, and dancer Cynthia Gregory; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 2: "Falstaff" (in English), with Glenys Fowles, Janice Hall, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Kathleen Hegierski, Donald Gramm, Bruce Reed, and David Holloway; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 2: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Kathleen Hegierski, Nadia Pelle, Rico Serbo, and Brent Ellis; Andrew Meltzer. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 5: "Falstaff" (in English), with Glenys Fowles, Janice Hall, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Kathleen Hegierski, Donald Gramm, Bruce Reed, and David Holloway; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 6: A new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, Michael Rippon, Rockwell Blake, Carlos Chausson, and Marc Embree; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-4700, Ext.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

258.)... ¶ Friday evening, March 7: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, Charles Long, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 8: "Falstaff" (in English), with Glenys Fowles, Janice Hall, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Kathleen Hegierski, Donald Gramm, Bruce Reed, and David Holloway; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 8: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, Michael Rippon, Rockwell Blake, Carlos Chausson, and Marc Embree; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 27.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Prokofieff's "Betrothal in a Monastery," in an English translation by Jean Karsavina, conducted by Bruce Ferden and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Feb. 28, and Saturday, March 1, at 8, and Sunday, March 2, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 503.)

"Gimpel the Fool"—An opera by David Schiff, based on a short story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Dan Bredemann. In Yiddish, with an English narration. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 6, and Saturday, March 8, at 8, and Sunday, March 9, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Walter Weller conducting a Mozart-Debussy-Mahler program on Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8; Friday, Feb. 29, at 2; Saturday, March 1, at 8; and Tuesday, March 4, at 7:30 (all with Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano).... ¶ Erich Leinsdorf directing excerpts from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" and Brahms' Requiem on Thursday and Friday, March 6-7, and Tuesday, March 11, at 8 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).... ¶ Morton Gould conducting a nonsubscription concert on Saturday, March 8, at 8 (with Ilana Vered, piano).

Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—John Nelson directing Mahler's Second Symphony, with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Benita Valente, soprano; and the Pro Arte Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 4, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins conducting a Vivaldi-Mozart-Brunetti program, with Gerald Tarack, violin, and Henry Schuman, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Twenty-five wind and string players who perform without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Vladimir Kin conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Vivaldi-Stravinsky program, with Paula Robison, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 8, and Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Kun Woo Paik, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 1, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Queens Symphony Orchestra—David Katz conducting an all-Vivaldi program, with Gerald Tarack, violin, and Daniel Waitzman, flute and recorder. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 2, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

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Augustana Choir—Donald Morrison directing. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Beverley Rinaldi, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass; and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Schubert's Mass in C, together with madrigals from England, France, and Italy. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Cappella Nova—Richard Taruskin directing a program entitled "A Musical Tour of Renaissance Europe." (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, March 2, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing Haydn's "Harmoniemesse" and Fauré's Requiem, with Heather Harper, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; and William Parker, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 7:30.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program of French music from Berlioz to Poulenc. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of madrigals by Monteverdi, Purcell, Kurt Weill, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Sharon Robinson—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Awilda Verdejo—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—The last two of three programs of chamber music, each with a guest pianist. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8, with Richard Goode, and Sunday, March 2, at 8, with Misha Dichter.)

Concord String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven Cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Sydney String Quartet—The first appearance here by this group from Australia. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 29, at 5.)

Janet Marlow—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Ivan Moravec—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Valeria Vilker-Kuchment—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Charles Treger and André Watts—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Melos Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8.For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

Early Music Consort—Medieval and Renaissance music performed by five instrumentalists and singers. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 2, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Mitchell, violin; Jesse Levine, viola; Stephen Kates, cello; and Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. The second of three concerts at which composers (in this case Lukas Foss) will be present and comment on their own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, March 2, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 2, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano, in the last in a series of recitals, this one with Stanley Drucker, clarinet, and Barbara Blegen, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 2, at 4.)

Turan Mirza-Kamal—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 2, at 8.)

Miriam Fried—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

American Piano Music—A program of music by Sessions, Ives, Babbitt, and others, performed by pianists Alan Feinberg, Donna Coleman, Robert Weirich, and Robert Taub. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

Dufay Consort—A program of medieval and Renaissance music performed on original instruments. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Piano, violin, and cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 4-5, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The first in a series of three concerts, this one with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Timothy Eddy, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 4, at 8.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The second in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Gerre Hancock. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 5:30.)

Lionel Party—Harpsichord. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 5, at 7:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 5-6, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 7, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

André Laplante—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

John Graham—Viola. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord. (Great Hall,

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New diet for insurance executives!

Eating crow is not our favorite gastronomic experience.

But we've recently discovered that hearing you out, even on very unpleasant matters, can be healthy for both of us.

Last year, for example, Ætna sat down with the National People's Action coalition to digest complaints about the way property insurance is sold—and *not* sold—in inner-city neighborhoods.

That dialogue produced results you should appreciate.[1] Just as other consumer contacts have encouraged changes like our Privacy Protection hotline. And the new, lower-cost Æconomaster life insurance.[2]

Our 91,000 discussions last year with often less-than-chummy consumers indicate, however, that there are still answers we haven't found.

A lot of you aren't happy about who pays what for auto insurance. So we're taking another look at how rates are figured by age, sex, and marital status.[3]

And absolutely *none* of you out there is happy about steadily-rising health care costs. Which is why we're taking a hard look at the entire health care system, including health policies themselves.[4]

The point is simple: *If we're going to offer the kind of insurance you need and want today, we have to listen—and not just to what we like to hear.*[5]

Ætna may not agree with your every gripe. If not, we'll tell you so. But we promise you'll get action, not words, when we do.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

---

[1] Talks with the NPA—a consumer coalition of over 100 inner-city neighborhood groups—led to a three-fold test program now underway in sections of Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia. We're encouraging agents there to help us write more homeowner's insurance. In two of these cities, we're offering a new "Home Value Policy" that makes inner-city insurance affordable. And we've put up a $225,000 grant to help reclaim rundown areas, backed by a commitment of up to $15 million in higher-risk urban development loans.

[2] The hotline is just the most recent expression of our longstanding concern. If you want to know what information we have about you on file, just ask. If you tell us something's wrong, we'll reinvestigate and respond. As to Æconomaster, it not only offers lower premiums to start with, it can lower them even further when interest rates go up—a hedge against inflation.

[3] Our studies so far show that about half of you think the traditional rating criteria are unfair. When told that new criteria could mean more money out of your pocket, however, only about a third still thought change was a good idea. In the real world, decisions often involve some tradeoff between costs and benefits. What we have here are two problems to solve at once.

[4] Ætna recognizes we've helped fuel rising costs by selling health insurance that doesn't always give the consumer a reason to be concerned about them. Deductibles and co-insurance while effective aren't always popular. Unfortunately we too often give the customer what he wants without looking at the tradeoffs. We also haven't done enough to educate people to take better care of themselves or know when they're sick. Prevention is still cheaper than treatment.

[5] It's now company policy to invite representatives from groups like the National Consumers' League up to Hartford. And Ætna now has 21 of its own consumer representatives who respond to your questions, suggestions, and complaints—somewhat unusual for an industry that's spent the last hundred years mostly listening to itself.

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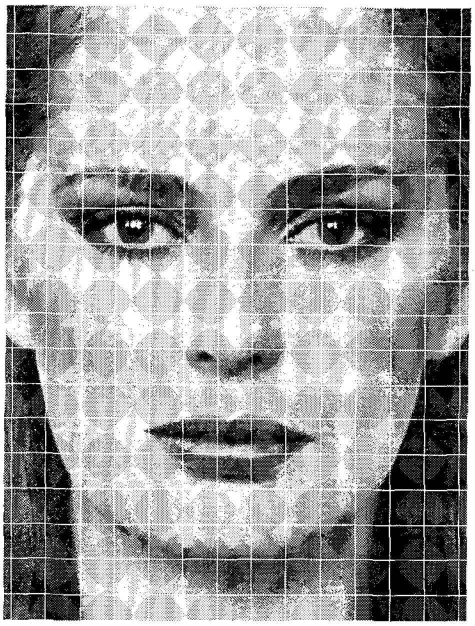

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Moisture Barriers are an important advance in heightening your skin's ability to protect itself from the environment. Your correct basic lotion and cream will help fight aging effects of atmospheric pollution, and increase the moisture level of your skin. A reinforced protector helps under special stress, such as change of climate or diet.

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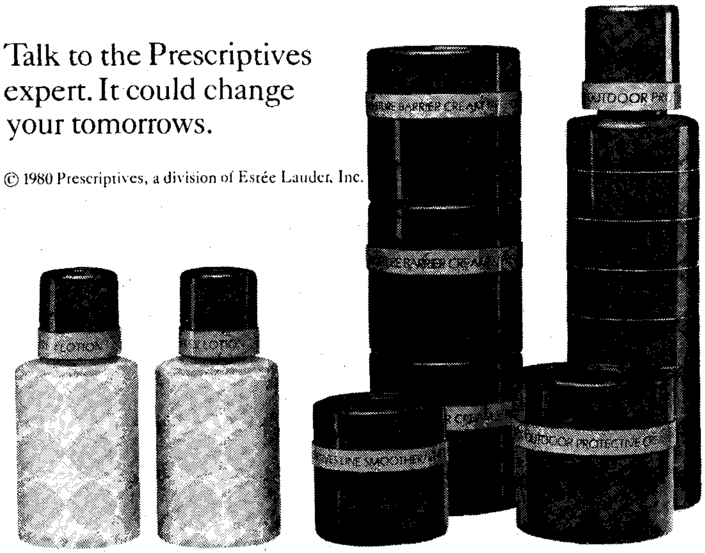

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Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

David Bradshaw—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 8, at 2:30.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, with the Brandenburg Collegium in an all-Bach program. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 8, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Liona Boyd—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

"Rice Bowls, Cans, Timpani, Gongs . . ."—A program of music for solo and ensemble percussion and for strings, winds, and voice, by Varèse, Cage, Jacob Druckman, and others, performed by Continuum, with Gordon Gottlieb and Daniel Druckman, percussion; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Jerry Dodgion, flute; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; and the Brooklyn College Percussion Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. San Antonio, Thursday, Feb. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, March 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, March 8, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Golden State, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Sunday, March 2, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Tuesday, March 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, March 7, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Gymnastics—The American Cup International Gymnastics Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 8, at 1, and Sunday, March 9, at noon.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, March 2. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, March 5. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, March 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, March 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, March 8, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Next Move Handicap, Sunday, March 2, and the Swift, Saturday, March 8. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14. The Bowie, Saturday, March 1, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 8.

Track—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 29, at 7.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own poetry. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 7. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Tim O'Brien and Diane Johnson reading from their own novels. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 3, at 8.). . . ¶ Ishmael Reed and Steve Cannon reading from their own poetry. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

Flower Shows—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4. . . . ¶ The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 8-9, noon to 6.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Contemporary paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; by such artists as Calder, Pollock, and Motherwell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades and other works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 29, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, March 1, at 2: Russian works of art, including silver, enamels, and Fabergé items. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, March 1, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century animal sculptures and twentieth-century sculptures.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—First league games here—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, April 10-13 (all day games). . . . ¶ Montreal, April 15-16 (all day games). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, April 18-20 (all day games).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 11 (Houston), March 13 (Indiana), March 15 (Boston), March 18 (Atlanta), March 22 (Washington), and March 27 (Philadelphia). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: March 9 (Detroit), March 16 (San Antonio), March 17 (Boston), March 28 (Philadelphia), and March 30 (Washington).

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 14.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 10-13.)

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 9 (Minnesota), March 12 (Colorado), March 16 (St. Louis), March 23 (Montreal), March 25 (Buffalo), March 31 (Detroit), and April 2 (Atlanta). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: March 11 (Colorado), March 15 (St. Louis), March 18 (Atlanta), March 22 (Chicago), March 25 (Philadelphia), and April 5 (Rangers).

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. March 15.)

Racing—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 29.

Squash Racquets—World Professional Squash Association Championships. (Manhattan Squash Club, 41 W. 42nd St. March 27-31.)

Tennis—Avon Women's Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 19-23.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 19. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 3. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, March 9 and 16. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 14. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, March 17 and 19. . . . ¶ Mirella Freni, soprano, March 21. . . . ¶ Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, violin and piano, March 23. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, March 23. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, April 2. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Oxana Yablonskaya, piano, March 9. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 10 and April 10. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 11. . . . ¶ Friends of French Opera, March 12. . . . ¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, March 14. . . . ¶ Munich Chamber Orchestra, March 15. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 16 and April 6. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 16 and 30. . . . ¶ Orchestra of the 20th Century, March 18. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 19-20. . . . ¶ Syracuse Symphony, March 22. . . . ¶ Renata Scotto, soprano, March 23. . . . ¶ Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, March 26. . . . ¶ Saar Philharmonic, March 27. . . . ¶ Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, April 3-5. . . . ¶ Horacio Gutierrez, piano, April 7. . . . ¶ Shirley Verrett, soprano, April 8. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Yo-yo Ma, cello, March 9. . . . ¶ André-Michel Schub, piano, March 9. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 12. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 16-18 and March 28 and 30. . . . ¶ Francisco Aybar, piano, March 16. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 19. . . . ¶ Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 20. . . . ¶ Brown University Chorus, March 21. . . . ¶ Joan Morris, soprano, and William Bolcom, piano, March 22. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, March 23. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 24. . . . ¶ Clarion Concerts, March 26. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, April 5. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 9-10. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Håkan Hagegård, baritone, March 9. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, March 10. . . . ¶ Albert Markov, violin, March 11. . . . ¶ Ars Musica, March 12. . . . ¶ Jeffrey Siegel, piano, March 13. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 15-16. . . . ¶ Philip Lorenz, piano, March 18. . . . ¶ Peter Frankl, piano, March 22. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 26. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players, March 30. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, March 30. . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, April 3. . . . ¶ Garrick Ohlsson, piano, April 5. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): New York Chamber Soloists, March 14. . . . ¶ Aston Magna, March 15. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 20. . . . ¶ Orpheus, March 27. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, March 29.

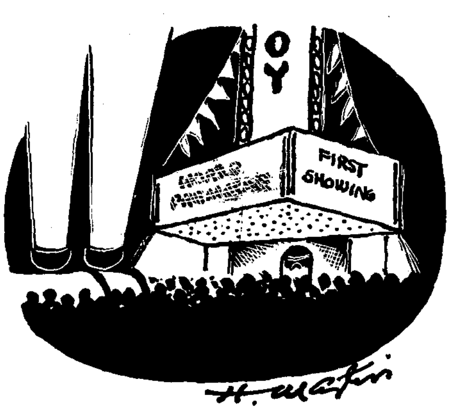
Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Heartaches of a Pussycat," a musical entertainment by James Lord and Geneviève Serreau, inspired by the illustrations of J. J. Grandville for a short story by Balzac. Mime, masks, and a bit of ballet will figure in this Paris import. . . . ¶ "Horowitz and Mrs. Washington," a comedy by Henry Denker, adapted from his novel of the same title. Sam Levene and Esther Rolle will have the leading roles. . . . ¶ A musical, "Reggae," with a book by Kendrew Lascelles and music by Michael Kamen, Ras Karbi, Max Romeo, and Randy Bishop. The cast is comprised of twenty-five singers and dancers, and a nine-piece onstage band. . . . ¶ Geraldine Page and Kenneth Haigh will portray Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald in Tennessee Williams' play "Clothes for a Summer Hotel." . . . ¶ A play by Neil Simon, "I Ought to Be in Pictures," will star Ron Leibman and Joyce Van Patten. . . . ¶ John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich will appear in "Children of a Lesser God," a play by Mark Medoff. . . . ¶ A comedy by Paul Osborn, "Morning's at Seven," with Nancy Marchand, Gary Merrill, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright. . . . ¶ "Swing," a musical set in the thirties and forties, by Conn Fleming (book), Robert Waldman (music), and Alfred Uhry (lyrics).

Dance—Ballet West, at the City Center, March 19-23. . . . ¶ Twyla Tharp and Dancers, at the Winter Garden, March 24-April 12.

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Monday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 26-June 1. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 6. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1979 and estimates for 1980 are due Tuesday, April 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 2: "The Middleman."
March 3: Theatre closed.
From March 4: "Blaise Pascal."

PERFORMING GARAGE, 33 Wooster St. (966-3651; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays and Fridays at 10; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 10.)
"One and One."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Rose."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 28: "Fatso" and "Slow Dancing in the Big City."
Feb. 29-March 6: "The Jerk" and "M*A*S*H."
From March 7: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 28: "The Last Married Couple in America."
From Feb. 29: "The Fog."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Just Tell Me What You Want."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 6: "American Gigolo."
From March 7: "Coal Miner's Daughter."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 28: "10."
From Feb. 29: "Foxes."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 28: "The Human Factor."
From Feb. 29: "Best Boy."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Blood Feud."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cruising."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cruising."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Wise Blood."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Feb. 28: "My Brilliant Career."
From Feb. 29: "Simon."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Just Tell Me What You Want."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 6: "The Last Married Couple in America."
From March 7: "The Immortal Bachelor."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 6: "The Immortal Bachelor."
From March 7: "Coal Miner's Daughter."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through March 6: "The Electric Horseman."
From March 7: "The Black Marble."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 28: "10."
Feb. 29-March 6: "Fatso."
From March 7: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Feb. 28: "10."
From Feb. 29: "Breaking Away."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 28: "The Godsend."
From Feb. 29: "Hero at Large."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 28: "American Gigolo."
From Feb. 29: "The Fog."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 28: "Hero at Large."
From Feb. 29: "American Gigolo."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 28: "Apocalypse Now."
From Feb. 29: "Foxes."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: "The Rose." From Feb. 29: "Force of One."
Theatre 2: "The Last Married Couple in America."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Chapter Two."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 28: "All That Jazz."
From Feb. 29: To be announced.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"All That Jazz."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th.(255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: "The Europeans." Feb. 29-March 6: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan." From March 7: "Dark Star."
Theatre 3: From Feb. 28: "Starting Over." From Feb. 29: "Manhattan."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 28: "10." From Feb. 29: "Hero at Large."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Saturn 3."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Rose."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Simple Story."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"To Forget Venice."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 28: "Coup de Tête."
From Feb. 29: "My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Angi Vera."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Breaking Away."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Chapter Two."
Theatre 2: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 3: "Just Tell Me What You Want."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Monsieur Verdoux," "The Circus," "Limelight," "A King in New York," "Modern Times," "A Woman of Paris," "The Great Dictator," "The Kid," "The Gold Rush," "City Lights," and "Chaplin Revue."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Rose."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 28: "The Electric Horseman" and "California Suite."
Feb. 29-March 6: "10" and "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
From March 7: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Just Tell Me What You Want." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 28: "The Black Hole."
From Feb. 29: "All That Jazz." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: "All That Jazz." (†) From Feb. 29: "The Human Factor." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "Chapter Two." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Rose." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 28: "Hero at Large." (†)
Feb. 29-March 6: "American Gigolo." (†)
From March 7: "The Black Marble." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Feb. 28: "American Gigolo." (†)
From Feb. 29: "The Fog." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cruising." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 6: "The Godsend." (†)
From March 7: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Feb. 28: "Silent Scream."
From Feb. 29: "Foxes." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Feb. 28: "10." (†)
From Feb. 29: "Force of One."

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Feb. 28: "The Electric Horseman." (†)
From Feb. 29: "Hero at Large." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 27: "Shock Corridor" (1963), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher.
Feb. 28: "The Crowd" (1928), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman and James Murray; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, and Madge Kennedy.
Feb. 29: "Gulliver's Travels" (1939), an animated film by Max and Dave Fleischer; and a program of old-time coming attractions.
March 1: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.
March 2: "Hollywood Hotel" (1937), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert; "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, and Joan Blondell; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainer.
March 3: "Private Parts" (1973), directed by Paul Bartel, with Ayn Ruymen; "Meshes of the Afternoon" (1947), directed by Maya Deren; and "Deux Fois" (1971), in French, directed by Jackie Raynal.
March 4: "Tales of the Taira Clan" (1955), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; and "Crucified Lovers." (†)
March 5: "What Ever Happened to Baby

Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "What's the Matter with Helen?" (1971), directed by Curtis Harrington, with Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters.

March 6: "Escape from Alcatraz" (1979), directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan; and "Framed" (1975), directed by Phil Karlson, with Joe Don Baker and Brock Peters.

March 7: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

March 8: "Stardust" (†); and "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, with The Band.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 27: "Strongman Ferdinand" (1977) and "Yesterday Girl" (1967), both films in German, directed by Alexander Kluge.

Feb. 28: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed by John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor; and "Lust for Life" (1956), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn.

Feb. 29: "The Last Detail" (1974), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Drive, He Said" (1971), directed by Jack Nicholson, with William Tepper and Karen Black.

March 1: "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell; and "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.

March 2: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

March 3: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" (†) and "The Mackintosh Man." (†)

March 4: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant; and "The Dawn Patrol" (1930), directed by Howard Hawks, with Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

March 5: "The Goddess" (†) and "The Actress." (†)

March 6: "Jacob the Liar" (1975), in German, directed by Frank Beyer; and "Kanal" (1956), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.

March 7: "Mississippi Mermaid" (†); and "The Soft Skin" (1964), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean Desailly and Françoise Dorléac.

March 8: "All Screwed Up" (1974) and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 28: "Putney Swope" (1969) and "Chafed Elbows" (1967), both films directed by Robert Downey.

Feb. 29-March 1: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper; and "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with James Dean and Julie Harris.

March 2-3: "Sebastiane" (1978), in Latin, directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; and "The Consequence" (1977), in German, directed by Wolfgang Petersen, with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.

March 4: "Autumn Sonata" (†); and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

March 5-6: "Misty Beethoven" (1976); and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (1975).

March 7-8: "Alien" (†); and "The Thing" (1951), directed by Christian Nyby, with Kenneth Tobey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Apocalypse Now." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 27: "The Dolly Sisters" (1945), directed by Irving Cummings, with Betty Grable, John Payne, and June Haver; and "Down Argentine Way" (1940), directed by Irving Cummings, with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda, and Charlotte Greenwood.

Feb. 28-March 1: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, and Joan Blondell.

March 2-3: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet" (1956), a full-length Russian production danced by Galina Ulanova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

March 4-5: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (†); and "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Maureen O'Hara, Louis Hayward, and Lucille Ball.

March 6-8: "Moon Over Miami" (1941), directed by Walter Lang, with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, and Robert Cummings; and "Ball of Fire." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 27: "Robin and Marian" (1976), directed by Richard Lester, with Sean Connery, Audrey Hepburn, Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris; and "Cyrano de Bergerac" (1950), directed by Michael Gordon, with José Ferrer, Mala Powers, William Prince, and Morris Carnovsky.

Feb. 28: "Cluny Brown" (1946), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Charles Boyer, Jennifer Jones, Richard Haydn, and Una O'Connor; and "That Lady in Ermine" (1948), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Betty Grable and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Feb. 29-March 1: "Lord of the Flies" (1963), directed by Peter Brook; and "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

March 2: "A Piece of Pleasure" (†); and "Ten Days' Wonder" (1972), directed by Claude Chabrol, with Orson Welles and Anthony Perkins.

March 3: "The Quiet Man" (†) and "The Sun Shines Bright." (†)

March 4: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975; directed by Dick Richards) and "The Big Sleep" (1978; directed by Michael Winner), both with Robert Mitchum playing Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe.

March 5: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

March 6: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" (†); and "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman.

March 7-8: "Dracula" (1979), directed by John Badham, with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence; and "Dracula" (1931), directed by Tod Browning, with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 27: "Lady on a Train" (1945), directed by Charles David, with Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy, and Edward Everett Horton; and "It Started with Eve" (1941), directed by Henry Koster, with Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton.

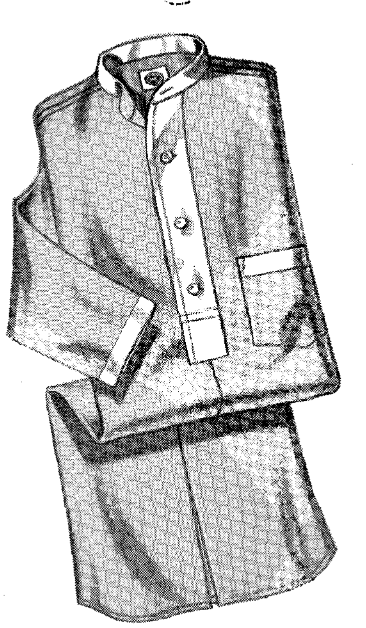
Feb. 28: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck.

Feb. 29-March 1: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

March 2-3: "The Little Foxes" (†) and "Watch on the Rhine." (†)

March 4: "These Three" (†); and "Splendor" (1935), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Helen Westley.

March 5: "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (†); and "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Piper



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March 6-7: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

From March 8: "The Thin Man" (†) and "After the Thin Man." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.... ¶ Feb. 28 at 6: "A Star Is Born" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Adolphe Menjou.... ¶ Feb. 28 at 8:30: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson.... ¶ Feb. 29 at 2:30: "Spoilers of the West" (1927), a silent film, directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Tim McCoy.... ¶ Feb. 29 at 6: An illustrated lecture on the making of "Gone with the Wind."... ¶ March 1 at noon: "The Texan" (1930), directed by John Cromwell, with Gary Cooper and Fay Wray.... ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "Nothing Sacred."... ¶ March 1 at 5: "Rebecca."... ¶ March 2 at noon: "The Texan."... ¶ March 2 at 2:30: "The Four Feathers" (1929), a silent film, directed by Merian C. Cooper, Ernest Schoedsack, and Lothar Mendes, with Richard Arlen, Fay Wray, and Clive Brook.... ¶ March 2 at 5: "The Last Bridge" (1953), in German, directed by Helmut Kautner, with Maria Schell; English subtitles.... ¶ March 3 at noon: "A Dancer's World" (1957), directed by Peter Glushanok, and "Frankenthaler—Toward a New Climate" (1978), directed by Perry Miller.... ¶ March 3 at 2:30: "The Man I Love" (1929), directed by William Wellman, with Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Olga Baclanova, and Jack Oakie.... ¶ March 3 at 6: "Spoilers of the West."... ¶ March 4 at noon: "A Dancer's World" and "Frankenthaler—Toward a New Climate."... ¶ March 4 at 2:30: "The Last Bridge."... ¶ March 4 at 6: "Front Line" (1979), directed by Dave Bradbury.... ¶ March 6 at 2:30: "Sarah and Son" (1930), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Ruth Chatterton and Fredric March.... ¶ March 6 at 6: "The Man I Love."... ¶ March 6 at 8:30: "Street of Chance" (1930), directed by John Cromwell, with William Powell, Jean Arthur, and Kay Francis.... ¶ March 7 at 2:30: "The Four Feathers."... ¶ March 7 at 6: "The Doll" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ossi Oswalda and Lubitsch, German inter-titles; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher, English inter-titles.... ¶ March 8 at noon: "Symphony of Six Million" (1932), directed by Gregory LaCava, with Ricardo Cortez, Irene Dunne, and Gregory Ratoff.... ¶ March 8 at 2:30: "What Price Hollywood?" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, and Gregory Ratoff.... ¶ March 8 at 5: "A Star Is Born." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 2: Five videotapes by Nam June Paik—"Global Groove" (1973) and "A Tribute to John Cage" (1973), showings at noon and 4, and "Suite 212" (1976), "Guadalcanal Requiem" (1977), and "Merce and Marcel" (1977), showings at 2.... Starting March 4: "Lost Lost Lost (Diaries, Notes and Sketches, 1949-62)" (1975), directed by Jonas Mekas. Showings Tuesday at noon and 4 and Wednesday through Sunday at noon and 3. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information.... ¶ Starting March 1, a five-part audiotape—"The Telephone Stories" (1979), directed by Mitchell Kriegman, with Marshall Klugman and Susan Blommaert—will be installed on three floors in the museum. You may call from your own phone and hear the tapes at any time (570-3603). The museum is closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Feb. 28-March 2: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; English subtitles.... ¶ Starting March 6: "The Offenders" (1979), directed by Scott B and Beth B, with Adele Bertei. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. (594-9486)—The first programs in a six-day series of Polish films. March 7 at 7: "The Cruise" (1970), directed by Marek Piwowski.... ¶ March 7 at 8:20: "The Saragossa Manuscript" (1964), directed by Wojciech Has.... ¶ March 8 at 2:35: "Death of the President" (1977), directed by Jerzy Kawalerowicz.... ¶ March 8 at 5:15: "Lokis" (1970), directed by Janusz Majewski.... ¶ March 8 at 7:15: "Behind the Wall" (1971), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi.... ¶ March 8 at 8:30: "The Sandglass" (1973), directed by Wojciech Has. All films in Polish with English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Actress (1953)—Ruth Gordon adapted her autobiographical play "Years Ago," which dealt with a young girl in New England determined to make her way in the theatre, and it was turned into a pleasantly modest though disappointing picture by the director, George Cukor. Jean Simmons plays the title role with grace, but the author has neglected to provide indications of talent and drive in the character; this girl seems too nice, too ordinary—she could never grow up to be that tough, indefatigable trouper Ruth Gordon. (The movie is set in 1911!) Despite the title, the central character is the girl's gruff, lovable father (Spencer Tracy); Tracy overdoes it, but he shows some energy, and the film is sadly short of it. With Teresa Wright giving a wan performance as the mother, Anthony Perkins making his first screen appearance, and, in the best sequence, Kay Williams as a musical-comedy star. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 5.)

After the Thin Man (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In it, Elissa Landi is a lady in distress: she's lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 8.)

Alien—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Cinema Village; March 7-8.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (1/7/80) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Cinema 3, and Loews 83rd Quad.... ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Embassy; through Feb. 28.... ¶ Embassy 1; starting Feb. 29.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; through Feb. 28.... ¶ 34th St. East; through March 6.... ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; Feb. 29-March 6.... ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; starting Feb. 29.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse.... ¶ 86th St. East; through Feb. 28.)

Autumn Sonata (1978)—Just when Americans seem to be recovering from that fifties craziness of children's blaming everything on their parents, we're getting it back from Ingmar Bergman. Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. The whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Ingmar Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Cinema Village; March 4.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck), and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper), is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. Howard Hawks directed, but Brackett and Wilder did the script, and Wilder's influence seems strong. The professor's colleagues have corny cute names and carry on like people left over from a stock-company Viennese operetta. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins, and, as the professors, Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. Z. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinskey, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Gregg Toland did the cinematography for this expensive Samuel Goldwyn production. (Regency; March 6-8.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

BEST BOY—A documentary about a fifty-two-year-old mentally retarded man. Directed by Ira Wohl. (Sutton; starting Feb. 29.)

THE BLACK MARBLE—From the Joseph Wambaugh novel, with Robert Foxworth, Paula Prentiss, and Harry Dean Stanton; directed by Harold Becker. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting March 7.)

THE BLACK STALLION—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

BLAISE PASCAL (1972)—With Pierre Arditi, directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 4.)

BLOOD FEUD—With Giancarlo Giannini, Sophia Loren, and Marcello Mastroianni; directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

BREAKING AWAY—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Feb. 29.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the mawkish, bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine) in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, and step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequences have horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Olympia; through Feb. 28.)

CALIGULA—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

CHAPLIN REVUE—Three of his silents—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923). Chaplin levelled a full comic barrage at the glamorous soldier-hero in "Shoulder Arms;" he fought militarism in his own way by making it ridiculous. As the misfit in the ranks, he acts out a soldier's dream of glory: single-handed, he seizes an enemy squad, saves his buddy from a firing squad, rescues a French girl (Edna Purviance) from the classic fate-worse-than-death, and captures the Kaiser. Along the way, he impersonates a tree; it is the most imaginative extended sequence in the film. One of his first four-reelers, this picture is remarkable for its sustained comic invention; nothing lachrymose slows it down. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 27 and 29, and March 4 and 6-7.)

CHAPTER TWO—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Pub-

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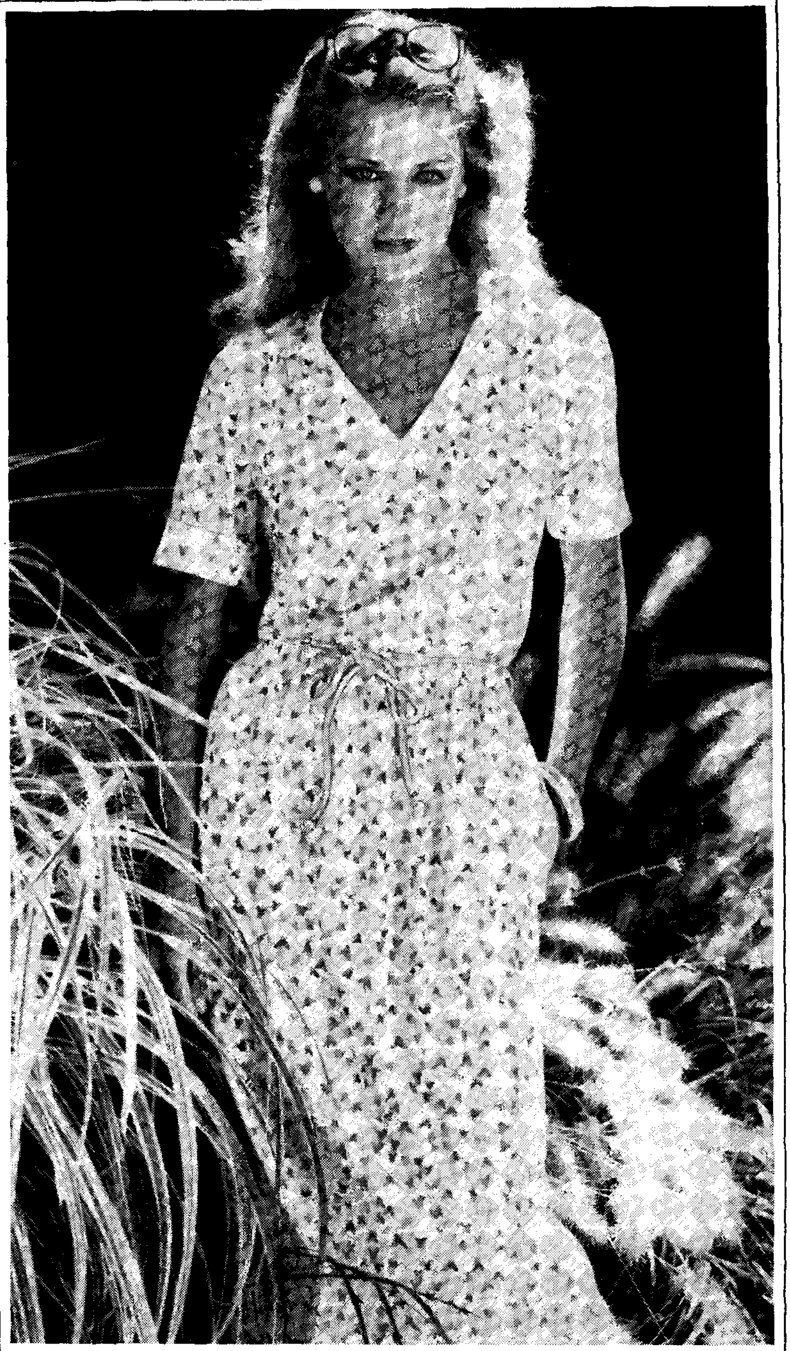

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A Chromalloy Company

lic Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 27 and 29, and March 1, 3-4, and 6.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful; the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 28, and March 1, 5, and 7.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—With Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones. Based on Loretta Lynn's autobiography, directed by Michael Apted. (34th St. East, Gemini 2, and Rivoli; starting March 7.)

Coup de Tête—A broad, unsatisfying satire about an unjustly jailed misfit who is suddenly catapulted to fame and respectability by his overnight success as a soccer star in a provincial French town. The film suffers from jarring uncertainties of tone and from our own home-bred familiarity with the banalities and foolishness of contemporary sports madness. With Patrick Dewaere. In French. (1/28/80) (Paris; through Feb. 28.)

Crucified Lovers (1954; also known as "Chikamatzu Monogatari")—A sensitive psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 4.)

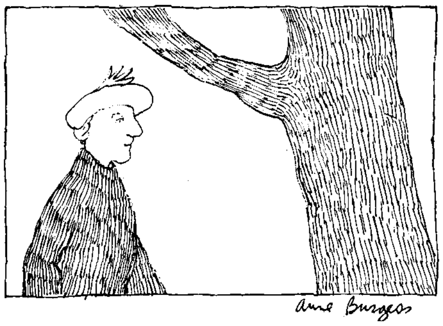
Cruising—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack, where figures dressed like Richard Lindner's monster males loom and hover, are repellent but powerful, but the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. Mr. Friedkin's careless, trashy moral appears to be that homosexuality is catching and inescapably violent, which is a shocking message even for a thriller that is meant only to shock and to sell. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, and National.)

Dark Star—With Brian Narelle, directed by John Carpenter. (Quad Cinema; starting March 7.)

The Electric Horseman—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Olympia, and Victoria; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through March 6.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

Fatso—Is there something funny about the sight of three compulsive eaters wrecking a kitchen in an orgy of gluttony? Is there pathos in a fat man who devours forty dollars' worth of takeout Chinese food in a parked car? Possibly, but not as presented in this queasy comedy, which is far more self-indulgent than its weepy victim-hero, Dominick DeNapoli (Dom DeLuise). Many closeups of food. With Anne Bancroft, who cooked up the whole thing in this, her first effort as a writer and director. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Feb. 29-March 6.)



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The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens, and thus never quite grabs us and holds us prisoner, which is the way one felt at Mr. Carpenter's celebrated last chiller, "Halloween." With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; starting Feb. 29.)

Foxes—With Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Sally Kellerman, and Randy Quaid; directed by Adrian Lyne. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Feb. 29.)

The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of success centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. Unfortunately, Chayefsky is so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her a star. This is a fascinating, conscientious, ambitious, bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast: the intense Kim Stanley in the lead, Patty Duke playing the heroine as a child, Betty Lou Holland as her mother, Lloyd Bridges as her prizefighter husband, and Elizabeth Wilson as her final, gorgonlike attendant. The score is by Virgil Thomson. (Collectors of errata may note that Chayefsky has the heroine say she was in "Stage Door" by "Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 5.)

The Godsend—With Cyd Hayman, directed by Gabrielle Beaumont. (U.A. East; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through March 6.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—He enters "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow": humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. In 1958, an international jury at Brussels selected this film as the second greatest film of all time (after "Potemkin"). With Mack Swain as Big Jim, Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin; the assisting directors were Charles Riesner and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast; the cinematographer was Rollie Totheroh. (The snowy exteriors were filmed in Nevada.) Silent; some prints have a musical track. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 28, and March 1, 3-5, and 7.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 27 and 29, and March 1, 4, and 6-7.)

Hero at Large—A Twinky-sweet comedy about a struggling actor (John Ritter) who, as a public-relations stunt, is hired to play "Captain Avenger," a Superman-like hero, and is surprised when the public begins to believe his act. The movie, which bears resemblance to an expiring TV sit-com, may be trying to say something about contemporary folkways and politics, but it doesn't. With Anne Archer, Bert Convy, and Kevin McCarthy. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ U.A. East, Quad Cinema, and Victoria; starting Feb. 29.)

How Funny Can Sex Be? (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Olympia; Feb. 29-March 6.)

The Human Factor—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaptation of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. A distinguished cast—including Richard Attenborough (in a telling, quiet performance as an unacute, friendless security officer), Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson (as the stricken hero, Maurice Castle, who winds up in Moscow as a waste product of his desultory, convictionless trade)—holds our attention and hopes, but all its efforts are unavailing against Mr. Preminger's insistent verisimilitude. (2/11/80) (Sutton; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 29.)

The Immortal Bachelor—Giancarlo Giannini as an unshaven Roman layabout who slaps around his wife (Monica Vitti) when he isn't out cheating on her, but who keeps her happy with his inspired lovemaking. Miss Vitti is funny and sexy-looking, and Mr. Giannini croaks and rolls his eyes in his entertaining horny-frog style, but the comedy is slowed by its dopey, familiar message: only the poor have fun in bed in Italy. With Claudia Cardinale and Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (2/25/80) (Gemini 2; through March 6. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; starting March 7.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 29-March 6.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which

Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 27 and 29, and March 1-2, 4-5, and 8.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 28, and March 2-3, 5, and 8.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

The Last Married Couple in America—A depressed, haggard comedy about infidelity among the Jacuzzi set in lower California. Everyone talks fast and plays around, and the adulterers are rewarded with guilt, impotence, and venereal disease. With Natalie Wood, George Segal (mugging like Lionel Barrymore on speed), Valerie Harper, and Richard Benjamin. (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through March 6.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean (1972)—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden); in the darkened theatre after she has performed he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 27, and March 2-3, 5, and 8.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2-3.)

The Mackintosh Man (1973)—A marking-time piece of work directed by John Huston—a spy-and-prison-break thriller written by Walter Hill from a book by Desmond Bagley. Beautifully acted by Harry Andrews, Ian Bannen, Roland Culver, Michael Hordern, and James Mason. Set in Ireland and Malta. Dominique Sanda looks ravishing and speaks English as if it were a frog in her throat. Paul Newman is the good guy, shuttling between an excellent Australian accent, a natural American one, and an adopted high-nosed English one. The plot is full of holes, and the chief puzzle is really why Huston should have directed it. A case of a great man taking his ease, perhaps. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 29.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 29-March 6.)

The Middleman (1976)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through March 2.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 7.)

Modern Times (1936)—After his last silent picture, "City Lights," Charlie Chaplin was absent from the screen for five years; he returned in triumph with this rambunctious comedy, in which he still doesn't speak, although he uses background sounds and, as a singing waiter in a crowded cabaret, he does a wonderful jabberwocky patter song that you can't get out of your head. (It is, of course, a demonstration of how unnecessary words are.) Influenced by René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," Chaplin opens the film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology (the machines speak—they whir and pound and screech), but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental, time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women's dresses. The picture is about social disorders and distresses of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. And with the addition of sound, Chaplin seems to drop some of his pathos; this picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose out at the end (he gets his gamin). Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 27-28, and March 1-2, 4-6, and 8.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, antiwar passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lame-brained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 28-29, and March 2-3, and 6-8.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Cinema 1; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Paris; starting Feb. 29.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

One and One—A dour, lumpily amusing inspection of love and loneliness, presented by some alumni of the Ingmar Bergman troupe of strolling introverts. Erland Josephson (who wrote the screenplay) and Ingrid Thulin (who co-directed the movie with him and with Sven Nykvist, who also does the camera work) are an ill-matched pair of middle-aged lovers—he a translator, she a painter—whose unconsummated affair leads them to some stunning seaside locales, from which they stare out to sea and exchange solipsistic musings. In Swedish. (2/25/80) (Performing Garage.)

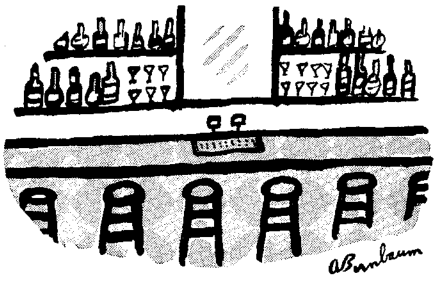
A Piece of Pleasure (1976)—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently: country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (Thalia; March 2.)

The Quiet Man (1952)—One of John Ford's most popular films—but fearfully Irish and green and hearty. John Wayne plays an American prizefighter who returns to Ireland and courts a ripe, fiery beauty, Maureen O'Hara. In the best scene, on the morning after the wedding, the fighter's driver, Barry Fitzgerald, comes in through the smashed bedroom door and looks at the broken-down bed, and says something indecipherable that sounds like "positively Homeric." There's a big brawl between Wayne and Victor McLaglen, who plays the bride's brother. With Ward Bond, Mildred Natwick, Francis Ford, Arthur Shields, Jack McGowran, Sean McClory, May Craig, Mae Marsh, Ken Curtis, as the ballad singer, and four of Wayne's children. From Maurice Walsh's short story "Green Rushes," adapted by Frank S. Nugent. Filmed in Ireland and at Republic Pictures. (Thalia; March 3.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Art, Festival, New Yorker 2, and Forum. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Saturn 3—With Farrah Fawcett, Kirk Douglas, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Stanley Donen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the



changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; Feb. 29-March 6.)

Simon—With Alan Arkin and Madeline Kahn, directed by Marshall Brickman. (Cinema I; starting Feb. 29.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City (1978)—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. This is a feminine fantasy (written by Barra Grant), yet it's inspired by the tough-guy-with-a-soft-heart school of journalism, and the film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner. It never once lands on target, and almost all the actors seem to be impaled by the camera. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky") are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. The ballerina, who has a prissy little-girl voice, talks to her parakeet, whose name is Orville Wright, and when she's loosening her muscles she thrashes around passionately to Carole King's "I Feel the Earth Move Under My Feet"—she's the Patti Smith of ballet, pouring sweat and suffering ecstatically for her art. You don't get scenes like this in every movie. (11/20/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

Stardust (1975)—A hyperbolic English melodrama about the rise of a working-class rock group which never invites the viewer into the story. At first, the central character, played by David Essex, seems to be a crude punk, pushed to the top by shrewd mercenaries, but by the time he has been insulted by riches and stardom, the film's nastiness turns against the crowds who pursue him. The director, Michael Apted, shows his usual flashes of talent, and, as usual, he overreaches. The editing is irritatingly mannered, and the exposé aspects are fuzzy-minded. The hipness and bitterness aren't entertaining, and they don't serve any serious purpose, either. When the hero ODs on a big international live TV show, the neo-Nazi grandiloquence of the spectacle is too sodden to be satirical. Written by Ray Connolly, the film continues the story of the film "That'll Be the Day," which dealt with the hero's earlier days. With Adam Faith as the manager, Keith Moon, Marty Wilde, and Larry Hagman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 8.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

Star Trek–The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (Paramount.)

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The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers R.K.O. pictures. The re-creations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, and Marge Champion (in those days she was called Marjorie Bell). H. C. Potter directed. (Regency; March 4-5.)

The Sun Shines Bright (1953)—John Ford returns to the Irvin S. Cobb stories that he filmed in "Judge Priest," starring Will Rogers, in 1934. At one point, Ford said that this remake was his favorite picture, but the film doesn't feel right to a viewer—not the way the earlier version did. As the fair-minded, humorous Kentucky judge who defends a black man accused of rape, circa 1905, Charles Winninger can't get the character across the way Will Rogers did, and the actors never seem to blend with the period setting. Everything's a little stiff and creaky. With a large cast, including Stepin Fetchit, Arleen Whelan, Clarence Muse, Russell Simpson, Slim Pickens, Mae Marsh, James Kirkwood, Dorothy Jordan, Jane Darwell, Grant Withers, and Patrick Wayne. (Thalia; March 3.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Eastside Cinema, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Olympia; Feb. 29-March 6.)

These Three (1936)—A beautifully made early version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," which effectively transposes the lesbian accusation to a heterosexual accusation. Merle Oberon (in one of her better performances), Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins are the three leads; Bonita Granville is the ghastly, tale-bearing child; and Catherine Doucet is Hopkins' aunt. William Wyler, who directed, also made the later version (with Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn, and Hopkins in the aunt role), which restored the original material, but "These Three" is a better movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gombell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 8.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie (1967)—Produced by Ross Hunter, this lavish, oversized musical spoof set in the twenties was directed in a desperately with-it style by George Roy Hill, and the players work so hard that one begins to suffer for them and, finally, to feel numb. The picture sank Mary Tyler Moore's screen career, and it certainly didn't help Julie Andrews (though she looks her best in the twenties clothes), James Fox, John Gavin, or a rather weary Beatrice Lillie. As for Carol Channing, who gets shot out of a cannon and, as usual, grins like an albino Louis Armstrong, she projects too big for even this elephantine movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 5.)

To Forget Venice—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. Directed by Franco Brusati; with Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (2/4/80) (Little Carnegie.)

Watch on the Rhine (1943)—Lillian Hellman's 1941 cautionary play about Fascists in this country. Paul Lukas is the European underground leader who brings his American wife (Bette Davis) and three children home to the Washington mansion of her mother (Lucile Watson). Herman Shumlin directed this polemical melodrama, which is housebound and fearfully lofty. Dashiell Hammett is credited with the screenplay, but from the theatrical look and sound of things he can't have changed much. Lukas, repeating his stage role, won an Academy Award; Davis is subdued and unexciting. The film has some inadvertent humor: the children of this liberal couple are the most highly disciplined little prigs imaginable. With George Coulouris as a suave, vile Fascist, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Woods, Henry Daniell, and Beulah Bondi. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2-3.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me? (1971)—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Thalia; March 6.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. The picture works in the end, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (2/25/80) (Baronet.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The characterization makes it seem as though Chaplin toyed with—perhaps feared—the idea that he himself was this dandy. The film was greatly to influence Lubitsch, among others. It has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (New Yorker 1; Feb. 28-29, and March 2-3, and 6-8.)

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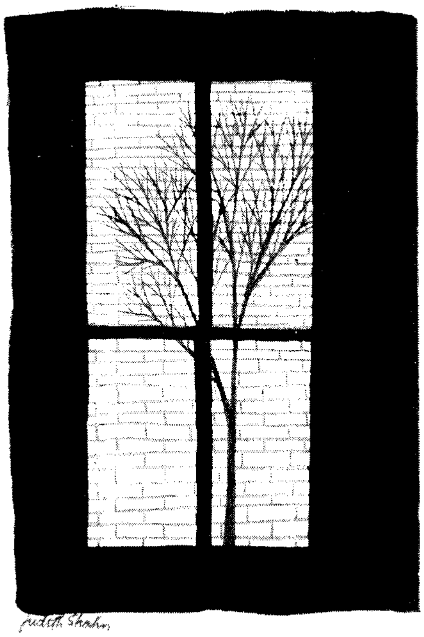
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOT long ago, we took note of the distressing news that great numbers of books are being printed on a kind of paper that is likely to disintegrate within as little as thirty years. Our confidence in the imperishability of literature has now been further shaken by the discovery that in at least one large bookstore in the city small shopping baskets of a kind commonly found in supermarkets are made available to the customers. Since that particular bookstore—consisting of two vast, fluorescent-lit display rooms with a checkout counter obstructing your way to the street—happens to resemble a supermarket anyway, the inescapable, though perhaps unintended, message is that books are consumable items, meant to be devoured and forgotten, like potatoes or frozen pizza. The implied inclusion of books among the world's perishable goods is hardly made more agreeable by the reflection that increasing numbers of books these days do seem to be written with just such consumption in mind, and that most bookstores have become little more than glorified newsstands for hardcover publications of this sort, which are merchandised for a few weeks—sometimes only as long as they remain on the best-seller lists—and are then retired to discount stores (those jumbled graveyards of books, so saddening to the hearts of authors) shortly before dropping out of print altogether. Books that are planned for rapid oblivion, often in preparation for new and far more lucrative incarnations as movies, probably make some kind of economic sense to accountants somewhere in the "communications" conglomerates that own so many publishing houses, but as contributions to literature they amount to a contradiction in terms. It used to be part of the very idea of a book that it would have a chance to speak beyond the lifetime of its author and its first generation of readers. You might even say that books were meant to consume us, while living forever themselves.

A friend of ours who loves books reports that for him possession of a number of books of the new, calculatedly transient sort—acquired, in his case, as Christmas presents and the like—has proved a vexing burden. His first impulse on receiving, say, the autobiography of some celebrity or fashionable criminal, or a cocksure instruction manual on how to overhaul his personality, psyche, spirit, or investment portfolio, is to send it immediately to the fate that was apparently intended for it eventually anyway by the book industry, and throw it into the nearest wastebasket; but an inconvenient scruple stays his hand. A book—any book—in a wastebasket, he finds, is a sight as incongruous and unacceptable to him as a banana peel on a bookshelf. Somehow, the reverence he feels for books in general always overcomes the repugnance he feels for the contents of the book in question, with the odd result that while the people who presumably read and enjoy such books toss them cheerfully into the day's garbage, our friend, who abhors them, must keep them until they turn into little heaps of dust on his shelves.



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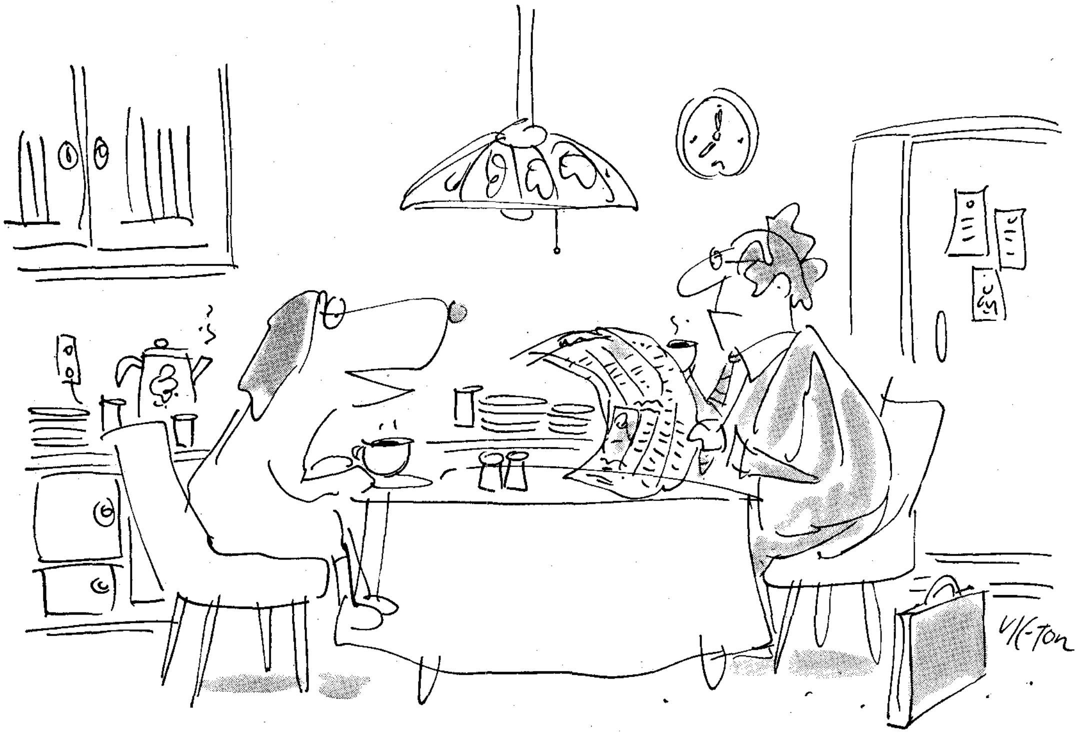
Revisited

EDWARD ALBEE's newest play, "The Lady from Dubuque," which opened a few weeks ago and closed after twelve performances, reminded us that it was time to have another talk with the author, who had remarked the last time we saw him, in 1974, that he believed it was the responsibility of a serious playwright "to instruct." "The Lady from Dubuque"—and what it had to say instructively about illness, dying, and death (of an individual and/or of our present society) and the attempts of the dying to find a way to die while surrounded by those who resist their death—was received by most of the critics with what seemed to us to be considerable weariness. We therefore felt reassured last week, when we met Mr. Albee for lunch at the Algonquin, to see *him* looking energetic and practically ebullient, and also exceedingly trim, in a Harris-tweed jacket over a navy-blue wool sweater over a Marimekko shirt of dark-blue and light-blue pin checks, with gray corduroy trousers and dark-brown ankle-high shoes. He still had the same kind of full, free black mustache he was wearing six years ago.

"Well, how's the instruction business?" we asked as soon as he had given the waiter his order—fresh fruit and cottage cheese.

"Very good," Albee said, firmly and cheerfully. "Excellent. I just got back from a lecture tour. Four days at universities in Tucson and in Portland,



"Missus couldn't make it. She sent me."

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Oregon, and then two days in Seattle, one of them resting and one at the Northwest Theatre Conference. The week before, I flew out to Kalamazoo to talk to students. I do between twenty and thirty appearances a year, all around the country. Over the years, I've become less awkward and less shy. I used to be taciturn. Now you can't get me to shut up."

"What, exactly, do you do out there?" we asked. "And why?"

"I do a lecture or a reading from my plays, with a question-and-answer period," he said. "I also do two workshops, one with students of acting or directing and one with students of creative writing. I talk a lot about the relationship between what drama tries to do and what people *want* you to do. I fly in and rent a car, because I love to drive around and get to know the country. And I love to walk around a town or a campus until it's time for me to go where I'm supposed to go. This last time out, I read from 'The Zoo Story,' 'A Delicate Balance,' and 'Counting the Ways,' and read one entire short play, 'Box.' Most of my characters are fond of the sound of their own voices." He grinned, and dug into his fruit and cottage cheese. "The workshops are limited to fifty students," he said. "Someone or something worthwhile invariably turns up in those. At the start, I have to get over the three impossible questions, of course: '*How* do you write?' and '*Why* do you write?' and 'Where do your ideas come from?' "

"And your answers?" we asked.

"To the first, I say 'It's something you know if you're a writer,' " Albee replied politely. "To the second, 'You write because you're a writer.' To the third, I usually say 'Schenectady.' I've been going out to the universities for fifteen years. I find it fascinating to see the changes in the students from the activist days to these, the ostrich days. They all want to get a good job and vanish. They don't believe that political participation makes any sense. They feel they can't do anything to make democracy work. I like talking to them because—in theory, at least—people of that age have not completely made up their minds, so maybe I can get at them. I don't like living in a vacuum. I believe there's a strong relationship between people's being aesthetically informed and their being able to govern themselves."

"Any other reasons for going?" we asked.

"Yes—I always learn something," Albee said. "Somebody asks me a question, and I hear myself giving an answer, and I suddenly find out something I'd never realized before. For example, one student said to me, 'Your characters never have last names. Why?' I said, 'I'd have given them last names if I knew what they were.' It was something I hadn't realized before. Also, I love travelling. And the lectures pay nicely, given the vicissitudes of the theatre. I'm told W. H. Auden used to go out and do thirty readings in thirty days. That could be a rat race. I never do that."

"What do you do in your workshops?" we asked.

"Discussions. Scenes. How at the age of twenty they figure out how to get into the mind of a fifty-five-year-old person. How to learn to differentiate between characters. Things like that. It's very easy when you're very young to fancy you're a writer. I read their plays. You end up reading a hundred plays, and if you're lucky you'll find someone to encourage."

"What generosity!" we said.

"It's responsibility," Albee said. "You've got to encourage talent. It's an *obligation*. This last tour was wonderful. But I didn't know when I left that it would coincide with the closing of the play. The critics." He gave a small smile. "The critical response to the creative act." He shook his head. "People think the critics are giving facts, not opinions," he said. "We had ten favorable reviews and ten unfavorable reviews, but the economics of the theatre are such that you can't keep plays open with mixed reviews. And it's becoming harder and harder for a serious play to get produced. In 1962, it took seventy-five thousand dollars to produce 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' This year, 'The Lady from Dubuque' required three hundred thousand dollars to produce. I know my plays. I know my chances. Every single play of mine has had mixed reviews. Right down the middle. Walter Kerr said about 'Virginia Woolf' that it had a 'hole in its head.' The *News* said it was 'dirty.' Back in the old days, what the critics said would hurt. Now I know that you can't permit yourself to let it destroy you. Or even hurt you. After having eighteen plays produced, I've learned a few things. One, never expect anything but disaster. Two, there's not necessarily any relation between what you've done and what the critics say. Three, the ultimate judgment of your work probably won't be made for seventy-five years, and unless you're exceptionally lucky you're not going to find out how it comes out. The producers of 'The Lady from Dubuque'—there were seven of them, including Richard

Barr, a decent and honorable man who has been involved in the production of all but one of my plays in New York—refused to make a fight for the play. It would probably have cost forty thousand dollars to mount an advertising campaign, and they refused to do it. I was disgusted that they didn't fight, but that was their business decision. They were shortsighted, though. If they had kept the play going for one more week, they would have been eligible to have a forty-per-cent share in the subsidiary rights—and I've already agreed to productions of it in Zurich, Vienna, and Stockholm. The German critics were at the opening and wrote wonderful reviews, and Stefani Hunzinger, the German agent who initially arranged for the production in West Berlin of my first play, 'The Zoo Story,' in 1959, is arranging to have 'The Lady from Dubuque' produced in West Germany. I've taken beatings from the critics before. My play 'Malcolm' closed after *seven* performances." Albee laughed, and polished off the last of his lunch. "I'm not against having critics," he said. "But I'd be happiest if the drama critics were poets or novelists. People who know something about the arts are the best critics. We need critics, because there's always the danger that you're missing something. Unfortunately, now what they do is tell me what I should expect commercially. But those thirty-second wonders on television are the real critical disgrace. So many in the commercial audience come to see plays because of what television says to them. If I have any nightmare, it is that I wake up and discover that the critics have been right. I couldn't do a cheerful, carefree little play about death even if I wanted to. There's nothing more embarrassing than to watch a serious writer try to do a potboiler—unless it's watching the funny, situation-comedy writer try to get serious."

"Why not go back to Off Broadway?" we asked.

"I disapprove of the idea that a serious play has to be economically punished," Albee said. "It's so much easier to do plays in a favorable, protected environment, but people around the country think the nature of the theatre is determined by what is done on Broadway. It's safer to do a play in a three-or-four-hundred-seat theatre. The economic pressures are less crushing. But it's unhealthy to give in to them. I keep fighting against it."

"What's next?" we asked.

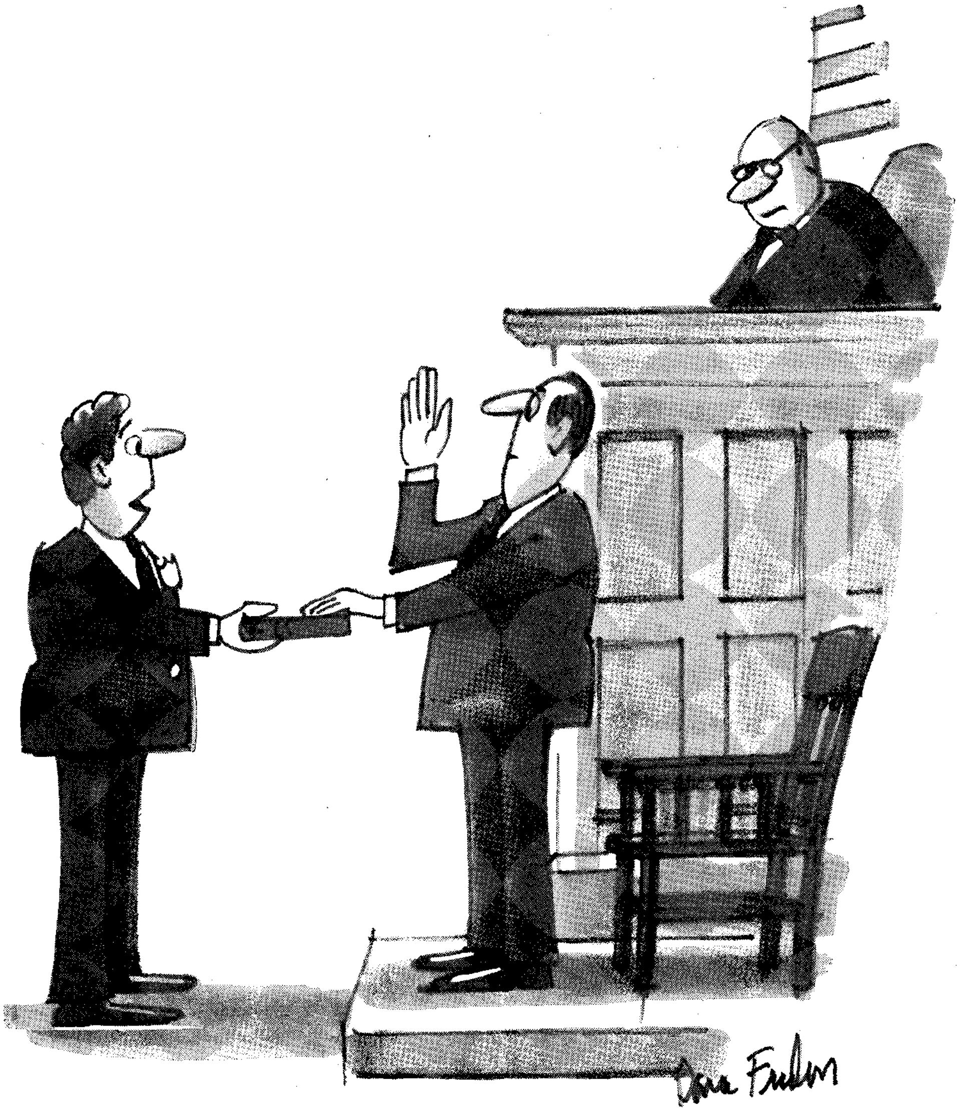
" 'Lolita'—an adaptation of Nabokov's novel which I wrote in part because I was so deeply offended by the movie version—will be produced soon, with Donald Sutherland. Also, I'm on the Artistic Directorate of the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, at Lincoln Center, and I've started collecting plays for a production this fall of one-act plays from the United States, Canada, and Latin America, in the Mitzi Newhouse Theatre, a lovely little theatre. About three hundred seats. Safe." Albee grinned. "In a few days, I'm going off for the State Department on one of those cultural-exchange trips I do a lot of. To Venezuela and Colombia this time. I've been involving myself with Latin-American writers and their problems—their repressive governments, the establishment theatre's lack of enthusiasm for anything new, the way the avant-garde theatre is automatically labelled leftist, the lack of communication between the countries. I'll be discussing their woes, making new friends, and then, on my own time, going to see those wonderful waterfalls and Indian settlements."

"Staying put for a while after that?" we asked.

"I like to be a moving target," Albee said, with a far from weary grin.

Life Downstate

STANLEY FINK, the Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York, wants it understood that he is not one of those New York City provincials who regard everything north of Ninety-sixth Street as being vaguely "upstate." Mr. Fink, who lives in Brooklyn, has gone out of his way to make friends beyond the city limits—north of White Plains, north of Albany, north of the fold in the map. Last year, he slept in a few unfamiliar beds while travelling around the state visiting farming communities. He did this travelling partly to learn how agricultural landowners feel about some state-government proposals to change property-tax-assessment procedures. Also, he did it because he needed a lit-



"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, even if it would be bad timing?"

tle vacation. To return the hospitality, he decided to invite about twenty farmers—most of them dairy farmers, most of them officers of county farm bureaus—to explore the counties in the extreme downstate area, where a great deal of the tax money originates and to which it eventually returns. The junketeers came to town for two days recently. Because their time was limited, the itinerary omitted Staten Island, the top of the Empire State Building, and Mamma Leone's. However, it did include visits to the Transit Authority operations center, in downtown Brooklyn; the Men's Shelter, on the Bowery; Gracie Mansion; the New York State Theatre, where the City Ballet was performing; the Hunts Point Terminal produce market, in the Bronx; two schools, P.S. 236 and P.S. 312, in Speaker Fink's district; a neighborhood of abandoned tenements in another part of Brooklyn; and an agricultural high school in Flushing.

At six-thirty on the morning of the second day—well into the milking hour—we boarded the farmers' tour bus at Fiftieth Street and Tenth Avenue, and rode across town, up First Avenue, over the Harlem River, and along Bruckner Boulevard to the Hunts Point market. Most of the market business had ceased before daybreak, but the loading docks still bore plenty of produce—lettuce from California, oranges from Arizona, chili peppers from Texas, a few bushel bags of New York cabbages. Tony Moschitta, the Assistant to the Commissioner of Ports and Terminals, and José E. Serrano, an assemblyman, greeted the farmers. The group then crowded into Mr. Moschitta's office and heard him describe how fruits and vegetables are delivered by rail and truck to the market, where they are bought by middlemen known as receivers, who sell the produce to grocery stores, restaurants, and hotels.

"How do they set prices for the growers?" one dairy farmer asked.

"The receiver agrees upon a price with the grower before it's shipped," said Mr. Moschitta.

"How does he know the fair price?"

"They've been doing this—the receivers have—for thirty or forty years. Each year, sales of produce in the metropolitan region run between one and three billion dollars. The receivers guess right about ninety-nine per cent of the time."

"How do the receivers get paid?" another dairy farmer asked.

"In cash," said Mr. Moschitta.

"They do it *all* in cash?"

"That's why I said *between* one and three billion," said Mr. Moschitta, with a Bronx smile.

A man named Monty Stamp, who cultivates fifty-two acres of vineyards in the Finger Lakes region and is the secretary-treasurer of the New York State Wine-Grape Growers Association, remarked that Hunts Point appeared to be starving for grapes. As the gathering in the office was breaking up, he approached Mr. Moschitta with an offer to correct the situation.

The next stop was a building near the market complex—the home of Gourmet Poultry Specialties, Inc., a company that subjects chicken breasts to a process that converts them into supermarket-packaged Chicken Classics with names like Boneless Chicken Cutlets Alla Milanese and Boneless Chicken Breasts Hawaiian Style. None of the farmers happened to be in the poultry business, but they still had questions for Joe Pisano, the Gourmet Poultry sales manager.

"What breeds do you use?" asked Harry Garry, a dairy farmer from East Berne, near Albany.

"What do you mean by breeds?" said Mr. Pisano.

"Well," Mr. Garry said after a moment's hesitation, "there are different breeds of chickens. Rhode Island Reds, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns . . ."

"I don't know anything about breeds," said Mr. Pisano. "These are just chicken breasts."

A quick tour of the Gourmet Poultry Specialties factory ensued. Ten thousand chicken breasts later, the farmers reboarded the bus, which headed for P.S. 236, in Mill Basin, where Ralph T. Brande, the superintendent of Community School District 22, was waiting to explain that it is difficult to run a public-school district but that he is trying to do his best; where some children were waiting to show the out-of-town visitors a display of "typical Brooklyn sculpture" (macaroni glued to pretzels and painted silver); where the P.S. 236 Parents Association and several faculty members were waiting with coffee, cookies, bagels, lox, cream cheese, and grape jelly; and where Stanley Fink was waiting to smile upon the entire occasion.

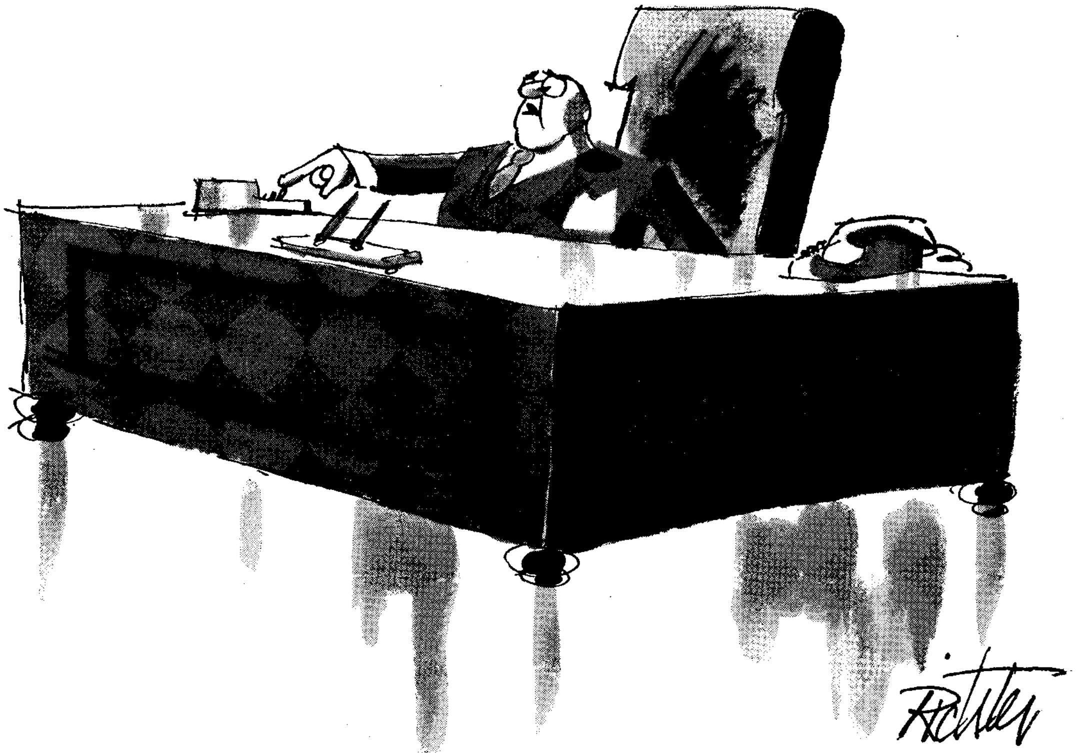
During the bus ride, we sat next to Hugh Riehlman, a dairy farmer and town councilman of Preble, in Cortland County, and Robert Feasley, a dairy farmer from Eden, in Erie County.

"I'll be interested to see what Stanley's district in Brooklyn looks like," said Mr. Feasley. "Stanley said yesterday that he could blindfold us and put us down in several sections of the city and take off the blindfolds and we'd think we'd never left the farm."

As we were reflecting on a few sections of the city where that illusion couldn't be maintained, a passing car caught Mr. Riehlman's attention. "Did you see that bumper sticker?" he asked. "See what it said? 'Only Love Beats

Milk.' I didn't know I'd gone far enough today to be back in dairy country."

He hadn't. He was on the Grand Central Parkway.



"Testing."

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Big Coat

TWO eyes were peering out from a large bundle of fake fur and gabardine when we glanced up from the *Post* on the uptown West Side I.R.T. the other evening. "I am trying to persuade you to move over, so I can share that space," said a voice from inside the coat. We managed to shift sidewise a few inches, and the coat sat down. It was Janet.

"I don't usually talk to anyone I know on the subway," Janet said. "The other day, I turned to a man next to me and said 'I always talk to people on trains. Do you mind?' and he said 'Yes.' Most people are not so sensitive. Yesterday, I looked up and sitting opposite me were two guys wearing gray jackets, no ties, and with the exact same face—two faces exactly the same. I was wondering whether to mention it to them when one of them got up, and I said, 'Quick, look at that other man. You two look exactly alike.' There wasn't any instant recognition. He just looked scared. Anyway, he was getting off the train and he didn't have time to do anything about it. My God, I thought, they'll never know! If they were long-lost relatives, I mean.

"What do you think of this coat?" she asked, struggling to keep her head above the collar. "Nobody believes I bought it. They think it was handed down to me by a bag lady. It happens to have been reduced from three-fifty to ninety-five dollars. Several people can wear it at once."

We nodded.

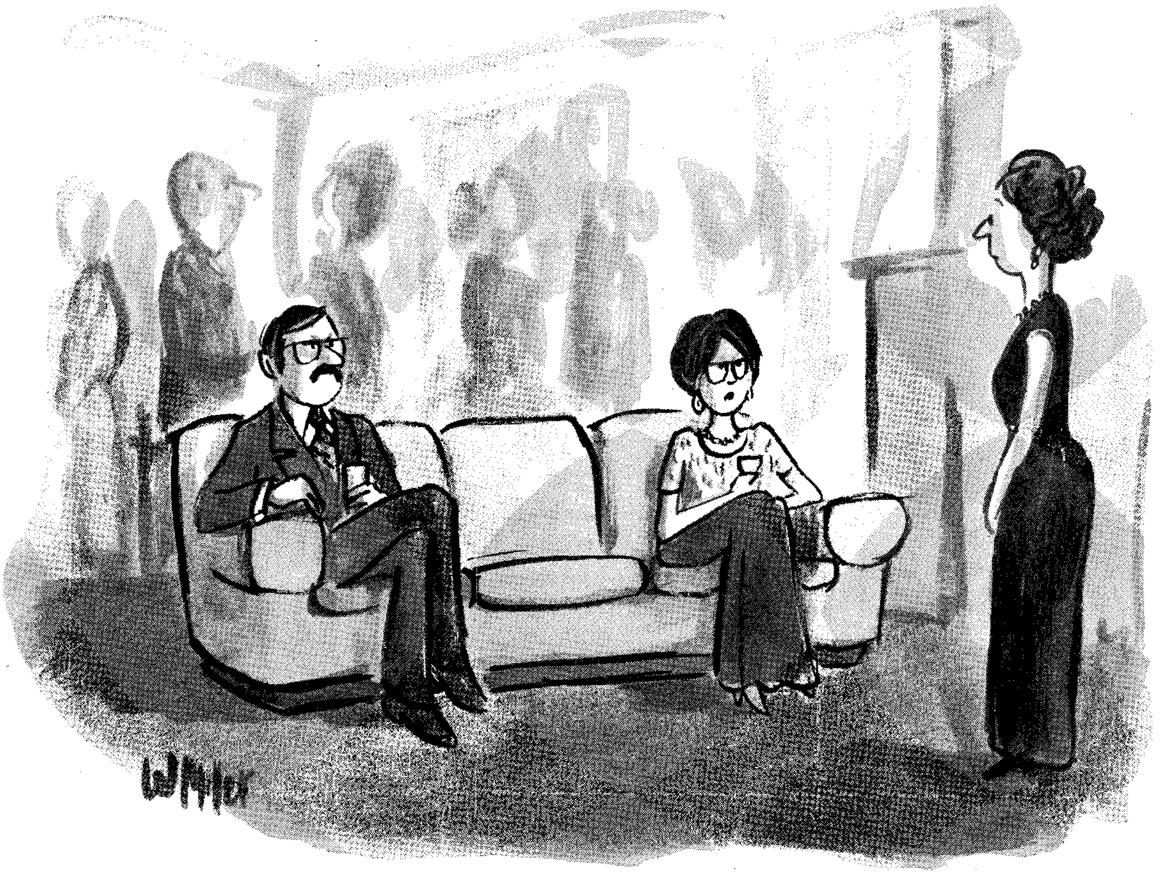
"You're very shy, aren't you?" Janet said. "Shy people are the only people who scare me before I scare them. They have this aura of aloofness. If it turns out that they don't want to be shy, I tell them that I have overcome my shyness to a remarkable degree. Just after Christmas, we started some community singing—my group that I had picked up on the platform before we got on the train and a few people who came running down the stairs yelling 'Hold the door!' We were all crushed together, and I suggested that we sing—anything other than 'Down by the Old Mill Stream.' So we tried 'Old King Wenceslas'—is that what it's called?—but we didn't get very far. We were stared down coldly at 'yonder peasant.' "

Janet sank down into the depths of the coat and emerged with a slip of paper. "I don't believe this," she said. "I wrote it down on the way to work the other morning. It says 'I have thoughts.' There's a period after it. There are times when my whole life is going before my eyes and I can't think of anything. I notice that some people read on the subway, and it's very difficult to attract their attention. I don't read anything anymore except envelopes. All the letters I get lately have a question on the envelope. 'Should you be punished for being born with a high I.Q.?' 'What looks like a yellow-green powder, is packed in small pellets, and can destroy the city where you live?' Actually, that question was inside an envelope I made the mistake of opening. 'Who killed Karen Silkwood?' I have four of those. 'Where do YOU fit in the class structure of the United States? FREE GIFT puts you in the picture—details inside.' I've asked myself that question all my life. What is the free gift, I wonder. I'm on lists. Luckily, Reagan and Connally haven't been able to reach me yet.

"The Jehovah's Witnesses came to see me again the other day. They always give you a little book—'In God We Trust,' or something. This one was green, and it was called 'Is the Bible *Really* the Word of God?' Another question. That's what I was saying to them. They think God wrote it and I think people wrote it. I said to them, 'I want to be resurrected,' and they said, 'Do you mean reincarnation?' They were very upset, because only Jesus does the other thing. They kept telling me *the* Truth, and I kept saying there was more than one truth. I didn't want to upset them. Nobody budged an inch.

"The only reason I'm interested in religion is fear," Janet continued. "I asked myself recently whether I had any fears, and I realized that I did have one—fear of death. Then I thought of another one—fear of life. So now I say to people that I am only afraid of two things—death and life. Being religious means being more prepared to meet someone. Your Maker, I think. Right now, I'd rather meet someone here. Someone I was going with is about to get married to someone else. I figured out that the best way for someone to get married is to go with me. 'Go' in the Biblical sense.

"I went to a wonderful wedding last Saturday. At least, it was supposed to be a wedding. We all marched out to this place in Riverdale, and when we got there the minister said he couldn't marry them, couldn't perform the ceremony. It wasn't long enough after the blood test. You have to wait



"Howard and I have decided to go public with our discontent."

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to see if it congeals, or something. Well, we were all very upset, and the couple were leaving for Bolivia the next day, so I called this Supreme Court Justice and said, 'They're taking a plane to Bolivia and if it crashes they won't be married.' He said that even if the plane didn't crash they wouldn't be married. So we had the wedding party before they got married, and when each guest arrived I said, 'Don't say "Congratulations." They aren't married yet.' They did manage to get married a couple of days later. They're very happy so far.

"Lately, I've been reading articles about older women-younger men," Janet said. "They feel guilt, they have wrinkles, they feel rotten. Then I notice that the article is about older women of forty. That already leaves me and my contemporaries who are still alive out. Another thing I do not believe in is therapy, as they call it these days, because I know what I want. I want to be thirty-eight. In therapy, they want to adjust you to what you are, not to what you could be or would be. I try to lie about my age the same way all the time. I've settled on forty-eight. When I go to Europe, I usually check my immigration person very carefully, but in London last summer this very serious man took my passport and reached out for the Scotch-Taped part. I said 'Don't touch that!' 'This passport has been tampered with,' he said. I pretended that I was with someone, and glanced over my shoulder. Then I turned around and said, in my most conspiratorial voice, 'The guy I go with is much younger than I am.' And the immigration man said, 'Madam, this passport has been mutilated. I can't allow you into the country. You could go to jail for this.' 'I'd rather go to jail than tell my right age,' I told him. So he gave me a white card and told me to put my right age on it. He said no one would see it but him. When I wrote it down, we both almost fainted. 'Most people tamper with their passports for more ominous reasons,' he said.

"When I look back on my life," Janet continued, "what I regret, besides my right age, is the fact that nobody ever told me that I was supposed to set goals for myself, so I've gone through life without goals. A screenwriter called Freddie who spent twelve or more years in jail despite his goals pointed this out to me in Jamaica. Lately, I have also gone through life without a driver's license. In California, I rented a car without a license—which is very hard to do. The only reason I don't have a license is *not* because I had twenty-two traffic tickets twelve years ago, it's because I'm afraid to take the written test. I know that red means stop and green means the opposite, but I don't know how far behind a fire hydrant you can park. I understand you can't cheat on those tests, because the person next to you is taking a different one. I don't have a car. And I'm the only person I've ever known who doesn't have a dishwasher. It's lucky I don't care about material things. I don't care about any possessions except a chess set that some people in my building won't give back to me, and my two children, and I'm willing to trade one of them for the chess set.

"Did you ever hear what happened to me?" Janet asked.

We said no.

"I never knew what a savings account meant," Janet said, "so I put my money into a savings account, on the advice of the finance-and-audit department at work, and all my checks bounced. The fact that I don't have money seems to upset some of my friends. They say, 'You should have money.' I thought of putting an ad in the paper."

Janet heaved herself and her coat up out of the seat. "This is my stop coming up," she said. "Would you like to come over for dinner? I have a faulty chicken that didn't come with a package of insides in it. It may be an old chicken that never had insides."

We said O.K.

"Most of the people I talk to on the subway I hardly ever see again," Janet said. "I take their cards. Sometimes I get them to take me out to lunch. Four weeks ago, I was taken to my first Japanese restaurant for lunch. I've gone there every day since and stagger back to the office full of hot *sake*. Drinking hot *sake* may be my ultimate goal."

We followed Janet up the stairs to the street.

"Did I tell you about the piece of paper I found in the pocket of this coat the other day?" Janet asked. "It said 'Next Monday.'"

A TIME TO SPEAK

WHEN the talk at dinner is above one's head, it is best to remain silent. Nothing is more aggravating to a group of people well embarked on some subject in which they are all experts than a naïve interjection that halts them in mid-argument, wrenches them down to the level of teatime chat, and demands the effort of an answer or explanation in tiresomely lay terms. All the same, after one has sat dumbly attentive for upwards of half an hour, swishing a brandy about in a thoughtful way and turning the head politely from speaker to speaker as though watching a women's singles match at Wimbledon, a kind of tension builds up that has to find an outlet in speech. Everybody should have something to contribute. No one at a dinner party wants to be the man of whom it is asked, as hats and coats are collected, "Who was that dumb fish with the glazed look who kept squinting at me over his brandy?" There is a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.

Ah, but when? Ecclesiastes gives no guidance in this matter.

Three of the men at a small party I have in mind were, for want of a better word, agriculturalists; not small-time farmers, whose talk of winter wheat and three-year leas would have troubled me not at all, but men at the top—experimentalists, breeders of livestock on an international scale. One of them had just flown back from the Argentine. They swapped the names and histories of distinguished animals with the freedom and unintelligibility of soldiers discussing old regimental messmates. It makes no odds to me, conversationally, whether my neighbor at table is saying "What happened to Jock when he left the Regiment after Salerno?" or "Talking of Herefords, poor old Bunty White came a sad cropper over Bashan of Osterley." They were technical; they were reminiscent; they were at ease with one another, and at the mention of a red poll called Charley Magnus burst into loud laughter, in which I joined.

How I found myself in such company is neither here nor there. I get about. What is surprising—or, at any rate, what surprised me at the time—is that in a momentary pause for brandy-passing I heard myself say, in the abrupt and angry tones that a state of prolonged suspense sometimes produces, "Why are bulls' horns shorter than cows'?"

The percipient reader, familiar with his Boswell, may perhaps be reminded of the ill-timed intervention on that April day in 1778 when, at Mr. Thrale's house in Streatham, the style of English sermons came up for debate and Dr. Johnson (who else?) weighed in with many a distinguished divine's name and much trenchant criticism, concluding, in answer to a question of Boswell's about eloquence, "We have no sermons addressed to the passions, that are good for anything; if you mean that kind of eloquence." Whereupon, writes Boswell, "A CLERGYMAN (whose name I do not recollect): Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions? JOHNSON: They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may."

"The suddenness of it!" observes Max Beerbohm, who made great play with the incident in one of his essays. "Bang!—and the rabbit that had popped from its burrow was no more." And he adds, "I know not which is the more startling—the début of the unfortunate clergyman, or the instantaneousness of his end." But (to move on a couple of centuries) if the percipient reader is expecting some comparable annihilation in my own case, he is in for a disappointment. It is true that my artless question did certainly strike the company into a kind of frozen immobility; and to me, as it echoed and re-echoed in my head in the unnerving silence, it did indeed appear to be, given the circumstances, perhaps the most footling query ever conceived by the mind of man. One might as well have asked a gathering of nuclear physicists whether it was true that electrons went round clockwise. Of all the questions I might have put to them—questions elementary in themselves, no doubt, but still such as a layman with an inquiring mind might wish to have resolved—why in God's name should I have to hit upon one that a four-year-old might hesitate to put to his mother. "Mummy, why *are* bulls' horns. . . ?"

But annihilation, when the silence was finally broken, there was not.

"*Are* they?" my host was asking. "What do you say, Tom?"

"Well, I was wondering," Tom said. "Of course, one can't generalize, but I should have thought— Bulls' horns are *shorter*, you say?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I mean I just thought— Those I've seen, you know, looked to me kind of shorter and, well, straighter than those long, curving things cows have. Or not, would you say?"

They said a good deal. Mulled the matter over among themselves. Thought it a most intriguing . . . couldn't understand why they had never . . . must get hold of old Hennessy and see what he . . . And so on. Kind to me they were, and considerate, almost beyond the limits of endurance. It was like question time at the end of a lecture, when some fool makes a totally irrelevant comment and the speaker says, "That's a most interesting point you raise there," and spends five or ten minutes trying to make it sound so. It was agony. I could have done with a Dr. Johnson to finish me off—bang!—rather than pursue this humiliating pretense that I (or they, presumably) cared two straws about the length of bulls' horns. But right at the end, at the very hat-and-coat stage I had so greatly feared, one of them was telling me he would "do a little research into that theory of yours."

He did, too. I still have (all this occurred rather more than twenty-two years ago) the long and courteous letter he wrote me, headed "Are Bulls' Horns Shorter Than Cows'?" and beginning, "You did indeed set me a poser! The Natural His-

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

tory Museum said that they had not given the matter a thought. . . .” The Natural History Museum! Imagine that! My contemptible little intervention, torn as it was like a shrieking mandrake from the depths of my despair, now tossed into the lap of that vast haunt of stuffed hippopotami, dinosaurs’ bones, birds’ eggs, and, for all I knew, roomsful of Nobel Prize winners, who hadn’t given the matter a thought. Where was it all to end? A paper read at the next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science on “Some Aspects of Sexual Variance in Bovine Cornutation”?

“Knowing,” my correspondent went on, still harping on the Museum, “that they had pictures of British *wild* cattle, I got them to have a look, and they agreed that the bulls’ horns seemed slightly smaller than the cows’.” So far, so good. But after this sop to my self-esteem he proceeded to make certain points which seemed to me to throw the whole thing into the melting pot again; viz.: (1) Bulls are wider in the head and bigger all over, so that the horns might appear smaller “to a lay mind.” (2) Bulls are more likely to be pictured in their early years, when the horns are smaller, whereas a milch cow is usually shown at her prime, when she is older and thus longer in the horn. (3) Bulls are more dangerous and are therefore apt to have the sharp points of their horns cut off. He might have added, I suppose, that bulls when charging are more likely to be looked at upside down through the legs, thus distorting the perspective. But he didn’t; instead, he enclosed some photographs “which may help you.”

I thought not. The only thing I thought could help me was a determination never again to put a question in the presence of experts.

TO this resolve I kept, within reason, for perhaps eighteen years. I then happened to meet a United States Navy captain temporarily in England on some assignment that seemed to call for an assemblage of astronomical instruments not normally found in a country home. I came upon him one day in his garden checking the latitude and longitude of his house by means of a small raft in a pool of oil and what may well have been a sextant or a theodolite, or both. This led naturally to a good deal of talk about azimuth, right ascension, the obliquity of the ecliptic, and so on, in which I joined to the extent of an occasional “I see” or “I don’t quite . . .” After a bit, a question did occur to me, but it had nothing to do with navigation and seemed altogether too elementary for a man who had now launched himself upon the celestial aberrations due to procession and nutation and was clearly enjoying the trip. So I said nothing—for a time. Then the old mad desire to show some glimmer of intelligence—to exchange, as it were, some kind of message between one sentient being and another—suddenly swept over me. “Why,” I asked, chopping off one of his equinoxes in the most brutal way, “is the half-moon as seen from the earth sliced vertically, whereas the half-earth seen from the moon is, you might say, cut off horizontally?”

“How’s that again?” he said.

So I had to explain that when you look at the half-moon its straight side, or diameter, runs up and down at right angles to the horizon but that pictures of half-earth taken from the moon, when his compatriots were up there, always seemed to show the straight edge running horizontally. “Sitting on its equator, if you like,” I added.

Anne Burgess

There came over this nice man’s face a look that instantly put me in mind of cattle breeders and horns—a sort of shuttered look that seems to say, “I don’t believe that the facts, as stated, can be true, but if they are the answer must be perfectly simple. Only . . .”

What he actually said was “Well, of course,” and then, after a longish pause, “I’ll have to think about it.”

The sequel will scarcely be believed. Nevertheless, I shall trouble myself to set it down. What happened was that a few days later the captain called me up to say that he had the answer to my little problem, only I should have to come over to his house, where he had it all laid out for me. And so, in a way, he had. Experts, as I knew from of old, will go to any amount of trouble to help the lay mind over its tiny bafflements, but my cattle-breeding friend never went to the length of gumming sheets of graph paper together to make a strip, or ribbon, about twenty-five feet long by eighteen inches wide and then draping the whole affair over two chair backs and a dining table. Horns don’t come in those sorts of sizes, anyway.

CLEARING THE YARD

Come March it is time
to clear the yard
of the twigs and split branches
snapped down by winter.
This year was the worst
I remember, not just snow
but ice storms and rain that froze
and buckled the moth-eaten birch;
it will die this spring
most likely. What else?
So much was sundered here
it is hard to say fully
what fell, but, from the oaks
and from the plane tree in the back,
whole branches lopped and stabbed
in the damp ground;
the hemlock bent and spread;
twigs of spruce and sassafras
scattered with pin oak and maple
blown over from other yards—
more than I can name
I see, and the dying as well.
In front not only the birch
but the holly, too, was scathed;
the andromeda, the azaleas,
the forsythias beside the house
all winter-killed.

Clearing the yard,
I dragged the branches to the slate walk,
hand-axed the long ones up,
and stripped the twigs
for piles. It was only later,
while raking out of the shrubbery
the many twigs raddled there,
I noted the thriving plants
which had lasted the season:
The euonymus, hardy;
with laths, the hemlock
might be lifted again;
even the roses, scarred
by the cold years here,
may manage till summer;
and I see now the browning
is slight—mendably slight—
on the shrubs near the cedar fence.
These I will keep an eye on
for April bursting.

—David Pollens

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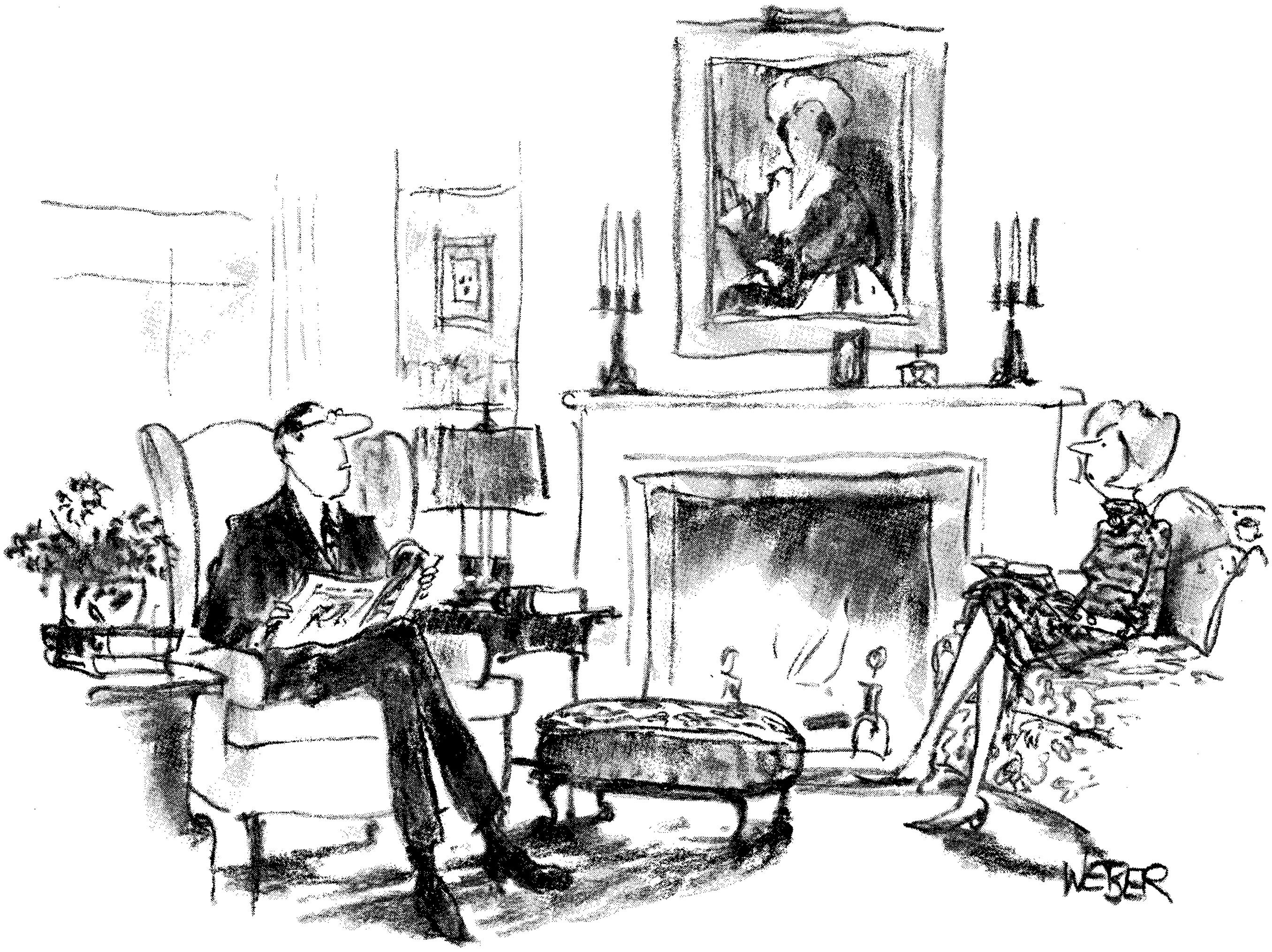


"What do you mean have I given our summer vacation some thought? I give everything some thought."

• •

"I wanted to get it to scale," the captain explained, and then he showed me a sizable compass-drawn sun shining away at the far end of the strip, all those micromillimetres away, and a neat little circle for the earth under our starboard quarter, with just enough room left for the moon to orbit round it without falling off the paper. The moon itself, of course, was mobile—a cardboard disc, small but distinctly lunar—and pretty soon the captain had it on the move, explaining as he (and it) went. There were some lines radiating out from the earth's center—vectors, I daresay—which terminated at the right-hand margin and had degrees written against them in a fine nautical hand, but what they signified I never determined. Indeed, as the moon swept on and the captain's demonstration rounded to its conclusion, I was unable to determine anything beyond the fact that I had another question to put: an elementary question once again, but this time inescapable.

"Look," I had to say, "I'm sorry to interrupt, but wasn't it actually the phases of the moon and of the earth that we were *talking* about? You know, my rather infantile . . ."

"Right," he said.

"Well, then, I mean, I'm tremendously grateful for all the trouble you've taken, but isn't this— Haven't you actually been demonstrating an eclipse?"

He gave a hard look at the earth, picked up his moon disc and laid it carefully down again in a considering kind of way, then paced the full length of his paper chain down to the sun's end and back again—it was, after all, the nearest thing to a quarterdeck he had under command—and finally came to anchor facing me. "You're damn right," he said. "I have, at that." And he burst into as hearty a laugh as ever greeted a mention of Charley Magnus.

The years roll by, and I am now in a position to send a word of comfort to my U.S. Navy friend. Knowledge comes, even though wisdom lingers. If he cares to apply to the Museum of Natural History in New York, as my cattle-breeding acquaintance did to its London counterpart, he will, I understand, get a prompt solution, without benefit of graph paper, to my little problem. The fact is that the half-earth as seen from the moon does *not* sit on its equator but is cut from top to bottom in a thoroughly normal and lunar manner. Anybody who thinks otherwise, the Museum authorities say, has been sadly misled by incorrect, faked-up pictures published at the relevant time.

So there we are. The whole episode has reinforced my determination never again to put questions, childish or otherwise, to experts. As for my American friend, whose reputation emerges unstained (the keenest nautical mind cannot be expected to explain a phenomenon that does not in fact occur), he may or may not decide to call at the Museum, just to confirm their half-earth findings. But if he does, perhaps he would kindly put a subsidiary query to them—about bulls' horns. One likes to clear these matters up.

—H. F. Ellis

A VERMONT TALE

MANY years ago, when I was so young that each snowfall threatened to bar the door and mountain lions came down from the north to howl below my window, my sister and I were sent for an entire frozen January to the house of our grandparents in Vermont. Our mother and father had been instructed by the court in the matter of their difficult and unbecoming love, and that, somehow, was the root of our journey.

After several hours of winding along the great bays of the ice-cluttered Hudson, we arrived in Manhattan only to discover that we had hardly begun. Our father took us to the Oyster Bar, where we tried to eat oysters and could not. Then he found a way to the high glass galleries in Grand Central, where we watched in astonishment as people far below moved in complete silence, smoothly crossing the strong, sad light which descended in wide columns to the floor. We were told that Vermont would be colder than Putnam County, where we lived, the snow deeper, the sky clearer. We were told that we had been there before in winter but did not remember, that our summer image of the house had been snowed in, and that our grandfather had, of all things, snowshoes.

We were placed in the care of a tremendously fat conductor on a green steam-driven train called Star of the North, which long after darkness had the temerity to charge out into the black cold, and speed through snow-covered fields and over bridges at the base of which murderous ice groped and cut. We knew that outside the windows a man without his coat would either find fire or die. We sensed as well that the warmth in the train and its bright lights were not natural but, rather, like the balancing of a sword at the tip of a magician's finger—an achieved state, from which an overconfident calculation, a graceless move, an accident of steel might hurl us into the numbing water of one of the many rivers over which the conductor had passed so often that he gave it no thought. We feared many things—especially that our parents would not come back together and that we would never go home again. And there was the nagging suspicion that our grandfather had turned into an illogical ogre, who, for unimaginable reasons, chose to wear shoes made of snow.

At midnight, the conductor brought us a pewter tureen of black-bean soup. He explained that the kitchen had just shut down, and that this was the last food until breakfast. We had had our filet of sole in the dining car, and were not hungry at all. But the way he bustled about the soup, and his excitement at having spirited it to us, created an unforeseen appetite. In company of the steam whistle and the glittering ice formed against our window, we finished it and dispatched a box of crackers besides. My sister was young enough so that the conductor could take her on his endless lap and show her how to blow across her spoon to cool the soup. She loved it. And I remember my own fascination with the gold watch chain which, across his girth, signified the route between Portugal and Hawaii.

All through the night, the Star of the North rushed on, its whistle gleaming across frost-lined valleys. We were both in the upper bunk. My sister asked if morning would come. I replied that I was sure it would.

"What will it be like?" she said.

"I don't know," I answered, but she was already asleep.

The cold outside was magical, colder than anything we had known.

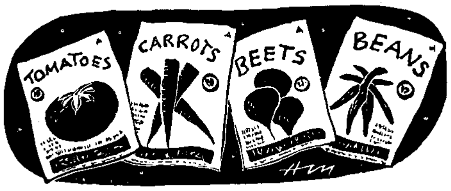
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION had frozen into place, caught as it crept up the hill. The morning was so bright that it seemed like a dream flooded by spotlights. It was a shock to breathe the cold dry air, and our grandparents saw at once that we were not warm enough in our camel-colored loden coats.

"Don't you children have Christmas hats?" asked my grandfather.

Not knowing exactly what these were, I kept silent for fear of giving the wrong answer.

"Well," he said quietly, "we're going to have to get you kids Christmas hats and goose vests."

Christmas hats were knit caps of the softest, whitest wool. In a band around the center were ribbons of color representing the spectrum, from a shimmering deep violet to dark orange. Goose vests were quilted down-filled silk. They came to us in wire baskets shooting along a maze of overhead track in a store so vast and full of stuff that it seemed like the world's central repository for things. A distant clerk pulled hard on a hanging lever and there was an explosive report after which the basket careered across the room like a startled pheasant. In the store were high thin windows, through which we saw a perfectly blue sky, parts of the town, an ice-choked river, and brown trees and evergreens on the opposite bank, standing on the hill like a dumbfounded herd. We bought so much in that store that we completely filled the pickup truck with sacks, boxes, packages, bags, and bushel baskets. We bought, among other things, apples, lamb, potatoes, oranges, mint, coffee, wine, sugar, pepper, chocolate, thread, nails, balsa wood, color film, shoe wax, flour, cinnamon, maple sugar, salt fish, matches, toys, and a dozen children's books—good long thick ones with beautiful pictures and heavy fragrant paper.



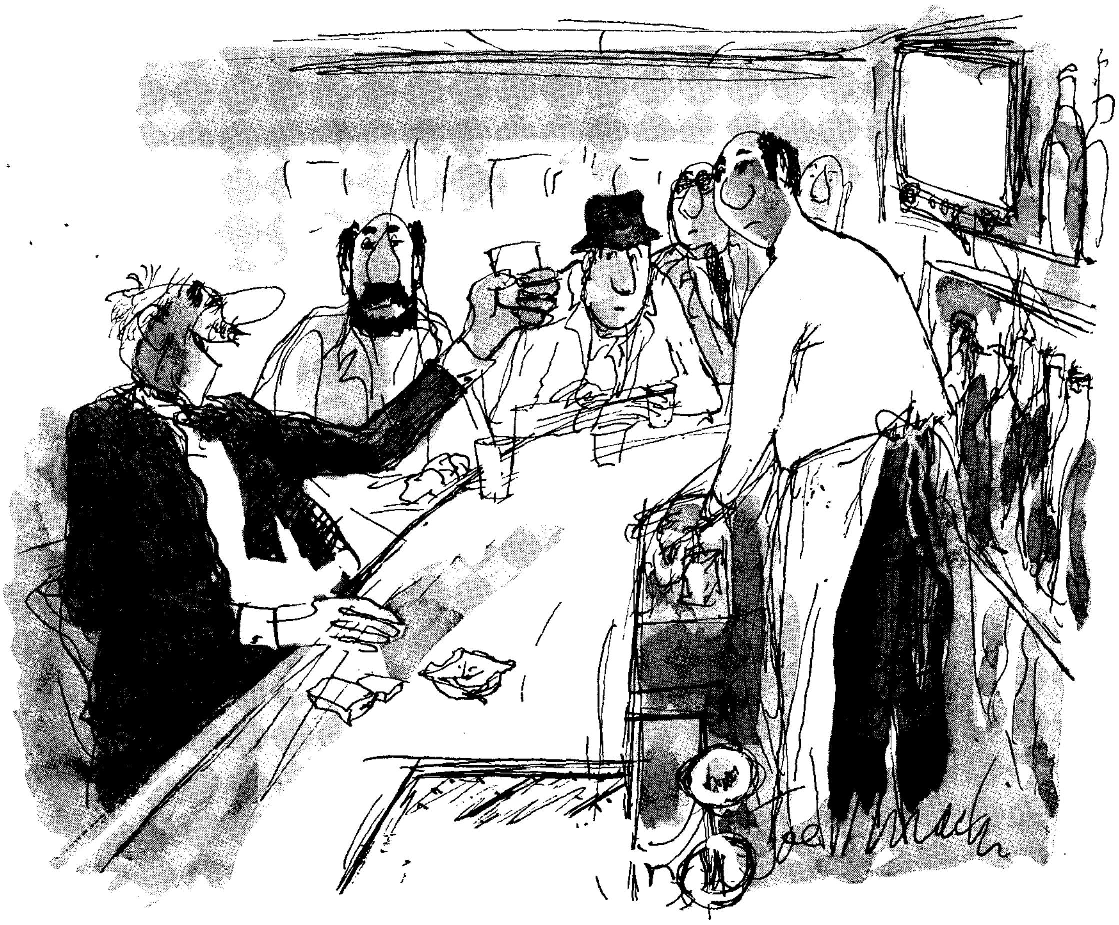
Then we drove off in the truck. I sat in the middle, and my sister was on my grandmother's lap, her little head pointed straight at the faraway white mountains visible through the windshield. I saw my grandmother looking at the way my sister's eyes were focussed on the distance; in my grandmother's restrained smile, lit by bright light coming shadowless from the north, was more love than I have ever seen since. They both had blue eyes; and I felt only pain, because I knew that the moment would pass—as it did.

With tire chains singing and the heater blowing, we drove all the way up into Addison County, to the empty quarter, where there are few towns. It seemed odd, after coming all that way, when my grandfather told me that we were close to New York. "The boy doesn't understand," said my grandmother. "We'll have to get a map." Then she looked at me: "You don't understand." Of course, I knew that, especially since I had just heard it declared a minute before. "New York goes all the way up to Canada, and so does Vermont. Massachusetts and Connecticut are in between, but alongside New York. You and Julia came through Connecticut and Massachusetts. But New York was always on your left, to the west."

"Oh," I said.

On a bluff high above a rushing river, we pulled into a shed at the end of a long snow-covered road. The river forked above my grandparents' land, and came together again south of it.

In winter, one could not cross the boiling rapids except by a cable car, which went from the shed to a pine grove behind their barn. The cable car was cream-colored and blue, and had come, we were told, from Switzerland. The two hundred acres were a perfect island.



"To the dollar—as we knew it!"

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THIS island was equally divided into woods, pasture, and lakes. The woods were evergreen, and my grandfather picked up fallen branches whenever he came upon them (for kindling), so that the floor was open and clear, covered only with pine needles and an occasional grouping of ferns. The pines were tall and widely spaced. Horses could gallop through the columned shadows. The chamber formed by these trees extended for acres, in some places growing very dark, and to walk through it was fearsome and delightful. Always, the wind whistled through the trees. If you looked around and saw only this forest, it seemed as if you were underground. But a glance upward showed sky through green.

The pastures were fenced with split rail and barbed wire, covered with deep snow, spread about in patches of five or ten acres in the woods and on the sides of hills. They rolled all over the island and were host to wind and drifts; they were the places to ski or go race the horses on trails that had been packed down by daily use. Half in woods, half in pasture was the house—white frame with black shutters, many fireplaces, and warm plank floors which gave off resinous squeaks. Between the house and the river was the barn, in which were two horses, a loft of clean hay, a workshop, and a pair of retrievers—one gold and one black—whose tails were forever waving back and forth in approval and contentment.

At the island's center were two lakes. One, of about five acres, lay open to the north wind and was isolated from the winter sun by a pine-clad rise to its south. This lake froze so that its surface was as slick as a mirror. When it was not covered with snow, it was the perfect place to skate. The second lake was no more than three acres, and it lay in the lee of the rise, open to the sun. A salt spring dropped water to it over falls of ten or fifteen feet. It was bordered by pines and forest-green rocks on the north, and opened to a pasture below. This lake was nearly hidden, and it was never completely frozen.

After a few trips in the cable car, we got the provisions and supplies into the house and spent a long time unpacking and putting away what we had bought. My grandfather and I took turkeys, hams, chickens, roasts, and wheels of cheese into a cold smokehouse. When he lit the fire there, I was poised to run from a great conflagration, and was surprised that it crept slowly, with hardly any flame. That night, we smelled not only sweet fires in the house but a dark, antique scent from chips smoldering under hanging meat and fowl.

Our room was in the attic. It had a big window through which we could see mountain ranges and clouds beyond the meadows. At night, a vast portion of sky was visible from our bed. When I opened my eyes after being asleep, the stars were so ferociously bright that I had to squint. They were not passive and mute as they sometimes are, but they shone out and burned like white fire. I have never fallen asleep without thinking of them. They made me imagine white lions, perhaps because the phosphorescent burning was like a roar of light. A fireplace was in the room; a picture of Melville (the handsomest man I have ever seen, surely not so much for what he looked like but for what he was); wooden pegs on which to hang our goose vests and Christmas hats; shelves and shelves of illustrated books. Most remarkably, the ceiling was painted a deep luminous blue.

As the days became calibrated into wide periods of light and dark, we lost track even of the weeks, much less the hours. Later, when I was wounded in war, they shot me full of morphine. The slow bodiless breathing was just like the way time passed in that crystalline January.

WE were possessed by the flawless isolation and the numbing cold. Perhaps we lost ourselves so easily because of the exquisite tiredness after so many hours outdoors, or perhaps because Julia and I had been waiting tensely and were suddenly freed. In the days, we rode the horses, and the dogs followed. At first, the four of us went out, with the children sitting forward on the saddles. Soon, though, I did my own riding. My grandmother and Julia would go back into the house and I would mount their horse. Then my grandfather and I galloped all over the island, dashing through the pines, crossing meadows, riding hard to prospects overlooking the thunderous white forks of the river. Much work was needed just to take care of the horses, to curry, to shovel, to fork down their hay from the loft. We split wood and carried it into the house, stocking all the fireplaces every night for at least one good burn. We baked pies according to a special system, in which my grandmother made pie for the grownups and we followed her, step by step, with a children's pie, which, no matter what we did, always looked like a shanty. My sister kept the house completely free of dust. It was a game for her, and she polished everything in sight.

"It's sad," said my grandfather.

"Why?" asked his blue-eyed wife, still strikingly beautiful.

"The child is so upset that she's become obsessed. Today, she was dusting for two hours, telling herself stories and singing. She's afraid to sit still."

"She's as happy as she can be in the circumstances."

"I don't know," he said. "How do you reach a child caught up like that? You can't just talk to her."

"All we have to do is love her, and that's easy."

In late afternoon as it grew dark we would come into the house and read, or be read to, until dinner. After we had cleaned up, we had a fire in the living room and read some more. An old radio brought in a classical station which sounded so far away that it seemed to be Swiss. Sometimes we took walks in the moonlight, and sometimes we stayed out for as long as we could and looked through a telescope at the moon and planets. By about eight, we were always so tired that we hardly moved, and just sat staring at the fire. Then my grandfather would throw on some logs and say, "Enough of this nonsense! Are we sloths? Certainly not. There are things to do. Let's do them."

In a sudden burst of energy, my grandmother would go to the piano, he would return to his book, Julia would pull down the watercolors, the fire would blaze, and I would become hypnotized by Hottentots and Midwestern drainage canals within the dentist-yellow *National Geographics*. Then we would go to bed, as exhausted as if we had just spent time in a great city at Christmas. Sleep came easily when the nights were clear and the sky pulsed.

But the nights were not always clear. In the middle of January, we had a great blizzard. We could neither ride, nor ski, nor walk for very long with the snowshoes. High drifts made it extremely difficult just to get the wood in. The sky was gray; my grandfather's bad leg made him limp about; and we all began to grow pale. Instead of putting more logs on the fire and waking up, we let the flame go into coals, and we moved slowly upstairs to sleep. The blizzard lasted for days. We felt as if we were in the Arctic, and we learned to wince slightly at the word "Canada." I wondered if indeed all things came to sad and colorless ends.

Then something happened. One night, when the wind was so fierce that we heard trees crash down in the forest, we were just about to get into bed, and my grandfather had turned out all the lights and was coming up the stairs. From high above in the swirl of raging wind and snow came a frightening, wonderful, mysterious sound.

Neither of the nightingale nor of the wolf but somewhere in between, as meaningful and mournful as a life spent in the most solitary places, strong and yet sad, as clear as cold water and ever so beautiful, it was the cry of the loon. It sounded for all the world like one of Blake's angels, and as it hovered above our house, circling our bed, we thought it was God come to take us. My grandfather rushed to the landing.

"They're back!" he cried.

"It can't be," said my grandmother, looking up. "Not after ten years. They must be others."

"No," he said. "I know them too well."

The sound kept circling and we listened for many minutes with our heads thrown back and our eyes traversing to and fro against the pitch of the roof. Then there was quiet.

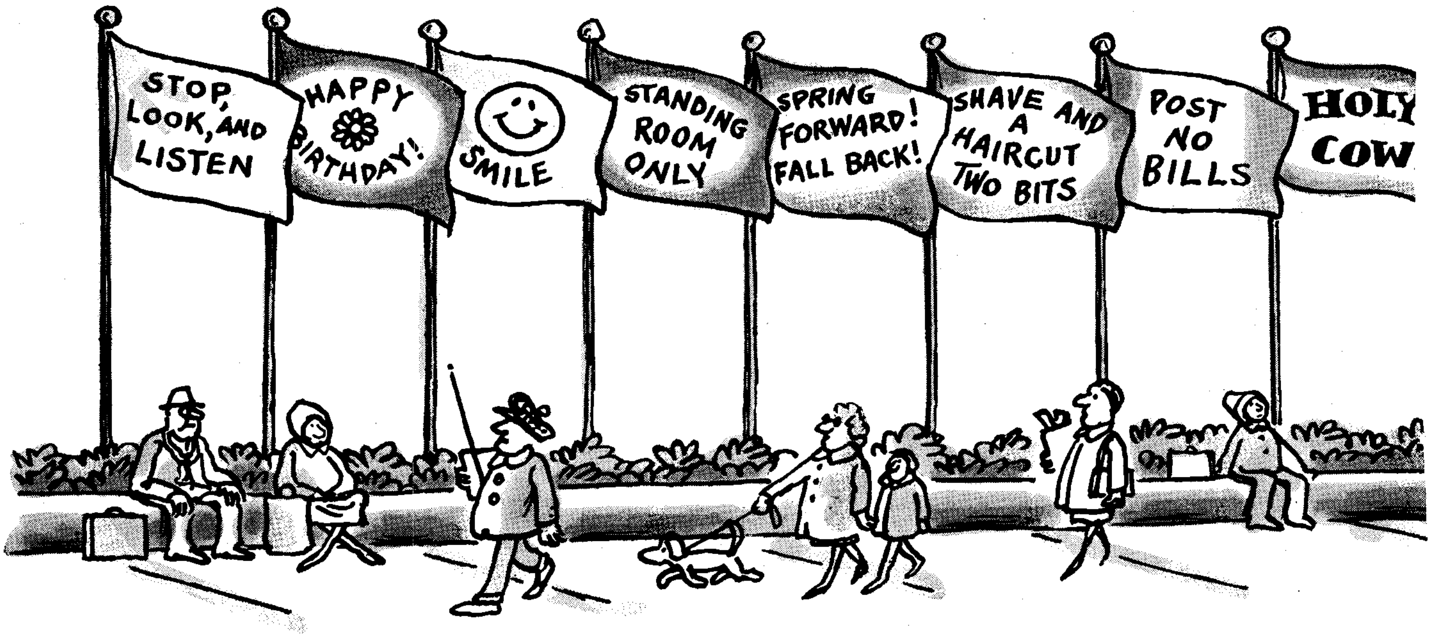
"What was it?" I asked, noticing for the first time that my sister had grasped my waist and still held tightly.

"Arctic Loons," he said. "Two Arctic Loons. Isn't it a beautiful sound? I'll tell you about them."

"When?"

"Now," he said, and went to light the fire.

My grandmother dragged in a chair, and she and my grandfather sat facing us. We were propped up in bed, covered by a giant satin goose blanket. It was very late for my sister, and she looked drugged. But she was



terrified, and she stared ahead without a blink. She wore a white flannel gown with tiny blue stars all over it. My grandmother rocked back and forth, hardly ever taking her eyes from us. My grandfather leaned forward as if he were about to enter communion with the blazing fire.

THEN he turned with startling concentration. My grandfather was six and one-half feet tall and as thin as a switch. He was rocking back and forth, and he mesmerized us as if we were a jury and he a great lawyer of the nineteenth century. The fire roared upward at the stone, diverging into ragged orange tongues. "What is a loon? What is a loon? What is a loon?" he said, so that our mouths dropped open in astonishment.

"You heard it, did you not? Can you tell me that the creature has no soul? Doesn't it sound, in its sad call, like a man? Did they not sound like singers? Remember, first of all, that we have our idea of angels from the birds. For they are gentle and perfect in a way we will never be. For more than a hundred million years they have been soaring. They found the union of peace and ecstasy so long ago that we cannot even imagine the time. But that does not answer your simple question.

"A loon is a bird. Tomorrow, you will see it. It is extremely fine to look at, so sleek and clean of line that it puts an arrow to shame. It is circumpolar, which means that it lives in both the eastern and the western hemispheres. It can swim on the water and under it, and it is a strong flier. Tonight we heard two Arctic Loons. When winter comes in the polar regions, they go south. But rarely do they appear on the Atlantic Coast, and when they do they winter on the sea, where the water, though cold, is not frozen, and where there are plenty of fish.

"When I came back from the First War, your grandmother and I bought this place and began to spend the summers here. The house was up, but most of the pasture was not cleared, the barn had yet to be built, and the only way over the river was by a cable ferry on which everything got a thorough wetting. For years, we were here only in the summer, but one winter I came to stay alone.

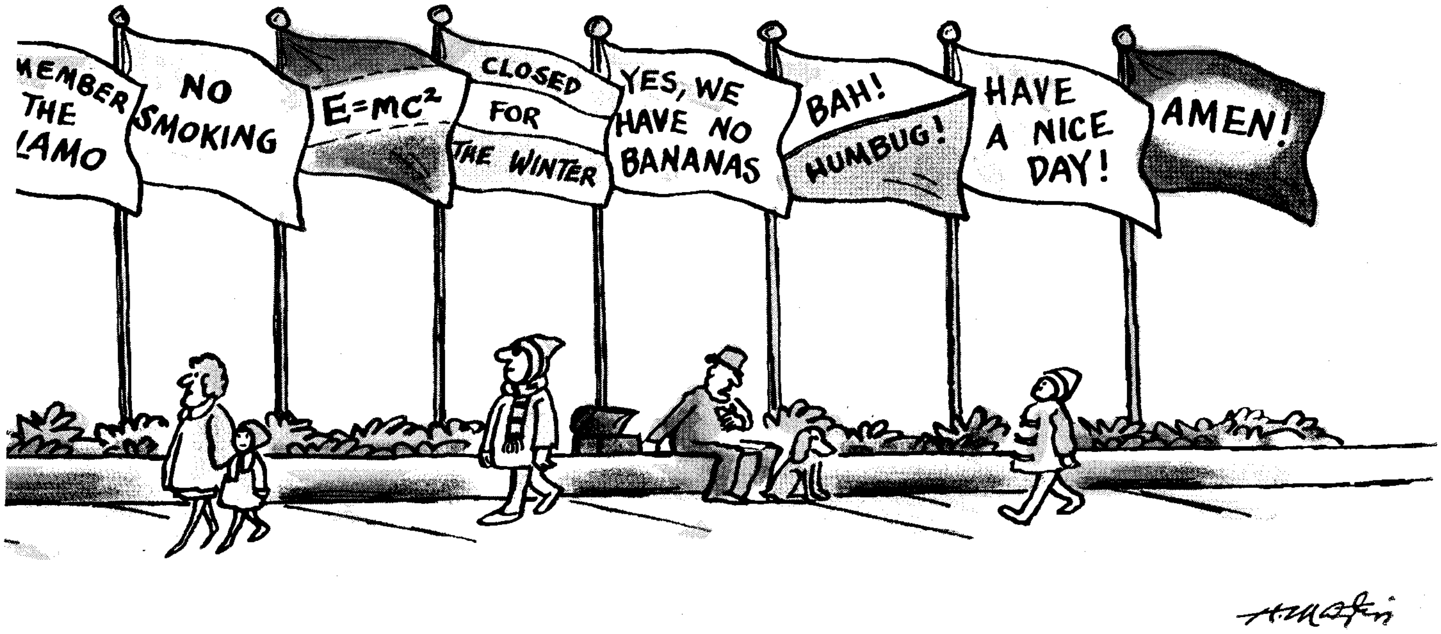
"It was almost impossible to cross the river on the ferry. Had it capsized into the freezing waters, I would have drowned. The sheriff of the county advised me not to cross, but I did, and soon I was snowed in and everything was completely quiet. In those days, I was trying to write my dissertation. Before you become a professor, you have to write a book which is boring enough so that even you cannot bear to read it over. Once you have done this, you are free to write as you please, but can't. After I had been in the war, it was hard to write such a book because, well, I was so happy just to be alive—so happy that for years afterward I often did crazy things."

My grandmother glanced leftward into the darkness above the roof beams, conveying both skepticism and amusement. But, when she returned her gaze to my grandfather's face, she seemed almost bitter.

"For example," my grandfather continued. "In Cambridge, Harvard students were supposed to be afraid of the town toughs, who always gathered in large groups at street corners. Though I knew my way around (after having been there for ten years), I would sometimes approach such a group and say, 'Which one of you duds knows enough words to direct me to Kirkland Street?' That, believe me, took courage. And then, once, I stood up in a crowded lecture and asked the professor: 'What is the difference between a mailbox and the backside of a hippopotamus?' He immediately said, 'I don't know,' to which I answered that I would be glad to mail his letters for him. I believe it was the shock of war. I hope it was the shock of war. It took me a while to straighten out.

"After a few days in the house, struggling to write my chapters, I grew restless and began to walk around in the woods. We did not have horses then. I went to the big lake and found that it had a snowless surface. I skated there for a week before I went to the little lake, to see if perhaps I could skate there, too. When I saw that it was clear of ice, I remembered that it was salty and sheltered. As I was sitting, skates hung over my shoulder, my face to the sun, a fleet of birds sailed gracefully from under a rock ledge to the center of the lake. There were at least a dozen loons—paired up, healthy, unaware of my presence. I moved back so that they would not see me, and when I left I resolved to watch them in secret.

"This I did, and soon learned their habits. Early in the morning, the first flight—as I called it—would take off from the lake with great effort. It was so hard for them to get airborne that it seemed as if they would crash against the opposite shore, but they rose just before the land and flew southward. This



they did two at a time until about noon, when the first pair returned. The last flight returned just at darkness. Then they would go up on the bank and sleep in nests they had made of fern, pine needles, and reeds.

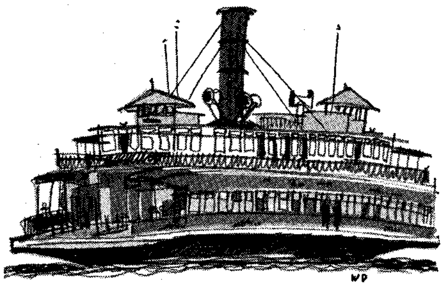
"Though their transition to flight was awkward, they flew magnificently—as I learned later, up to sixty miles per hour. Because of their great speed, I was at first unable to follow them. But one day I was in town and had just stepped out of the post office, when I saw two of them flying by in the same direction as the road. You can imagine the surprise of the sheriff when I jumped into his idling car and ordered him to follow the loons. He did, and we discovered that they fed in a wide section of the river, where there were many fish but where the loons could not have lived because the water ran too fast. I watched them over time and found that they lived in mated pairs, that they kept faith, and that they showed great concern and tenderness for one another. In fact, their loyalty and intimacy were as beautiful to observe as their graceful bodies of brown, white, and gray.

"I soon discovered an attached pair which seemed to be special. Though the female was not as majestic as some, and though she modestly moved about her business and did not lord it over the group as others did, she was extraordinarily beautiful—despite her imperfections, or perhaps because of them. She had a gentleness, a quietness, a tentativeness, which showed how finely she was aware of the sad beauty in the life they lived. You could see the seasons on her face, and that she felt and suffered deeply. Nonetheless, she was a strong and robust flier. This combination intrigued me, this union of gentleness and strength.

"Her mate was full of energy and wounds. Part of his foot was missing. A great gash was cut into his wing. You see, he and others like him had flown into the hunters' guns. Fishermen think that loons steal their catch. This is incorrect, and yet the loons are hunted down time and again, and their number steadily decreases. This may explain why they had chosen a small lake in lieu of an abundant sea.

"Anyway, he was alternately gregarious and reclusive. Sometimes he led or harried the others, and sometimes he would not go near them. For her, this was most difficult. Loons are good fliers and graceful swimmers. They can stay under water for several minutes, and they have been observed to dive as far as two hundred and fifty feet below the surface. But on land they can hardly move, because they are, I think, the only bird whose leg is mainly within the body, so much are they like swimmers. When moving on land, they waddle and they fall. Many, many times, he went up onshore and pushed for the woods. I saw her looking after him. It pained her to see him moving so awkwardly into the thicket, where perhaps a fox might get him. It made her feel as if she were not loved. For if she were, she thought, why would he take such risks? But he was driven in all directions and frequently made her feel alone and apart. And yet she loved him, and she loved him very strongly, despite what appeared to be her reticence.

"They would lie up against one another, have long conversations in their many voices, circle the lake, and sometimes put their faces together so that their eyes touched. The days passed one after another until it became irredeemably dark. Then, from the north, another group of loons came winging in and threw the lake into chaos. They were unattached, and their arrival electrified the others.



"She felt immediately threatened because of his curiosity and the way he had always wandered away. This frightened her, and she kept to herself, closing off to him. All *he* knew was that she became colder and colder. He did not realize that she loved so much that her fear ran ahead of her, and he began to take up with the group from the north. He paid much attention to one in particular—a brilliant female, with whom one day he flew off to the feeding place, where the river was fast and full of fish.

"She was so hurt that she could not even think. And when he returned, enthused and energized, she was hurt all the more. But it would have passed had he not done it again and again, until she was forced to go alone south to the feeding place, and fish alone in front of all while he was occupied with the new one. And she flew back alone, her heart beating against the rhythm of her wings, her eyes nearly blind, for she loved him so much, and he had betrayed her.

"As time passed, the pain was too much for her to bear, and she left. Her departure worked through him like a harrow, and all was changed. As in the classical Greek and Latin romances, he realized what he had done, and, more to the point, how valuable she was and how he loved her, and he was thrashed with remorse. He set out to find her. Despite his skill and experi-

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HÔPITAL ALBERT SCHWEITZER

(Deschapelles, Haiti: 1961)

I pass the old beggar who sits,
sucking on a corncob pipe, in the shade
of a huge gray mapou tree,
its roots stuck with candle stubs,
gifts for the ghosts inside;

down the hill past the stench
of the courtyard where burros are tethered,
across the parched lawn where kin
of the sick squat beside charcoal
fires cooking rice and red beans;

up the steps and through a double set
of screen doors that never yet kept
malaria out. Mother, I'm coming
down the halls toward the room
where you lie, coughing and soon to die.

And if I had known, as no one
did, that this would be the last visit, what
could I have brought? All I have:
the sweat and sights and smells
of Haiti under my straw hat.

—Gregory Orr

• •

"I know all about you and your pâté from the New York 'Times'!"

• •

ence as a flier and a fighter, it was extremely difficult. She had gone to a lake deep deep in the wilderness and very far away."

"Baltimore," said my grandmother, startling herself, and then realizing that it was late and that the story would have to continue on the next night. "Besides," she said to my grandfather, "if the blizzard keeps up, you won't be able to take the children to the small lake. They can see the loons the day after tomorrow."

When they had kissed us good night and opened the window enough so that the room began to cool rapidly and hard dry crystals of snow were blown in only to disappear in the darkness beyond the bed, we were left alone in the light of the fire. Breathing hard, my little sister stared at the flames, her eyes all welled up. It was like a fever night, when there is no relief. In those reddened nights, little children first conjured up the idea of Hell. I tried, as I always did, to be very grownup. But I really couldn't.

IT snowed so hard the next day that the air was like tightly loomed cloth. Drifts covered the porch and reclined against the windows. The house was extremely quiet. We had stayed up late and were tired from days of being trapped inside. My grandfather and grandmother said hardly a word, not even to one another.

When it darkened—and it darkened early—we began to anticipate resumption of the tale as if we were awaiting Christmas morning: the four of us in a small room with a sky-blue ceiling, an enginelike fire steadily cascading like a forge, snow against the window, the goose blanket spread out silky and white like a winter meadow, and the story unravelling in dancing shadows. Before we knew it, the yellow disc in the clock plunged downward and was replaced by a sparkling white moon and stars on a background of blue. The moon had a strange smile, and I thought that he must have been born on that island a long time before, and spent his life in the perfect quiet—season after season, silent snow after silent snow.

My grandfather put two more split logs on the fire in our room, and started once again to tell us about the loons. I looked at the ceiling and imagined them as they had been the night before, poised above us, treading with brown wings on the agitated air.

"He hardly knew what he was in for," said the old man, closing his eyes briefly and then opening them as he began the tale. "He was so good-spirited that he envisioned a fast flight to a lake found out by skill, swooping to reunion, and then beginning where they had left off. But he didn't count on two things. The first was her feeling that she had been horribly betrayed, and the second, and more immediate, was the problem of how to find her.

"He set off, rising into the air with a rush from his wings. He flew for many miles, but after a day he did not see her on any of the lakes beneath. He stayed one night on a large lake where it was cold and there were no living things, but only a whistling mysterious wind. He traversed the dark northern lakes as if they were chambers in a great cavern, always alone, flying through the relentless cold, day after day and week after week, with his eyes sharp and his great strength serving him well, until he had flown enough for several migrations and was nearly beaten. The ice cut him; he was pursued by hungry forest animals; and in all those regions of empty whiteness he never came upon another of his kind."

"How do you know?" I asked. He

looked at me imperiously, greatly offended. I began to be frightened of him.

"Because I know," he said, and from then on I did not dare to question him, although I did wonder how he could know such a thing.

"For months, he read the terrain and searched for the proper signs. Then, as he was about to land on one of a chain of lakes, he saw a flight of many loons far off in the distance, disappearing over a hill of bare trees.

"He sprinted toward them. Since he had flown all day, he was lithe and hot, and caught them so quickly that they thought an eagle had flown into their midst. She was there! He spotted her at the edge, in company of several others. He dived at them and drove them off, and then flew level with her, on the same course as the rest but at a distance.

"She would not look at him, and she acted as if he were dead to her. After they landed, she, to his great sadness, went off with another. But he could easily see that she did not love the other. Nor was the other a champion, a strong flier, or wounded by the hunters' guns.

"All his persuasion, his sorrow meant nothing to her. She seemed determined to spend her life without feeling in the presence of strangers. So he left without her. It was painful for him to see her recede into the distance as he flew away.

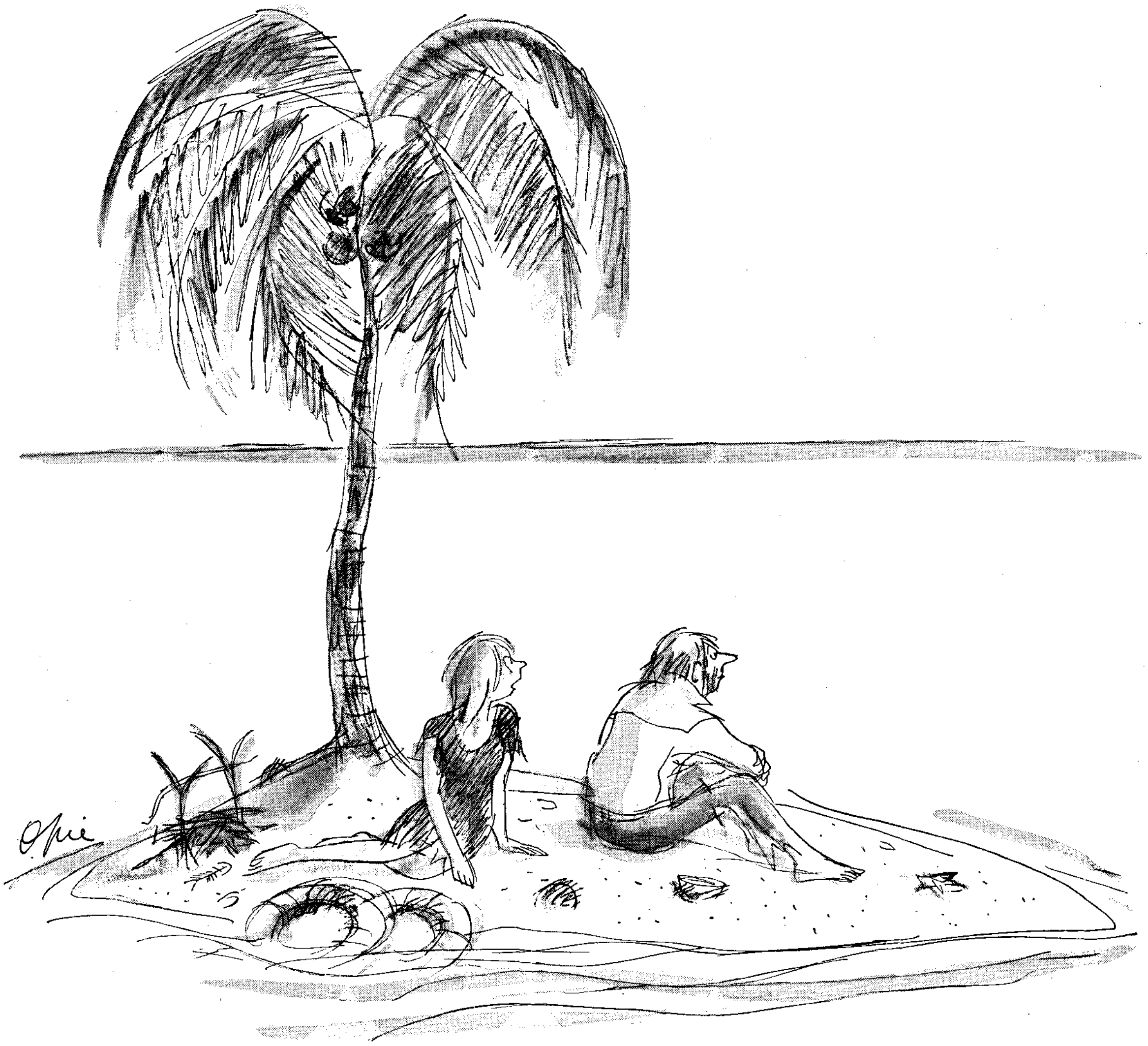
"Alone on the little lake, he did not know what to do. He had got to know her so well, and come to love her so deeply, that he did not feel that he could ever love another. He began to think of the hunters' guns. It gave him great pleasure to imagine flying against them, even though he would be killed. But he was kept from this by the chance that she would return. He waited. Days passed, months. As the seasons turned and it was winter once again, he realized that he had lost his chance. If at the end of another winter she did not return, he would then silently and without feeling set off to seek out the hunters.

"When storms came down from the north in the second winter, he realized that she would not return. For she would by then have been driven south. Nor did the others arrive, and he found himself in sole possession of the lake. He made no more forays into the trees and brush. He stopped singing on clear nights. Until that time, he had sung loudly and beautifully in hope that she would use the sound to guide herself back. On those nights in the fall when the air is refined and clear and the moon beats down by black shadows in a straight white line, he had sung the last out of himself. As winter took hold, he moved in a trance, determined to find the hunters in the spring. Her image so frequently filled the darkness before him that he did not trust his sanity.

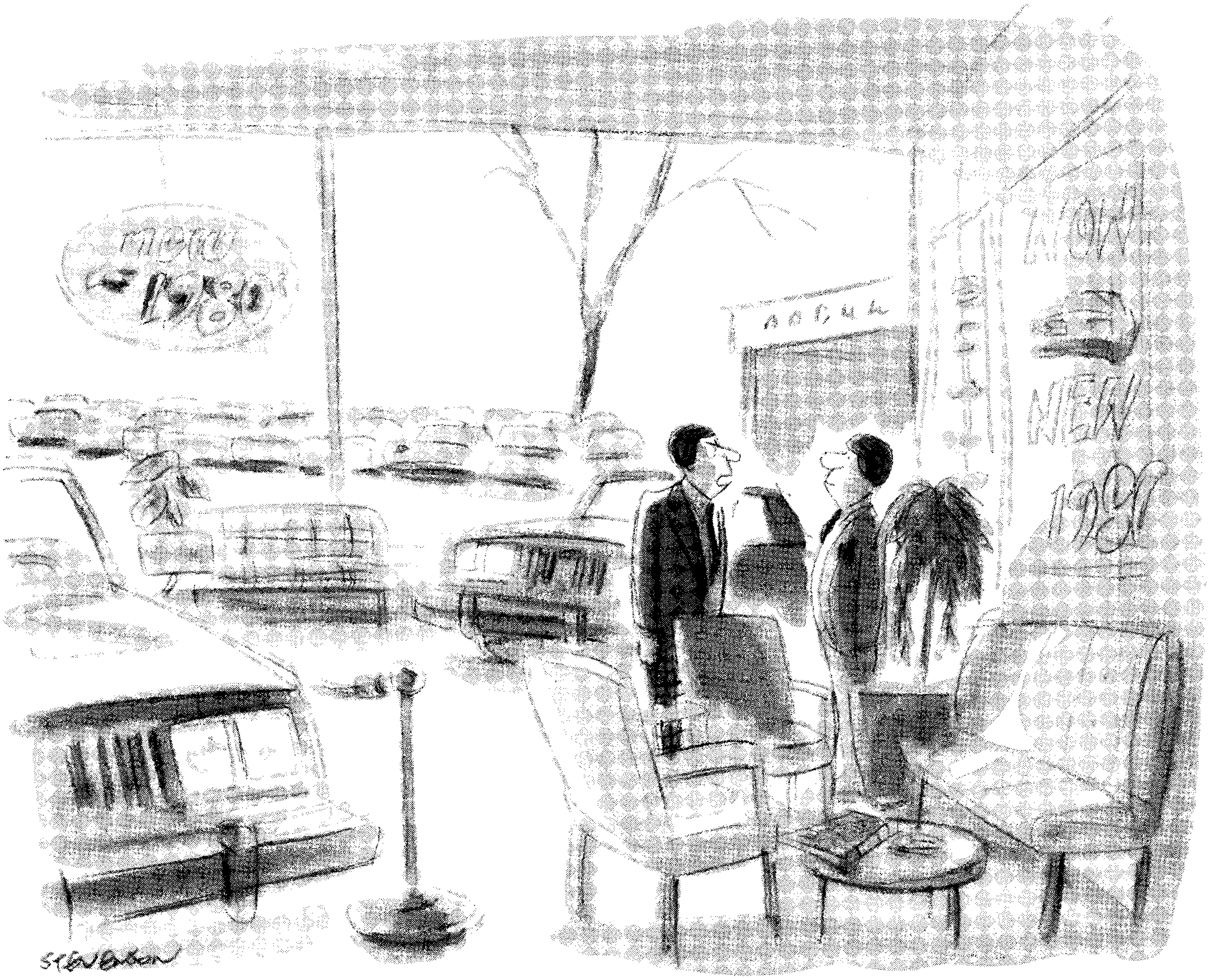
"Sensible loons (if there can be such a term) were supposed to get on with work. But he cared little for making himself fat with fish and could not see years ahead of simply eating. The winter closed him in. He would sit in the dishevelled nest and stare without feeling as the sun refracted through ice and water. The blue sky seemed to run through his eyes like a brook.

"But one day in early March, when the sun was hot enough to usher out some light green and the blue lakes seemed soft and new, he glanced up at a row of whitened alpine clouds and saw a speck sailing among them as if in a wide circle. It was a bird, far away, alone in the sky, orienting. And then the bird slid down the sides of the clouds and beat her way around them and fell lower and lower in a great massive glide, swooping up sometimes, turning a little, and finally pointing like an arrow to the lake.

"He trembled from expectation and fear. But he knew her flight. He knew the courage she had always had, despite her frailty, in coursing the clouds. And on that last run, as she came closer and closer, she became an emblem of herself. He sped to the middle of the lake with all the energy he had unwittingly saved. The blood was rushing through him as if he had been



"You asked me that yesterday. No, I didn't happen to see the Marx Brothers in 'The Cocoanuts.'"



"Harris, I understand you've been telling people to go out and compare."

• •

flying for a day, and she swooped over his head, turned in the air like an eagle, and landed by him in a crest of white water."

When my grandfather said that, his hands were before him and he sat bolt upright in his chair. My sister closed her eyes and let out a sigh. This, my grandmother liked very much. For the little girl had been tensed and contorted awaiting the outcome. Suddenly, the circling of the loons above the house made perfect sense. It was as if winter were somehow over, though that was far from true.

As my sister slept profoundly, it was my turn to spend a fever night. Though it was deathly cold, there was enough light to think upon, and I troubled until morning.

Very early, when I could sleep only in fits and starts, I arose and jumped quietly to the floor. Everyone was asleep. It was light, but it still snowed. I put on my clothes and boots and went down the stairs. There was ice on the inside of the windows. Not knowing about condensation, or much else, I thought the ice had come through the glass. Outside, I put on snowshoes and heatedly made my way around the house. I could hear the snow falling. It sounded like a slow and endless fire. I caught whiffs from the smoke shed, and was aware of a vague sweet smell from the house chimneys.

I followed the tops of the fence posts and the straight ribbon between the trees which showed the road. The snowshoes were too big and I tumbled several times into the snow, discovering in both delight and horror that it came up to my chin. But, puffing along the top of the drifts, I finally came to the lake. It was partially covered by ice, on which lay a slope of snow.

Under the rock ledge, a wide space of open water smelled fresh even from a distance. The snow came down in steady lines, but I squinted and made out two gliding gray forms, hardly visible, moving as if in the severest of all mysteries. I dared not approach them, though I could have. They seemed like lions on the plain, or spirits, or frightening angels.

Then I turned at the sound of snowshoes and saw my grandmother coming up the rise to where I stood. When she reached me, she put her hand on my shoulder and looked hard at the loons. She, too, looked sleepless.

"I heard you," she said, "when you left the house. Do you see them?"

For reasons I could not discern, I began to cry. She dropped to her knees, kneeling on her snowshoes, and took me in her arms. She didn't have to say anything. For I saw that her eyes . . . her eyes, though beautiful and blue, were as cold as ice. —Mark Helprin

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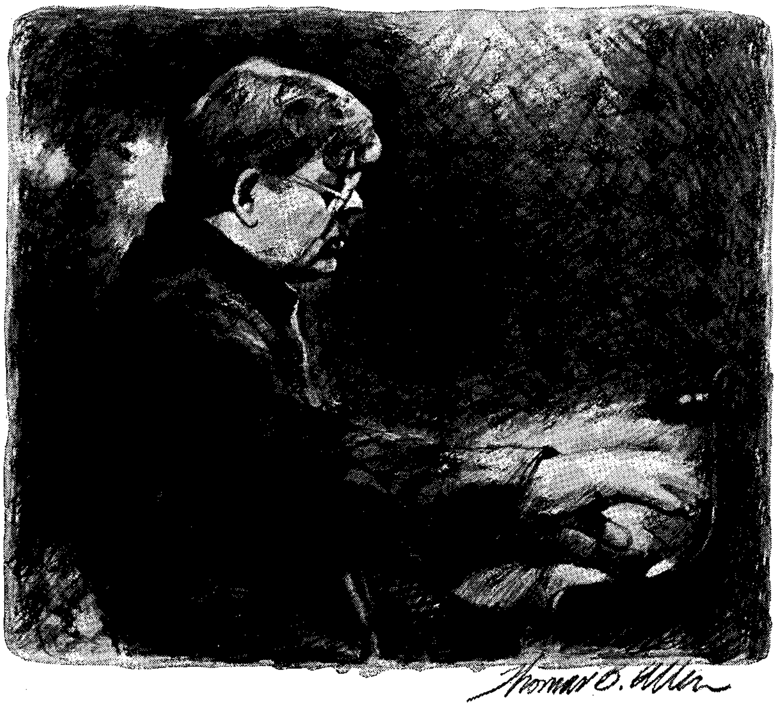
PROFILES

EASIER THAN WORKING



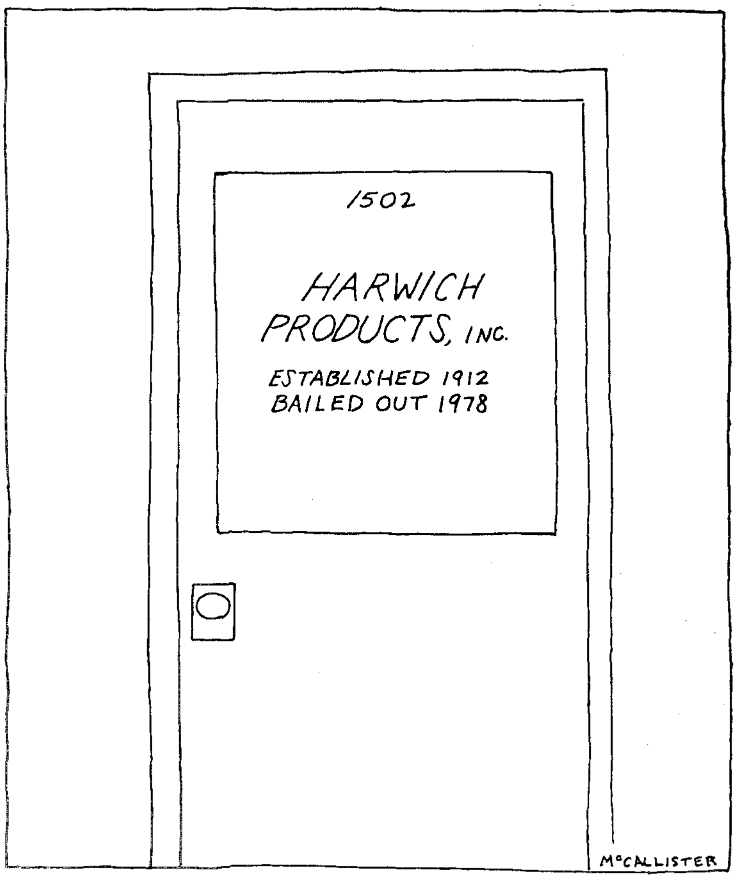
HERE is how the pianist Dick Wellstood made his living in the first half of 1978. He is referring to a daybook in which he records all his jobs: "On the third and fourth of January, I had a record date with Marty Grosz for the Aviva label, and on the fifth and sixth a Fats Waller date for Chiaroscuro. I played a private party on the ninth in Toms River, New Jersey. There was a remake of some of the Waller sides on the twelfth, because one of the participants had been under the weather the first time around. On the thirteenth, I did a party in Fairfield, Connecticut, and the day after that I went to Europe for six weeks, and gave concerts in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Scotland, and England. I returned March 1st, and on the ninth did a concert at the Downtown Athletic Club. Four days later, I played a dance at the Harbor Island Spa, in West Long Branch, New Jersey, with my old friend Paul Hoffman, who leads a society band and has kept me alive off and on the last ten years. In fact, I had a regular job with Hoffman all during this time, and I would take a night or two off when extra dates came along. On the seventeenth, I had a solo appearance at the Bay Head Yacht Club, in New Jersey, and on the eighteenth a concert in Boston for George Wein. On the nineteenth, I did a duo with Kenny Davern in Morristown. Back to the Bay Head Yacht Club on the twenty-fourth for a solo appearance, and on the thirty-first for a duo. From the fourth to the ninth of April, Kenny Davern and I played the King of France Tavern, in Annapolis, and on the fourteenth and then on the nineteenth I was at the Yacht Club again. On the sixteenth, I took a band I'd had at Michael's Pub into the east branch of the Monmouth County Library, and on the twenty-second I sat in with a local Dixieland band at the Essex Fells Country Club. I did a two-day jazz party with Lou Stein at the Greenwich Country Club over the last weekend in April, and on May 5th I was back at the Yacht Club. I did a private recital in Toms River on the eighth. On the twelfth, thirteenth, nineteenth, and twenty-sixth, I was at the Yacht Club. On the twenty-eighth, Kenny Davern and I did another duo, at the Marriott Inn in Providence, and on June 2nd I was at the Yacht Club. On the third and fourth, I went with the World's Greatest Jazz Band to Andover, Massachusetts, and to Providence, and I sat in with a pickup group at a party in Summit on the ninth. I had a private party in Westport the eleventh, the Yacht Club on the sixteenth, and a wedding and the Yacht Club on the seventeenth. On the twenty-third, I did a private party in Chicago, and on the twenty-fifth a concert for the Newport Jazz Festival, in Stanhope, New Jersey. The Yacht Club closed June, and a party at Bill Buckley's home in Connecticut opened July. I might add that playing cha-chas with Paul Hoffman was just as much fun as anything I did in Europe. I have a fantastic weakness for workaday music like Hoffman's."

Here is how Wellstood made his living one night a year later. It was an evening in the middle of a long engagement at Eddie Condon's, on West Fifty-fourth Street. Wellstood, however, was not playing with the house band, or even as the intermission pianist. As an experiment, he had been put in the cocktail slot, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and he felt disoriented. The newspapers had listed him as the intermission pianist, and he suspected that his audience was made up largely of neighborhood people, who talked sports at the bar and gave him dirty looks when he began to play. Wellstood arrived close to five-thirty, and the place—long and narrow and high-ceilinged, with the bar and the bandstand on one side and banquettes and tables on the other—was almost empty. Wellstood looked as if he had just come in from judging an afternoon of racing at the Bay Head Yacht Club. He had on pressed khakis, a white open-collared shirt, and a blue blazer. His hair was tousled, and he wore glasses that were halfway down his nose. He looked a lot better than he had a year and a half before at an engagement at the Carlyle. Then he had worn a tuxedo and a ruffled shirt, which seemed to get between him and the keyboard, and his hair had been forced into a pageboy. Later, he had reported, "Opening night at the Carlyle was one of the worst nights of my life. I couldn't play anything. My hands had turned to lead and so had my head. Worst of all, Alec Wilder had come in with a couple of friends, and I think it was the first time he'd ever heard me live. He left immediately after the first set, looking pained in the brow, and that made me feel terrible." At Condon's, Wellstood's attractive beamish smile was back. He went to the bar and poured himself a Coca-Cola, and sat down at a table. Laminated on the tabletop was an enlarged facsimile of the Okeh label of McKenzie and Condon's "Sugar," recorded in 1927, the year Wellstood was born. He went to work on his hands as if he hadn't used them for a month. He kneaded them, then made vigorous washing motions. He pulled each finger, bent it backward and forward, and pulled it again. He put the tips of his fingers together and pressed them until his hands were palm to palm. He made a fist of one hand and biffed the palm of the other, as if he were breaking in a baseball mitt. Then he let both hands hang loosely at his sides and shook them like a madman.

"Last evening wasn't bad at all," he said as he worked on his hands. "I played well, and somewhere around eight a whole bunch of jazz fans came in, so I played for them until after nine. The only trouble was that the hammer of the G above middle C broke, but I doubt whether anybody noticed. Once, the English pianist Harold Bauer gave a concert in San Francisco, and an F-sharp got stuck just after he'd begun his last piece. He struggled with the note, trying to disguise that from the audience, trying to keep it from ruining the piece, trying to get *through*. When he came offstage, his manager said to him, 'Harold, I've listened to you up and down the world for twenty years, and that last piece was the most moving performance I have ever heard.' Which means that audiences are rarely on the same wavelength as performers. In fact, two very different things are going on at once. The musician is wondering how to get from the second eight bars into the bridge, and the audience is in pursuit of emotional energy. The musician is struggling, and the audience is making up dreamlike opinions about the music that may have nothing at all to do with what the musician is thinking or doing musically. If audiences knew what humdrum, daylight things most musicians think when they play, they'd probably never come."

He settled himself at the piano, a Baldwin grand that faces the door, and made mock pounding motions on the broken G. The bandstand at Condon's is roughly the size and shape of a longboat and contains a jumble of stools, chairs, tulip-shaped floor ashtrays, microphones, wires, and drums. The piano forms the cabin, and under it that evening was a large cardboard box of pretzels. Next to the pretzels were several tiers of shelves on which were salt and pepper, sugar, A.1., ketchup, cruets, and mugs, and beyond the piano's foreleg was a pail, and in it, for sweeping the deck, a broom. Wellstood went into a rollicking medium-tempo "There's a Small Hotel." He kept the lid of the piano shut. He had said that the piano, which he and the pianist John Bunch had been asked to choose, had a "glassy" sound. "Hotel" gave way to "Ain't Misbehavin'," which he has probably played eight thousand times, and into which he folded two more Wallers—"Squeeze Me" and "Blue Turning Gray Over You." Wellstood is more than a superb eclectic. He has been through and come out the other side of the music and styles of Scott Joplin, Joe Lamb, James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith, Fats Waller, Zez Confrey, Earl Hines, Joe Sullivan, Count Basie, Cedar Walton, Ray Charles, Bill Evans, and Thelonious Monk. He has peered into their musical minds and savored the contents. He can play James P.'s "Carolina Shout" as Johnson played it, but you'd never mistake his version for Johnson's. Wellstood's touch is heavier, and he plays with more force. His rhythms and dynamic sense are more pronounced. He has removed the gingerbread from Johnson's playing, the airborne laciness, and replaced it with a sleek muscularity. In many ways, his Waller is better than Waller himself: he doesn't loaf the way Waller did, and he uses harmonic colorations Waller never thought of. Wellstood's blues are big, leisurely houses, full of tremolos, stark bass chords, and the sly humor of interpolation and retards. He has described stride piano this way: "Technically, stride piano is late Eastern ragtime. It's the way black pianists played in Harlem in the teens and twenties. It has an oompah bass—that is, your left hand makes a seesawing motion between a single bass note, struck at the bottom of the keyboard, and a chord struck some two and a half octaves farther north. The ragtime players only stretched an octave or an octave and a half, but the wider span gives you a fuller sound. The syncopated figures in the right hand include thirds and sixths, chromatic runs, and tremolo octaves. The left hand is the timekeeper—the keeper of momentum—and the right hand must never get too strong or it will make the left hand wag, and all the tension will go out of your playing. To me, James P. Johnson was the greatest stride pianist, and he was king until Art Tatum arrived in New York in the early thirties. James P. never forgave the pianist Joe Turner for first bringing Tatum here."

Wellstood slipped into a slow ballad—a form he more or less ignored until 1974, when he became a full-time solo pianist—and converted it into dense chordal layers, each rising slightly above the last, each filling the melodic confines. He moved on to Kurt Weill's "Barbara Song," and then to an Ellington medley, into which he fed bits of "Lush Life," "Sophisticated Lady," "Perdido," and "Caravan." He is an intense performer. His glasses make a nose-length slide every number, and every eight bars or so he gasps slightly. When he tries something he's not sure of, he purses his lips. If he blows it, he rattles his head and balloons his cheeks. Michel Legrand's "What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?" came next, and Wellstood went into a medium "How About You." Before that was done, he had applied James P. Johnson offbeat chords in the right hand, doubled the tempo for a ninety-



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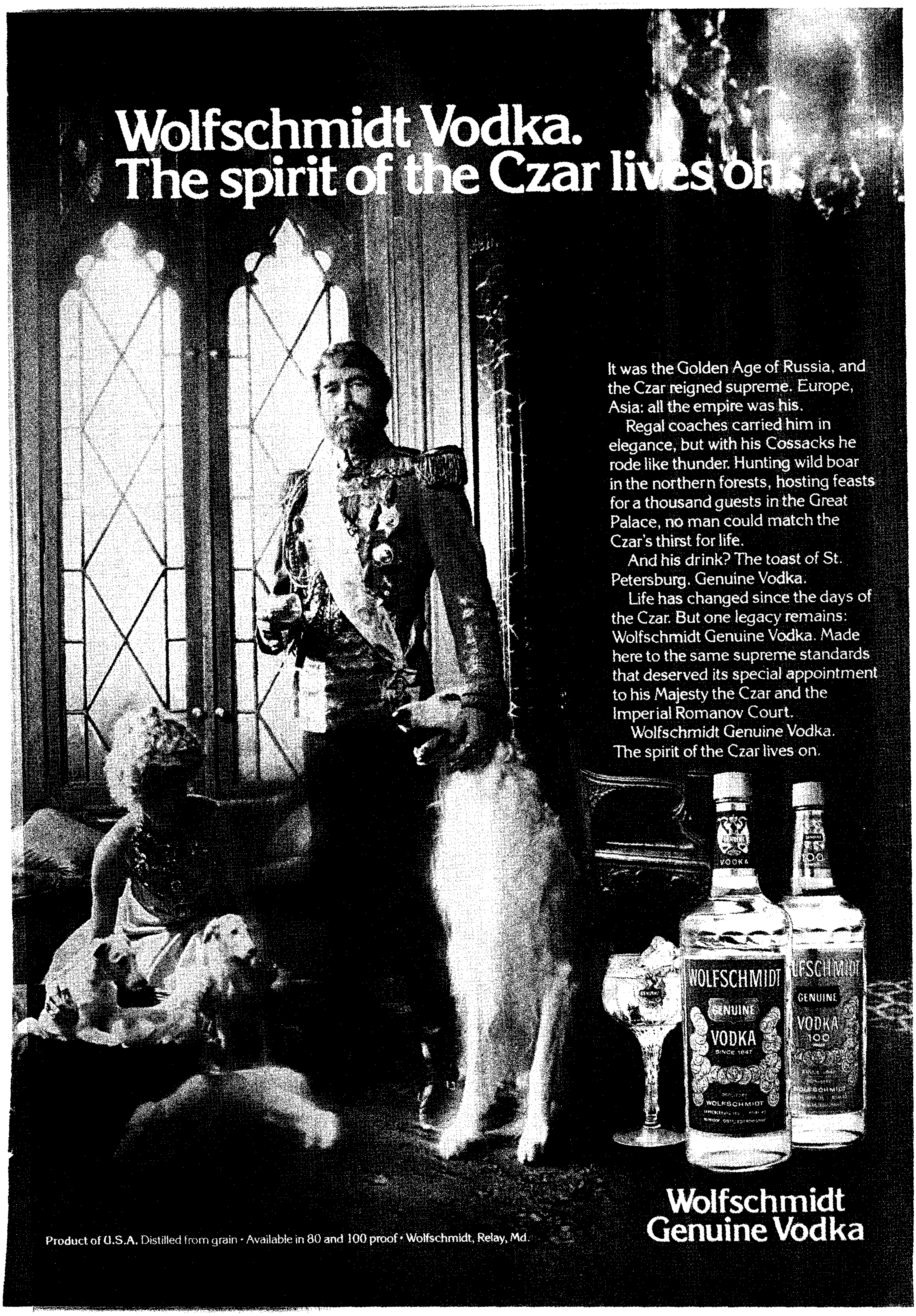
mile-an-hour Art Tatum stride passage, let loose a few turn-around-and-jump Thelonious Monk runs, and demonstrated that it is a song he cares about. He closed the set with quiet readings of "She's Funny That Way," "I Concentrate on You," and "I Would Do Most Anything for You."

WELLSTOOD got another Coca-Cola and sat down facing the door. Musicians spend most of their time in night clubs looking at the front door, for through it all blessings flow—audiences, money, girls, liquor, bookers, writers, and rich people looking for talent for their parties. Two men who had just come in and were standing at the bar approached, and one had a violin case. A Lord-this-cat-wants-to-sit-in look flickered across Wellstood's face, and his shoulders tightened. The man with the case said he'd come to fix the broken G, and he opened the case and took out his tools. Wellstood's shoulders relaxed, and he got up to show the tuner the damaged note.

Wellstood returned to his chair, and said, "I've been playing solo piano long enough to find out it can be very dangerous. Of course, it's wonderful in that you can do anything. You can play in any key, change keys when you want, halve the tempo, double it, triple it, play out of time, drop beats and pick them up later, accelerate or decelerate, finish a tune before the chorus ends. But you have to be damned sure that your time, which you play such hob with, doesn't go to hell and you find yourself speeding up or slowing down without premeditation. That's happened to some very good solo piano players. I'm one of those players who rely on the vessel of divine spirit—on what some call inspiration. When it comes by itself, you don't have to worry. You go into a trancelike state. But when it doesn't come you have to fall back on all kinds of patterns and figures. After all, when you're paid to play you *have* to play, and you can't go below a certain professional level. When I improvise, I think in terms of sounds, not of chords or melody. Some of my things may not have conventional harmonic continuity, but if they *sound* right and have rhythmic coherence, I'll do them. I learned to play the piano in public, and I've recently begun to try and relate my playing more to that public, even though it rarely grasps all that you're trying to do. At one time, I related my playing to the critics or to such eternal matters as the year that I first used an augmented ninth, or the year that I first played with Coleman Hawkins, or the like. For a long time, I had most of my playing mapped out. I liked the idea that once you got a solo worked up on a tune, you could use it over and over. After all, there are very few geniuses in jazz who create new things night after night. Most of us are lucky to have a couple of good, sparking nights a month. I think of myself as a contemporary musician who uses tools that are out of fashion. But lately I've been trying to get away from stride into more modern things, and when I do, I sound like Monk, which isn't so strange when you consider that Monk came directly out of the stride tradition. I like doing ballads and wandering around through a lot of new chords. I'm getting better as I get older, I think. My brain used to short-circuit a lot, but that's stopped. Actually, I've become quite excellent, and I often wonder why I don't work constantly."

The tuner told Wellstood that he had glued the hammer and that it



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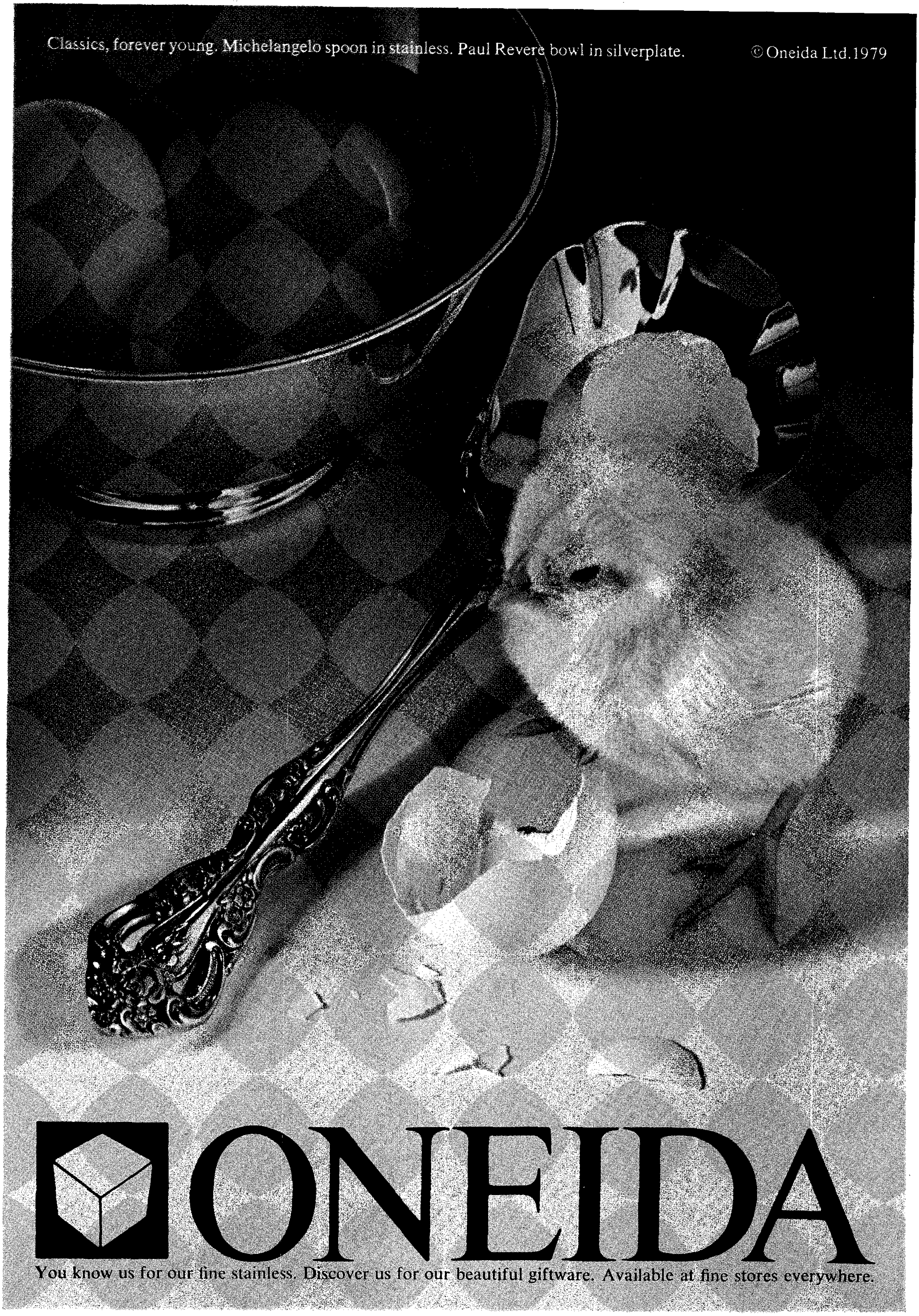

Classics, forever young. Michelangelo spoon in stainless. Paul Revere bowl in silverplate. © Oneida Ltd. 1979

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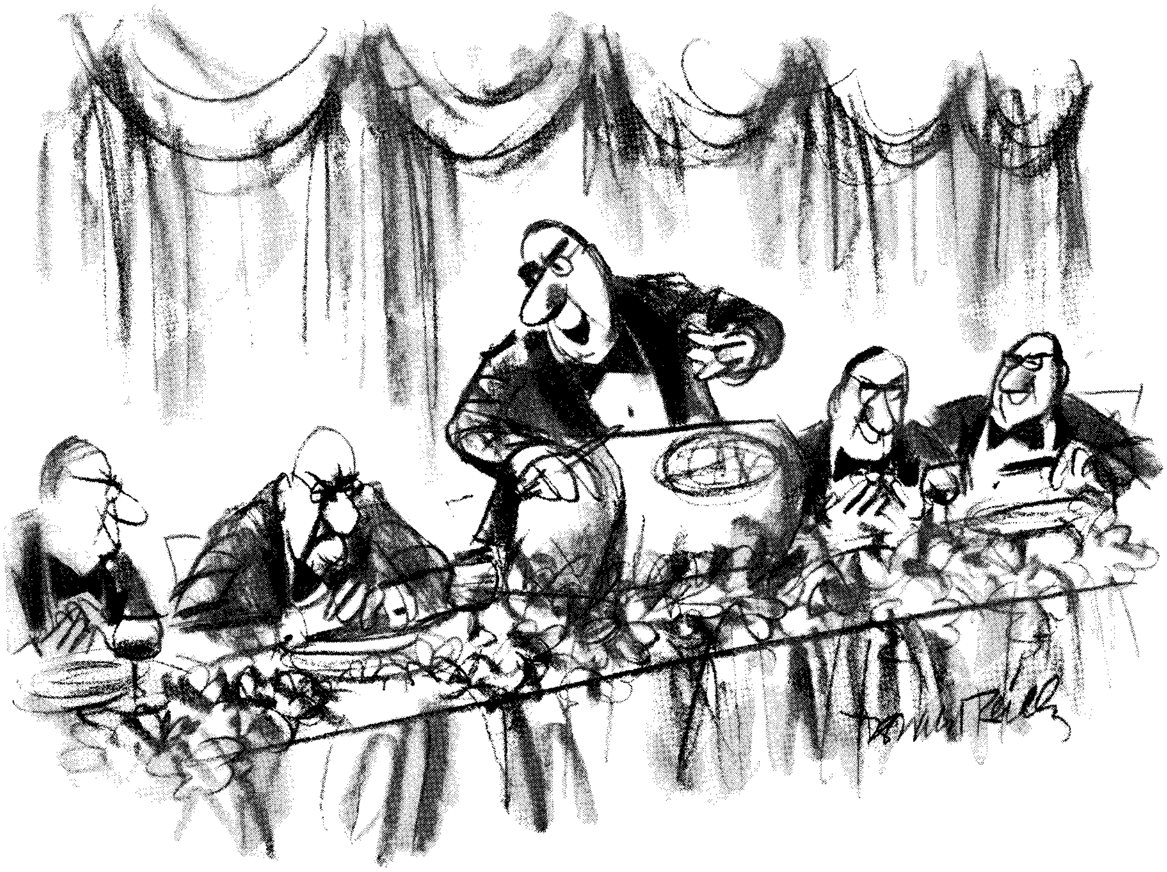


"*And which of us in this room tonight can say he doesn't stand a little taller because of the example of our own R.H., a man who, unlike lesser lights in the industry, was never heard to utter the words 'That's good enough for me.'*"

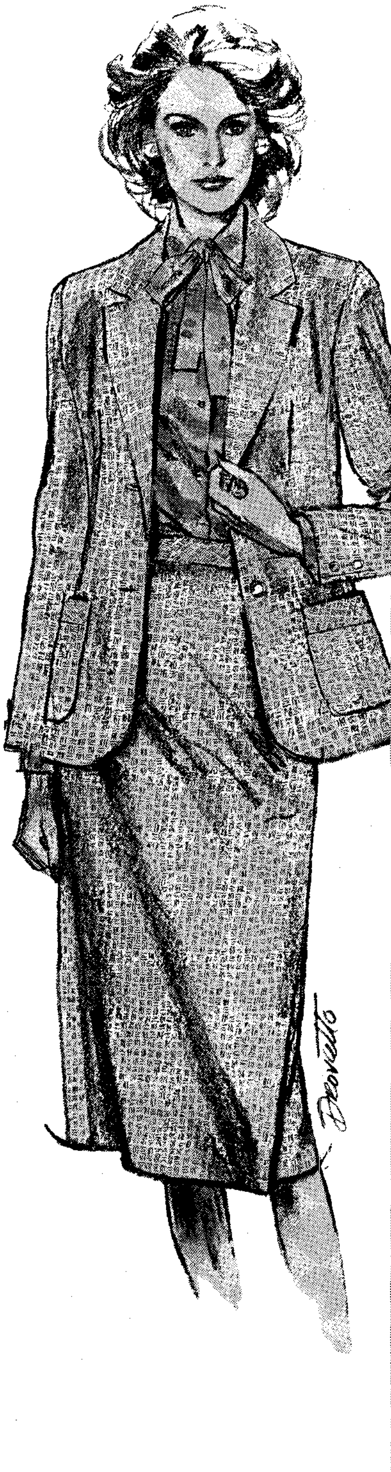
• •

should be perfect by the time the house band started that night. Wellstood tilted back slightly in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. He removed one hand, pushed his glasses up his nose, and clasped his hands again. He looked as if he were sitting in his East Side apartment, which is small and is lined with Smollett, Aldous Huxley, Robert Musil, Samuel Johnson, Nabokov, Meredith, Hazlitt, Gibbon, Chesterton, F. R. Leavis, and Thomas Love Peacock.

"Whenever I ask myself why I stay in this business, the answer is always the same: it's easier than working. I've tried writing. I can make a sentence, but my paragraphing is terrible. Anyway, if I had it for writing, I'd have written something important. I did try the law in the fifties. I read the Holmes-Laski correspondence, which I loved. It made me think, Why not go to law school? I did three years of prelaw at N.Y.U. in two years, and three years of law school at the New York Law School in two more years, and I passed my New York State bar exams. I was finishing work at three-thirty in the morning and getting up at eight for four years. I applied to about two hundred firms, and the closest I got to success was with a partner in a fancy place who knew something about jazz. That cheered me so much I told him a couple of ribald musician stories and that was that. When I was at N.Y.U., I studied a lot of Latin, which I really like. Now I'm about to start German so I can read Nietzsche, who makes me laugh.

"I joined Roy Eldridge about the time that I began pre-law. I was with Conrad Janis for seven years after Roy, and everybody passed through his band—Herman Autrey and Johnny Windhurst, Eddie Barefield, Art Trappier, Lawrence Brown, Dicky Wells. I worked on and off at the Metropole, at Seventh Avenue and Forty-eighth, from 1957 to 1965. All the musicians groused about it at the time, but, as John Bunch said the other day, 'that was it, that is where it was at.' I loved the energy and vulgarity of the place. It had a big marquee, and there were always winos dancing under it. The room was long and narrow, with mirrors going down both walls. A bar ran along almost the whole north wall, and the musicians were obliged to stand in a row on a platform above it. You couldn't hear yourself or anyone else, and you played together by watching each other in the mirrors. There was also a room upstairs for the posh acts. Sometimes I'd be there all afternoon with a trio and all night with someone like Red Allen. Between sets, everybody went to the Copper Rail, across Seventh Avenue. It was just a plain bar, but hundreds of musicians passed through every week. Honi Coles and the other tap-dancers hung out and danced every night. Red Allen would come over and bait Roy Eldridge, who always seemed to be there, and Roy would get mad and take out his horn and start demonstrating some musical point. The place became a Mecca for European jazz fans, who'd stand around and gawk at Roy and Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Shavers. At the time, I lived at Ninetieth and Lexington, and I'd pedal to work on my bike every afternoon. I'd carry the bike up to the third floor to a little room where I changed. After the afternoon session, I'd go back up and put on a tux, and when I'd finished for the night, I'd put on my street clothes and lug the bike down to the street, saying 'Pardon, pardon, pardon' to all the swells waiting on the stairs to get in to see Chico Hamilton. I also spent time at Nick's and Bourbon Street, and I was with Gene Krupa's quartet for three years. Charlie Ventura was the horn player, and it was a no-ego assignment. He was there to fill in between drum solos. Sometimes Krupa would let him go on for chorus after chorus and sometimes he'd give him just one. I liked Gene. He was a man who liked baseball and church, and he got a good sound out of his drums. But with that heavy bass drum and that on-the-beat playing, his head was always back in the Chicago of 1928. I moved to Brielle, New Jersey, in 1966, and by 1970 things were

Dalton



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rough. Rock had taken hold, and sometimes I didn't get a call for three or four months at a time. It was then that I began working with Paul Hoffman. I had to play floor shows as well as cha-chas, and I loved it. It was the first time I ever felt useful in the music business."

Wellstood smiled, looked at his watch, and returned to the piano. He went immediately into Jelly Roll Morton's mournful "Sweet Substitute." James P. Johnson's rolling "Mule Walk" was followed by his "Caprice Rag," and Wellstood settled into a long "Everything I Have Is Yours." His public prose efforts have been limited largely to liner notes—generally written for his own albums, but not always. Here are two paragraphs from a set done four or five years ago for an Earl Hines album, in which Wellstood first knocks the Master down and then graciously picks him up and sends him on his way:

> Democratic Transcendent, his twitchy, spitting style uses every cheesy trick in the piano-bar catalog to create moving cathedrals, masterpieces of change, great trains of tension and relaxation, multi-dimensional solos that often seem to be *about* themselves or about other solos—"See, *here* I might have played some boogie-woogie, or put this accent *there*, or this run here, that chord there ... or maybe a little stride for you beautiful people in the audience...." Earl Hines, Your Musical Host, serving up the hot sauce.
>
> Hines is not a "stride" pianist. His rhythm is too straight four-four, too free. He does not possess the magisterial dignity of James P. Johnson, the aristocratic detachment of Art Tatum, the patience of Donald Lambert, the phlegmatic unflappability necessary to maintain the momentum of stride. Hines needs silence in the bass, room to let the flowers grow, space to unroll his showers of broken runs containing (miraculously) the melody within, his grace-noted octaves ... and his wandering, Irish endings.

His prose often has a fine straight-from-the-shoulder turn. This is how he ends a long, complex description of stride piano playing, done as part of the liner notes to a Donald Lambert album:

> If all this sounds rather difficult and complicated, you may be sure that it is. In a world full of pianists who can rattle off fast oom-pahs or Chick Corea solo transcriptions or the Elliott Carter Sonata, there are perhaps only a dozen who can play stride convincingly at any length and with the proper energy.

"Everything I Have Is Yours" gave way to a cathedral of his own—a pondering, exultant "St. James Infirmary Blues," full of low-register turnings, broken tremolos, descending thirds, and ringing upper-register chords. Its flags moved in slow motion, and its final bass notes boomed. A snappy "If Dreams Come True," with a double-timed Art Tatum stride passage, went by, and then came a dreaming "Lullaby of Birdland," in which Wellstood kept turning the melody inward. He closed the set with Wayne Shorter's "Lester Left Town."

WELLSTOOD went over to Seventh Avenue and had a hamburger, and when he got back he said, "Well, one more quick set should do it, considering how long I played last night. But first I'll rest a little. You need more rest at fifty than at forty, I've discovered. When people hear that I was born in Greenwich, they automatically think Hotchkiss, Yale, white shoes, and all the rest, but I was born in clam-digging Greenwich, not back-country Greenwich. I was an only child. My father was in real estate, but he died when I was three. My mother made sixty dollars a month as a church organist, and we ate meat once a week. She also rented the other half of our house and gave two-dollar piano lessons. When things got too tight, she boarded me out in Maine, where she had friends. She was a short, determined lady, who was born in 1887. She graduated from Juilliard in 1911, before it was Juilliard, and she learned a lot of heavy Brahms there. I was born late in her life, so I grew up with people who were often a lot older, and that must be why I've spent so much time playing older music with older musicians. In many ways, I had a Victorian upbringing. My mother and I didn't get on too well, and I've figured out since her death that I probably *was* right about a lot of things we fought about. Anyway, I've completed the Victorian Age and am moving into the Edwardian. I went to public schools in Greenwich and in Maine, and for five years I went on scholarship to the Wooster School, in Danbury. I graduated in 1945. I wasn't an athletic star, and I found that people would pay attention to me if I played boogie-woogie after lunch at school, and it's all grown from that. By 1944, I was playing in a teen-age canteen in the cellar of the Greenwich Y. Charlie Traeger, who had taken up bass, heard me and invited me to a jam session at his house in Cos Cob. By the next year, I was jamming once a week in somebody's living room with Eddie Phyfe and Eddie Hubble and Johnny Glasel and Bob Wilber. I heard James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith

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at the Pied Piper, on Barrow Street, in the summer of 1944, and they made a tremendous impression. I also heard a stride pianist named Johnny Williams, who played at the old Rye Hotel with a drummer who used temple blocks and had a picture painted on the front of his bass drum. Around then, we started going to the Hollywood Café, at a Hundred and Thirty-third and Seventh Avenue. It was owned by Tom Tillingham, but everyone called it Tom Tillum's. It was a regular nothing bar where the locals drank beer and yelled, but it had a back room with a red piano in it, and on Monday nights all the piano players gathered there—Art Tatum and Marlowe Morris and Willie Gant and the Beetle and Donald Lambert and Gimpy Irvis. Gimpy would take off his shoe and play the bass note with his left foot. In those days, musicians weren't as polite as they are now—'Hey, Dick, you sounded great!' 'Hey, Dick, you were really cooking!'—and they told each other how awful they thought they were. This was particularly true when they had cutting contests. One Monday, Donald Lambert sat down and played this fantastic stride piano. His left hand was a streak, his right hand a flea. Tatum was there with Marlowe Morris, who was one of the most interesting of the new pianists. Tatum didn't move after Lambert finished, and when the room quieted down, he leaned over to Morris and said, 'Take him, Marlowe,' and he did. I even sat in one night—right after Tatum. It was part gall and part stupidity. I was under the sway of moldy-fig writers who said that Tatum wasn't all that much, that James P. was still king. Anyway, we stopped going to Tillum's when singers started coming in eighteen in a row and doing 'Prisoner of Love' like Billy Eckstine. I saw a lot of James P. and Willie the Lion. James P. never said anything, and I was so in awe I never spoke to him. But I got to know Willie a little. Willie always said he was at least part Jewish—I heard him sing 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' in Yiddish, or what he claimed was Yiddish. He taught me his 'Zig-Zag,' which I made the mistake of learning by rote and consequently forgot completely.

"In 1946, Wilber and I moved into an apartment at Broadway and a Hundred and Eleventh. We'd do the Sunday-afternoon jam sessions at Jimmy Ryan's, and every now and then we'd go a couple of days without eating. I worked with Wilber and the old drummer Kaiser Marshall at the Savoy in Boston, and in 1948 Sidney Bechet sent

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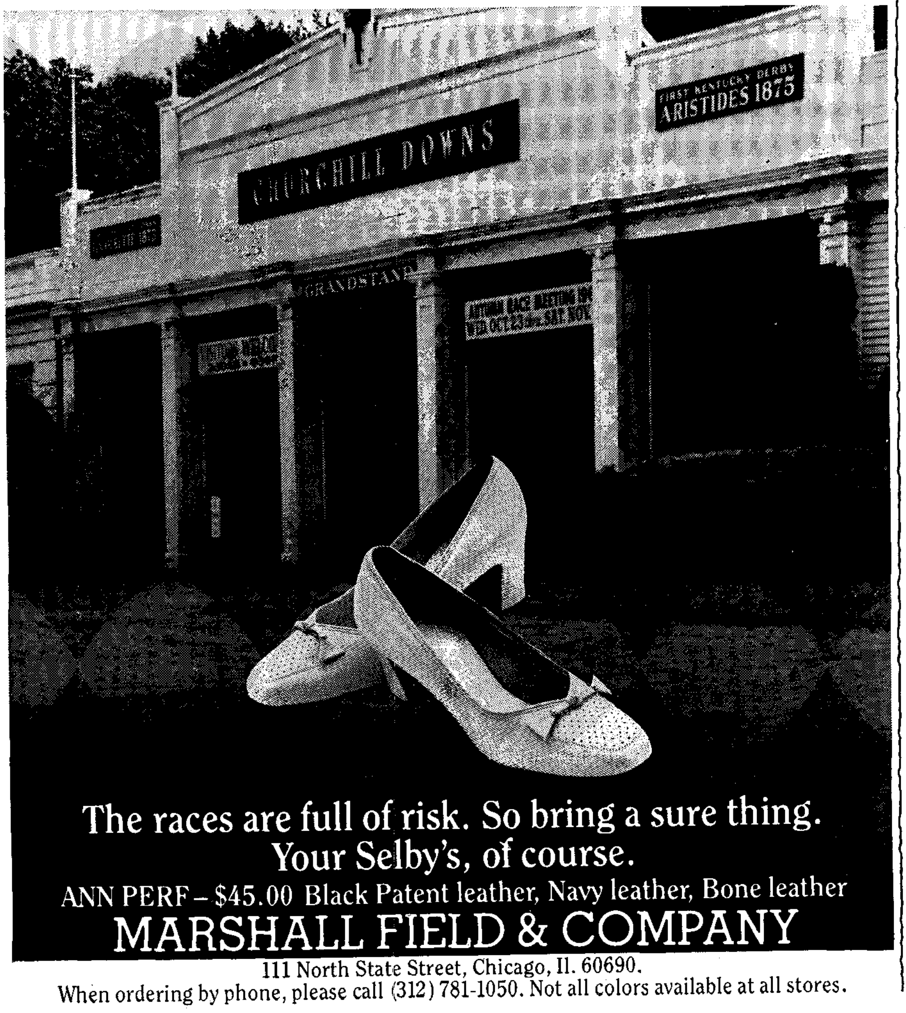

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for me to come and play at Jazz Limited in Chicago. I took it as the same sort of imperial summons as the one issued in 1922 by Joe Oliver from Chicago to Louis Armstrong in New Orleans. I went back to Boston with Wilber, and when Jimmy Archey took over the band, I stayed on. They had a businesslike attitude toward their work. They went to work on time, and they wore blue suits and white shirts and red ties, and they all knew how to read and were proud of it. They were cheerful and accomplished, and it was a job like any job, only it was night work instead of day work. Also, when they got a solo down on a certain tune, they played that solo, or something close to it, every time they did the tune. As a matter of fact, most jazz musicians repeat themselves all their lives, and have a good time doing it. It made me realize that maybe 'jazz' was largely the invention of a bunch of European-oriented intellectuals in the thirties—guys who thought they had found in 'jazz' a European-type art music."

DURING his final set, which ended at eight-twenty, Wellstood played James P. Johnson, Gershwin, Zez Confrey, Cole Porter, Fats Waller, a rag, Maceo Pinkard, Eubie Blake, the Beatles, and Thelonious Monk. When he finished, an attractive blond-haired woman about Wellstood's age got up from a table near the door, and he said hello. He took her arm, and they went out, turning right instead of left, which would have taken them into the sunset. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "American Film Now," by James Monaco*]

None of the new filmmakers has created as strong a public persona as Martin Scorsese. Hunted, haunted, asthmatic, diminutive, darkly bearded, a victim of religious nightmares, a mass of raging anxieties, Scorsese as we know him from interviews and photographs makes Paul Schrader, his only rival in film-noir paranoia, look by comparison like a happily adjusted Midwestern businessman. —*Page 150.*

Spielberg turned movies into religion; Schrader brought religion to the movies. He has a vision so dark he makes Marty Scorsese look happy-go-lucky by comparison. —*Page 180.*

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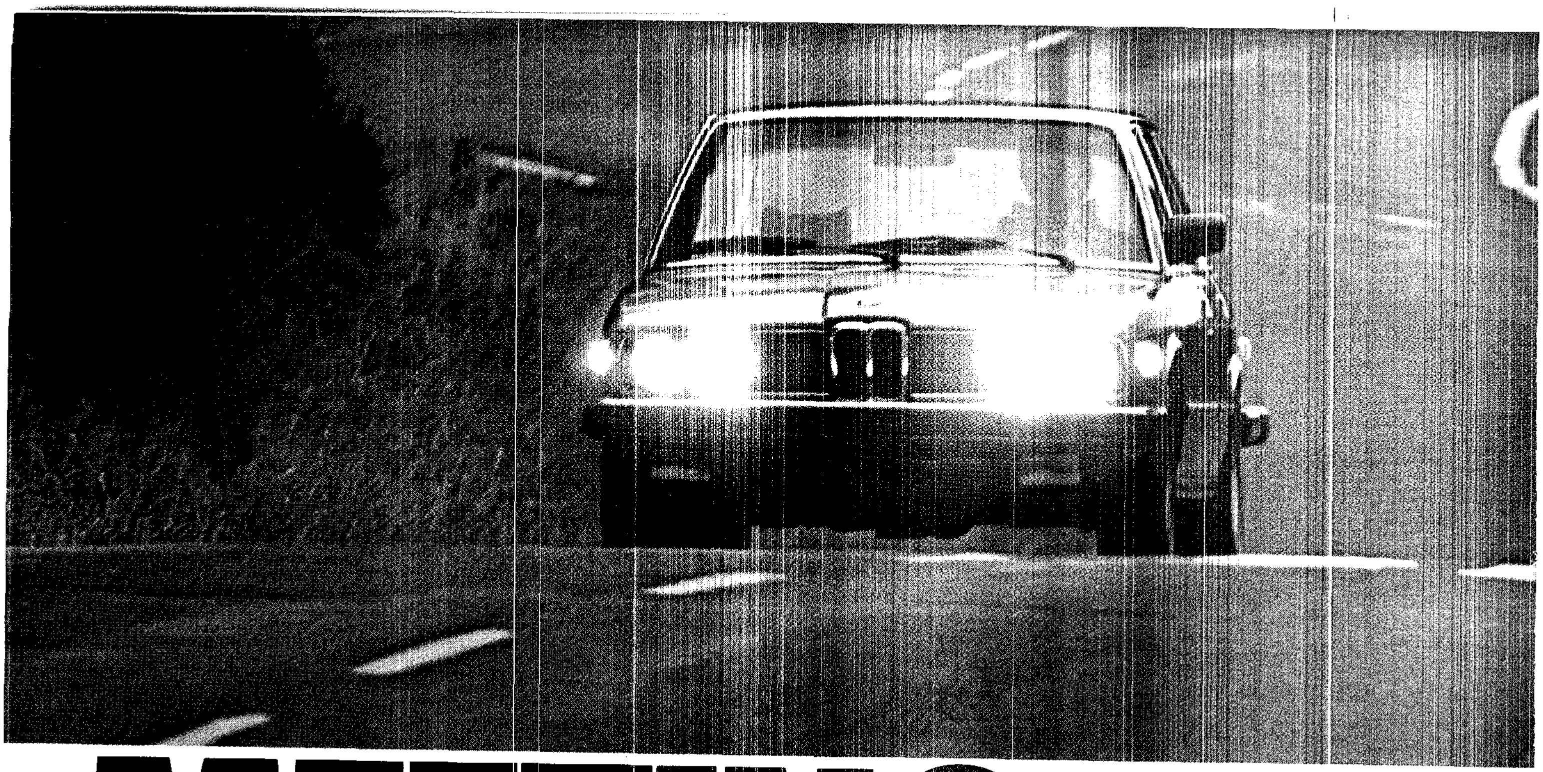

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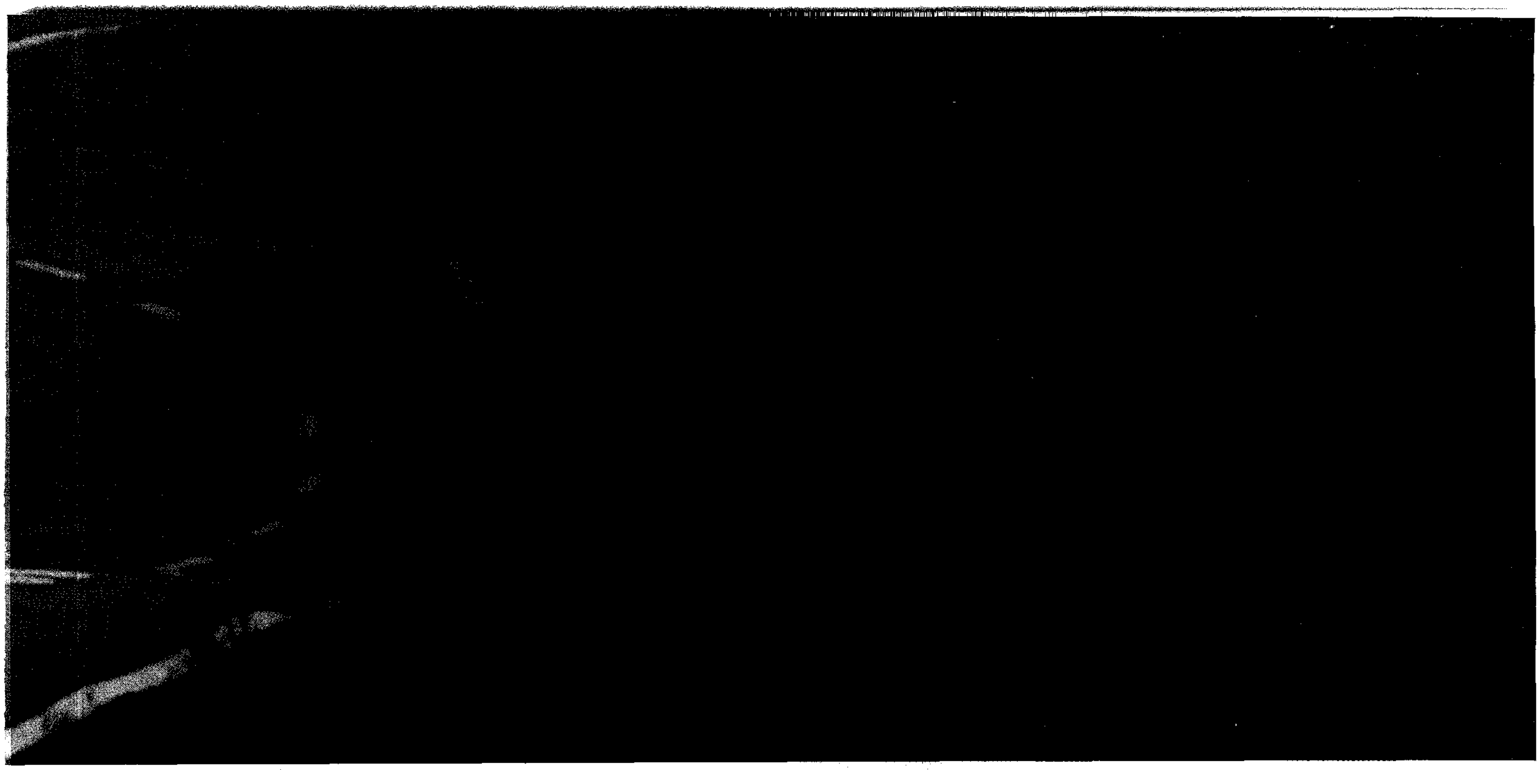

If one accepts the dismal prophecies emanating from the automotive community, it appears we are destined to suffer a generation of thoroughly boring automobiles.

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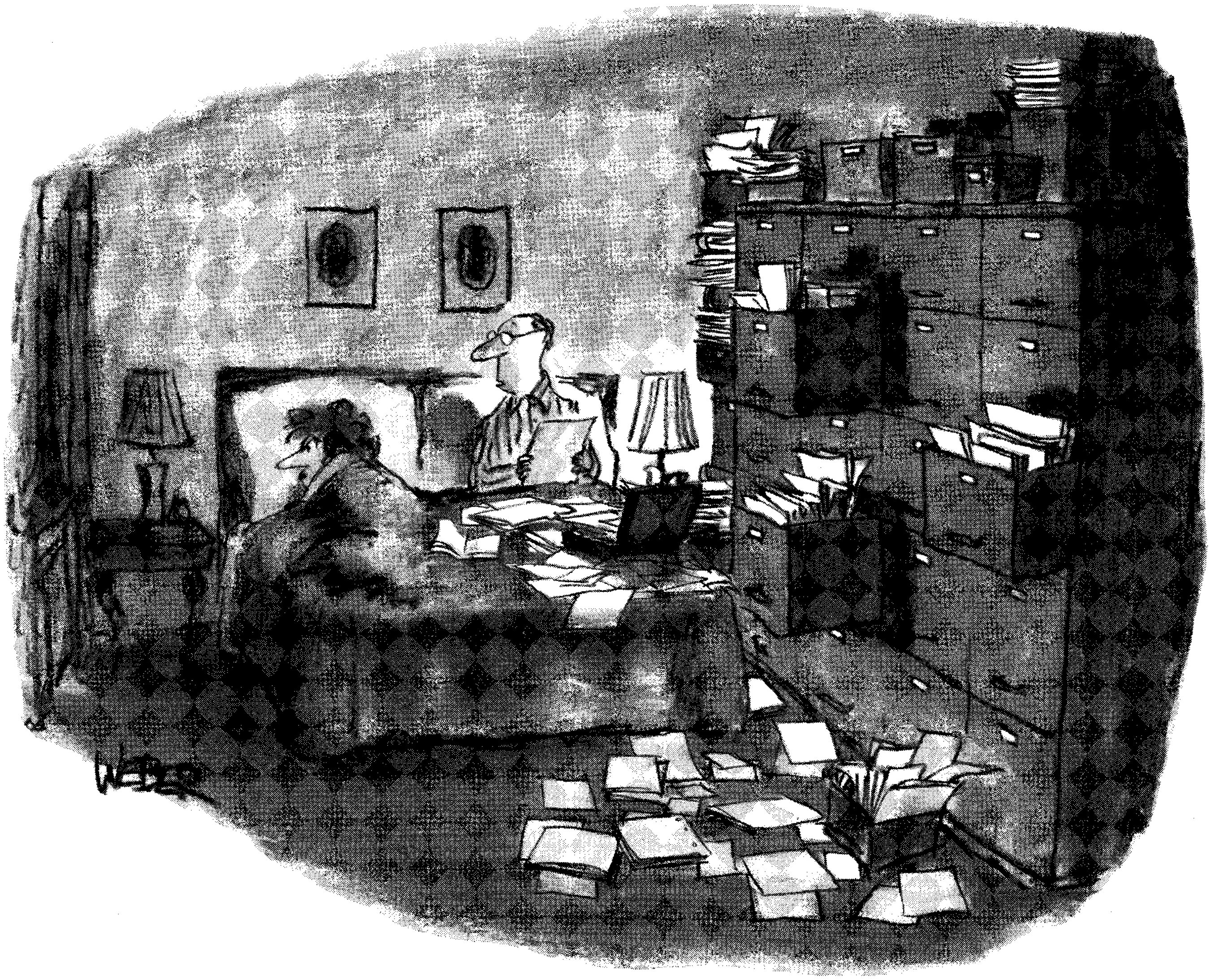
THE THEATRE

The Seacoast of Missouri

THE Brooklyn Academy of Music, which prefers to think of itself as BAM, as if it were an expletive in a comic book, has long been convinced that New York needs and will support a resident repertory company. Pursuing this conviction, which many other people have held and come to grief over in times past, BAM has invited David Jones, formerly of the Royal Shakespeare Company, to put together a choice little parliament of thirty-two actors and actresses, four directors, two composers, and ten stage designers. Known as the BAM Theatre Company, it will be offering a total of five productions this season, of which the first, Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," has opened. Several of the leading players—Brian Murray, as King Leontes; Marti Maraden, as his queen, Hermione; and Sheila Allen, as Paulina, wife of Antigonus (famous in literary history as last being seen "pursued by a bear")—have been accustomed to playing Shakespearean roles either in England or in Canada, but most of the company lacks that experience, as it lacks (understandably, in its infancy) coherence and polish. One sensed on opening night that to have completed the performance without a conspicuous stumble was perhaps a sufficient satisfaction to the cast. I was put in mind of the title of a poem by D. H. Lawrence—"Look! We Have Come Through!"—and I was glad that, having come through, the company would next address itself to a very different kind of play: an American comedy by Charles MacArthur, called "Johnny on a Spot," opening this week.

"The Winter's Tale" comes late in the Shakespeare canon—he was about forty-five when he wrote it, and would soon fall silent altogether—and it is classed by scholars among the romances, along with "Pericles," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest." Making fun of the practice, evidently common in the London of his day, of trying to put plays into categories, Shakespeare has Polonius, chattering away in "Hamlet," add to the usual types, like tragedy and comedy, an increasingly arcane subdivision of other types, winding up with "tragical-comical-historical-pastoral." Not a bad joke, but it happens also to come close to describing "The Winter's Tale," which is several plays at once. It begins as if it were intending to become a second "Othello," in which we would observe the tragic consequences of jealousy—a jealousy so compulsive on the part of Leontes, King of Sicilia, that he requires no Iago to spur him into the frenzy that costs him the life of his beloved small son and, so he believes, the lives of his wife and newborn daughter as well. Sixteen years dart by, and we find ourselves unexpectedly attending a sheepshearing and country frolic somewhere in Bohemia (for which read Warwickshire); in the last act, we return to Sicilia for a series of grand and improbable reconciliations, with Leontes embracing his long-estranged



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friend Polixenes, with Leontes' daughter married to Polixenes' son, and even with the presumably dead Hermione restored to life.

"The Winter's Tale" is a play delightful to listen to but hard to take in. Shakespeare's language is undiminished in force and grace, and his powers in regard to the invention of characters are also undiminished—his clowns, shepherds, and rogues are among the most energetic, as well as the most amusing, that he ever created. Why, one wonders, has he seemed to take so little care with his stagecraft? Many artists and sculptors as they grow older become impatient with the tiresomeness of completing a work; they would rather leave it in an emerging state, with its completion to take place, if at all, in the mind of the observer. That is one possibility; another is that Elizabethan audiences brought to plays like "The Winter's Tale" an attitude of suspended disbelief much more easygoing than mine. The aspects of the play that tend to irritate me the most may be the ones that gave them the greatest pleasure. Arnold said of Shakespeare, "Others abide our question. Thou art free./ We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still . . ." I agree with Arnold, and I certainly don't intend to pick a quarrel with the Bard, now or ever. Let him go on smiling.

SHAKESPEARE was content to suppose that Bohemia possessed a seacoast, and in "Talley's Folly," a new play by Lanford Wilson (at the Brooks Atkinson), the setting is a romantically rotting Victorian boathouse on what struck me as the seacoast of Missouri—the air of the place is that of some sultry shore facing the Gulf, and not of temperate Middle America. Moreover, what amounts to the theme song of the play is "Lindy-Lou" ("Honey, did you hear that mockin' bird sing last night? Singin' so sweet in de old magnolia tree, jus' bustin' his heart with melody . . ."). If that isn't straight out of Blanche DuBois country, I'd like to know what is, but, having said that I'd never quarrel with Shakespeare, I ought to refrain from quarrelling with Mr. Wilson, who has laid his play in Missouri and, as a native Missourian, surely knows whereof he speaks. The important thing is that his play is enchanting: a small, elegantly composed study of two interesting people, whom, in the course of something like an hour and a half, we come to know as we know characters in a novel. Two voices make up a world that seems charged with innumerable voices, with family conflicts going back over several generations—even with a conflict between different civilizations. The time is 1944, and the two characters are Sally Talley, a wealthy, wellborn American woman of thirty-one, once eager to be married and now believing herself to be unmarriageable, and Matt Friedman, a forty-two-year-old Jewish refugee. Having met and made love briefly on an earlier occasion, they confront each other at her family's place, where no Jewish refugee is ever likely to be made welcome. It is Matt who has sought Sally out and refuses to let her turn away from him. He is aware that in the world's eyes they would appear to be ideally unsuited to each other, but he is also aware that in these matters the world is likely to be wrong. And so by a hundred devices of confession, mockery, clownishness, and cajolery he batters away at the citadel of her unexamined self until at last it gives way and they stand, exhausted and yet triumphant, on the threshold of a possible future together.

Sally Talley (given that an author can name a character anything he pleases, why has Mr. Wilson tried our patience with that silly name?) is a more predictable and therefore less fascinating character than Matt Friedman, and I found in Trish Hawkins' performance a certain monotony, but for Judd Hirsch's performance as Matt I have nothing but the highest praise. It is a feat of acting that one doesn't fear to call memorable: at some moments, he threatens to become all four Marx Brothers at once; at other moments, he threatens to break our hearts. The play begins with his almost literally seizing us over the narrow gulf of the footlights, and then fiercely and tenderly he never lets us go.

The marvellous boathouse setting, complete even to a creaking rowboat, is by John Lee Beatty; the costumes are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser; the soft moonshine and velvety blue night—excuse me: the lighting—is by Dennis Parichy; and the flawless direction is by Marshall W. Mason.

IF Frank Sullivan's Mr. Arbuthnot, the cliché expert, were to be asked under oath what he would give two shows of no merit whatever, he would doubtless reply, "Short shrift." I am ready to do the same. A nearly mindless musical called "Changes" last week raced self-consciously in and out of the Theatre de Lys. Its purpose was to assert again and again, entirely in song, that the more things change, the more they remain the same. Ho

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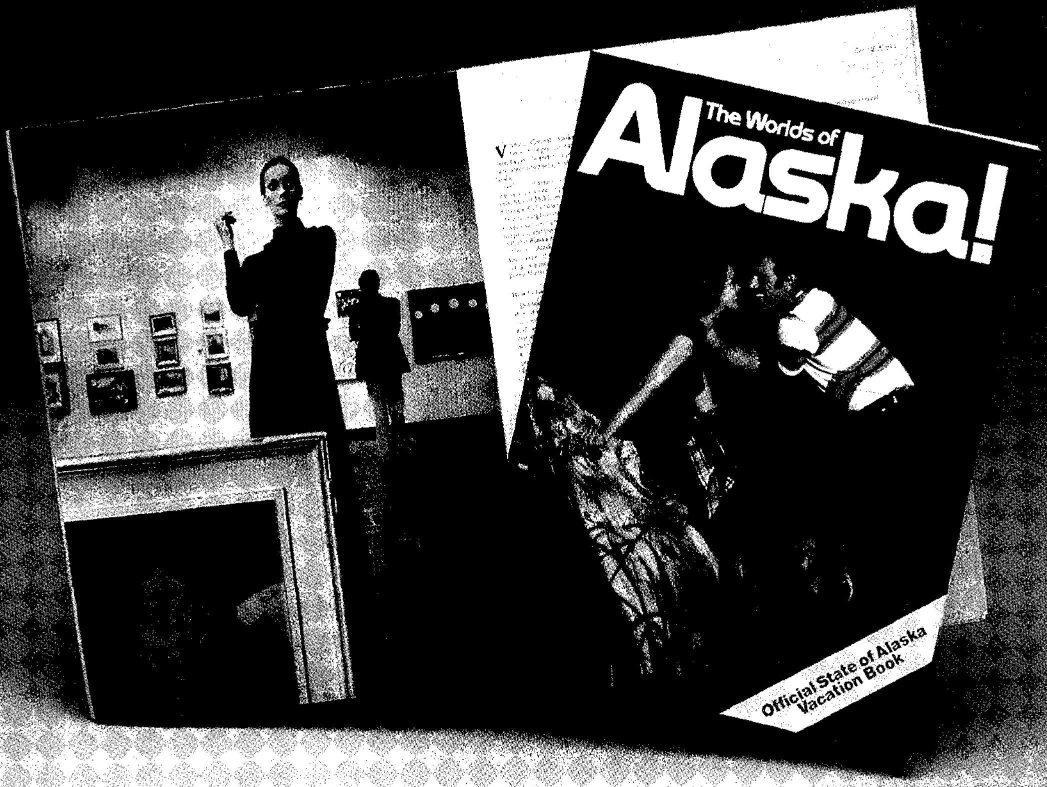

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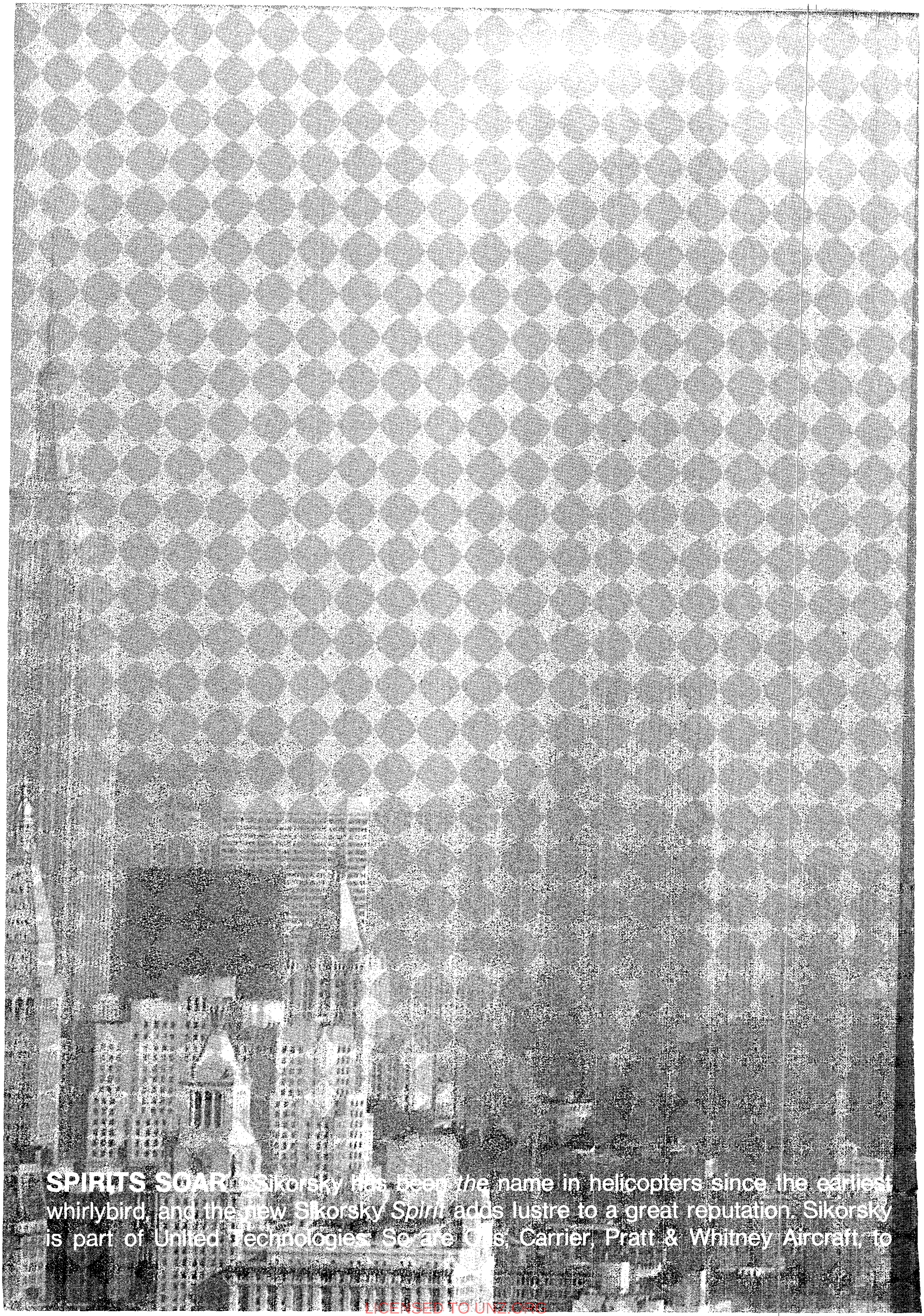

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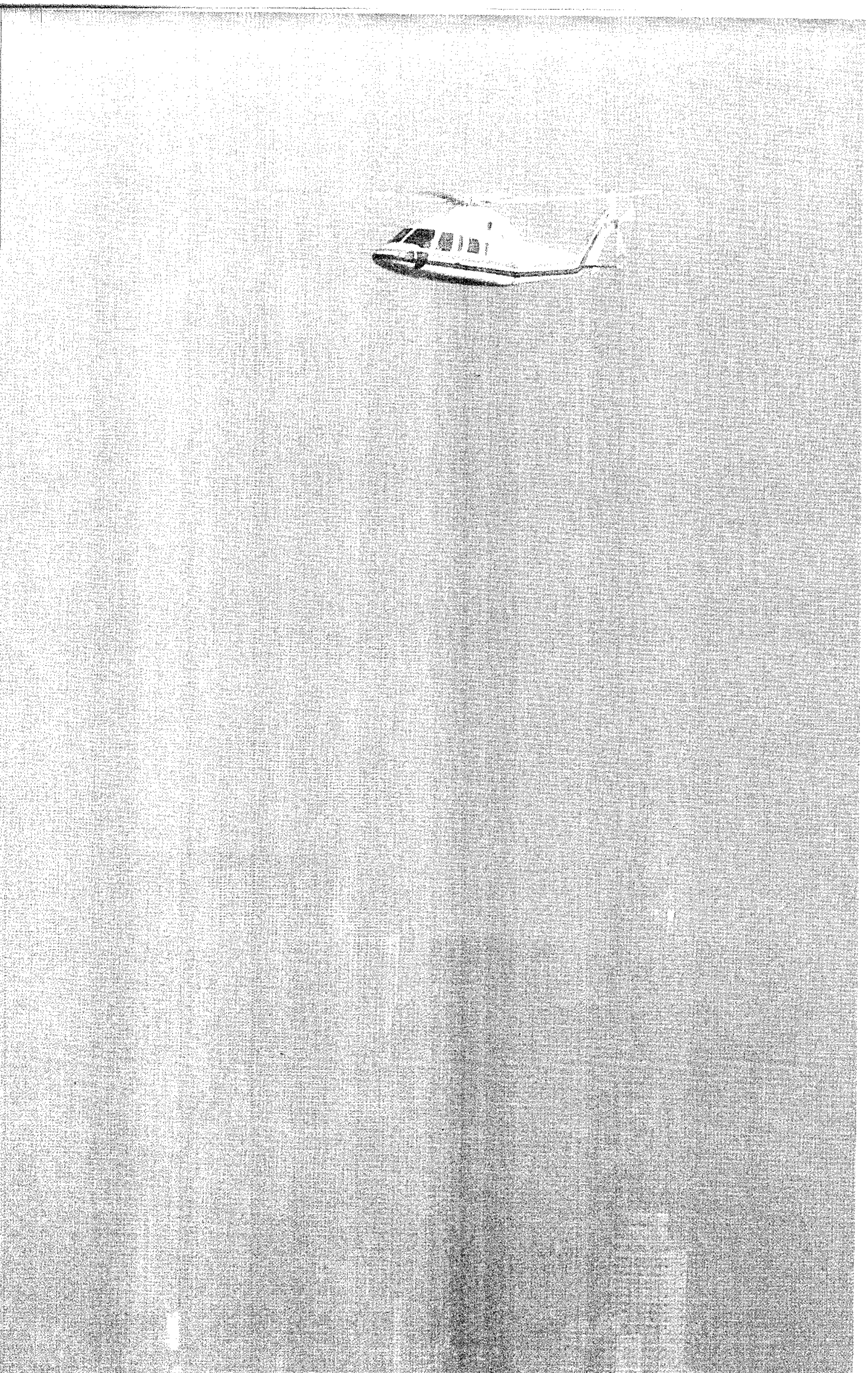

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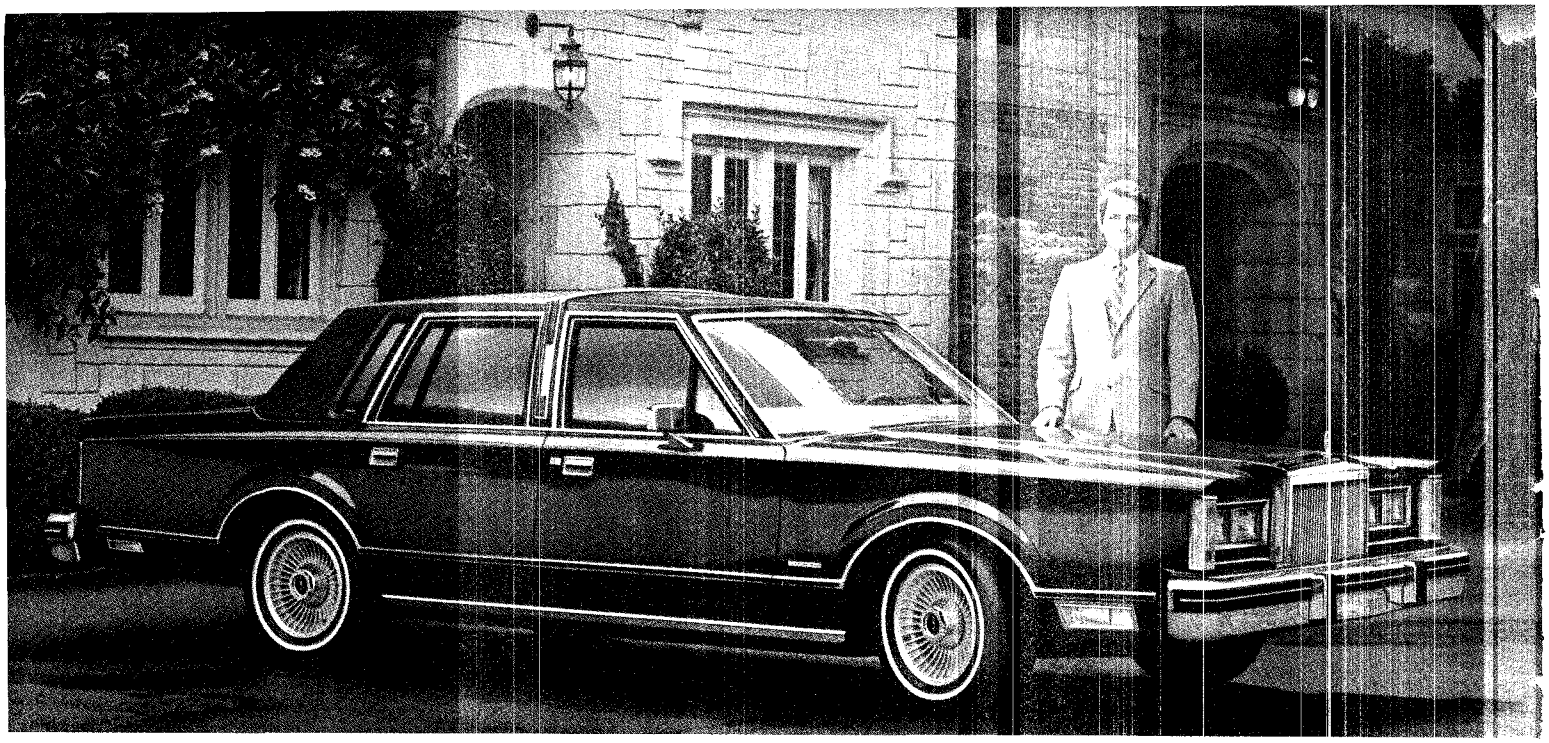

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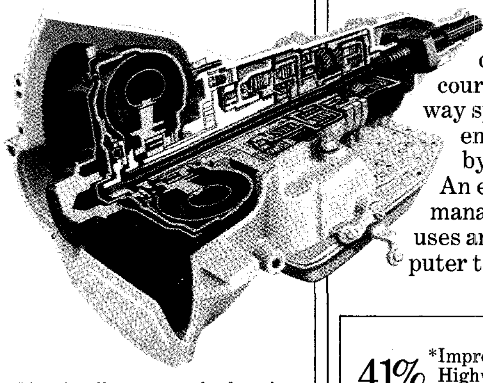

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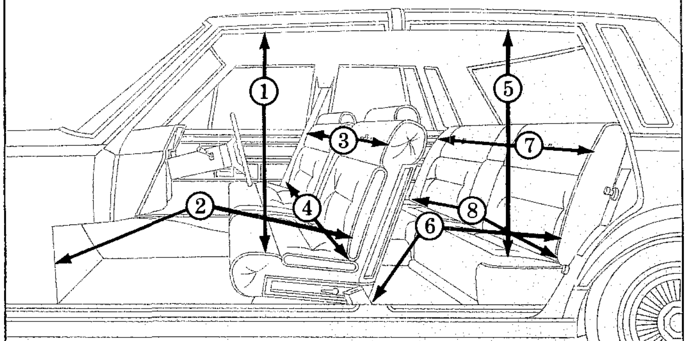

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hum. The four singer-actors were Kelly Bishop, Larry Kert, Irving Allen Lee, and Trina Parks, and they were valorous in vain. . . . "The Housewives' Cantata," at Theatre Four, is a musical of crushing banality; it appears to be trying to say something in favor of the proposition that women should be considered members of the human race, but the message emerges in a mutilated, mostly negative form, with much domestic whining and little humor. Again we have four performers to feel sorry for: Patti Karr, William Perley, Forbesy Russell, and Sharon Talbot. The tinkly, trifling music is by Mira J. Spektor; the lyrics, of appropriately low quality, are by June Siegel; and the book, stuffed with lecithin, corn syrup, and artificial coloring, is by Willy Holtzman. The shiny, awkward scenery is by Raymond C. Recht, the costumes are by Judy Dearing, and the lighting is by Marshall S. Spiller. The production has been directed and choreographed, if you want to call it that, by Rina Elisha.

THE words "directed and choreographed" can be put to more serious use in describing the admirable new production of "West Side Story," at the Minskoff. Jerome Robbins, the director, choreographer, and spiritual godfather of the show (as he was when it opened twenty-three years ago), has kept a lively and gifted cast superbly on its toes, and the show remains as pleasing as ever, thanks to the music by Leonard Bernstein, the lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, the setting by Oliver Smith, and the costumes by Irene Sharaff. If the book, by Arthur Laurents, appears somewhat dated in the arbitrariness of its plotting, the fault lies not with Mr. Laurents but with the author of the work upon which the book is based. "Romeo and Juliet" is one of the most outrageous and improbable— But no, not a word against W.S. "West Side Story" is evidently good for another hundred years, and the young folk who know it only from the movie version and from records would do well to repair to the Minskoff with undeliberate speed.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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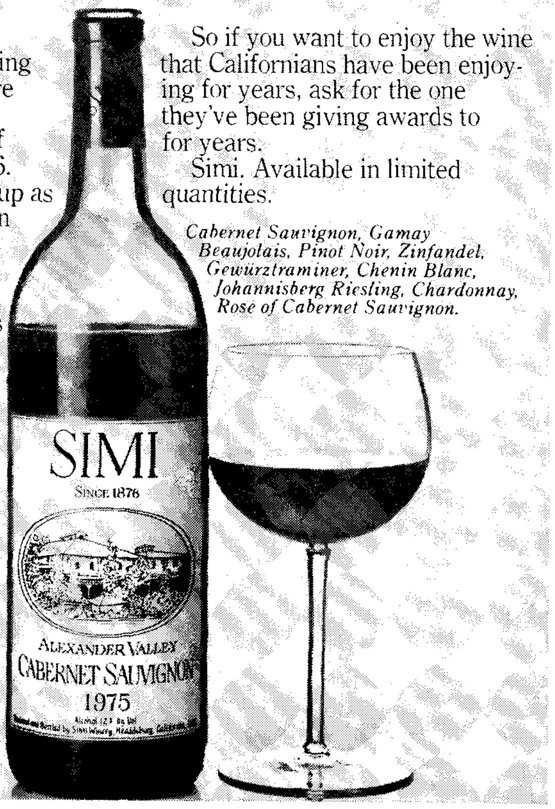

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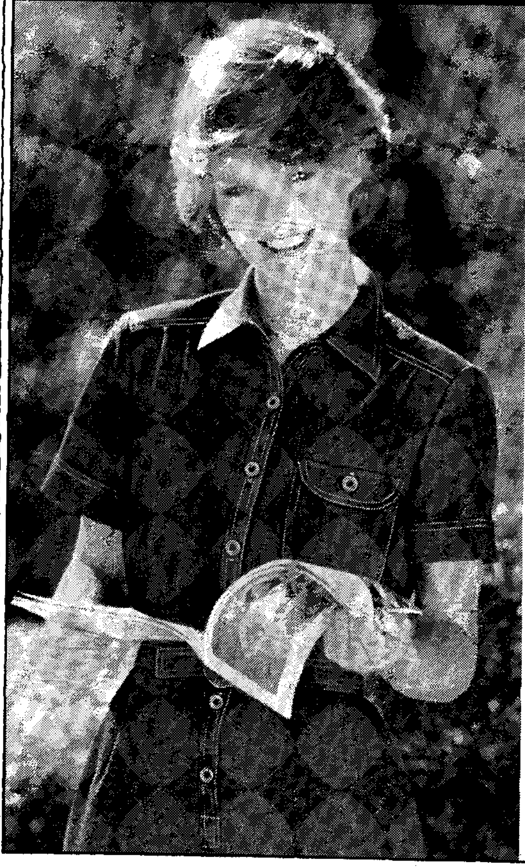

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U.S. JOURNAL: LAS VEGAS, N.M.

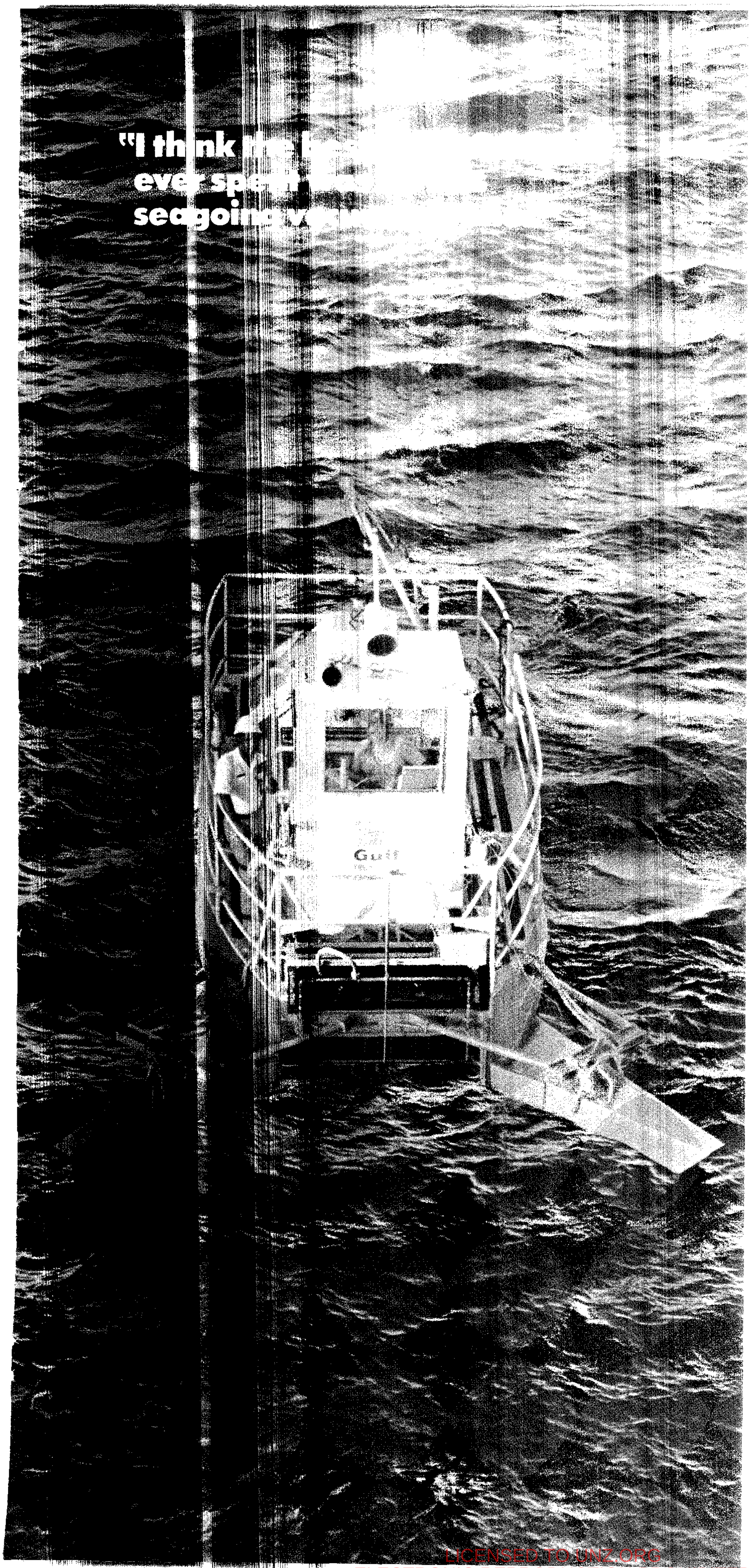
THE RETURN (PERHAPS) OF LAS GORRAS BLANCAS

IF a revival of Las Gorras Blancas was really what took place last fall at New Mexico Highlands University, it was a piddling revival indeed. Although a manifesto left mysteriously on the desk of a university official claimed that there were a hundred and seventy Gorras Blancas spread across the Spanish-speaking counties of northern New Mexico, estimates of Gorras Blancas strength heard around Highlands tend to range from fifteen down to "maybe one out-of-work supermarket bag boy." Although several people were seen wearing the hoods that once gave rise to the name Las Gorras Blancas (The White Caps), they were seen at a student Halloween dance—permitting the interpretation that they may have been not vigilantes but simply sophomores with particularly bad taste in costumes. There was some fighting after the dance, almost certainly started by the people who had been wearing the hoods, but it did not reach a level of mayhem that would have lifted it from the routine in after-dance fighting on a lot of college campuses. Although the people who used the name Gorras Blancas this fall claimed to speak for La Raza, they took as their immediate cause not the enduring obsession of the Spanish-speaking people of northern New Mexico—the preservation of Hispanic land and culture from the encroachment of the Anglos—but a cause that most people with Spanish names at Highlands found mean-spirited and even repulsive: the notion that "blacks needed to be put in their place." The students attacked after the dance were black. The faculty immediately went on record as demanding that racial threats "not be tolerated." Students at Highlands—even students who consider themselves to be strong defenders of Chicano rights—denounced Las Gorras Blancas at an open forum, and now tend to refer to them as "some dumb radicals" or "a few dopeheads." The president of the student senate—a Chicano presiding over a senate dominated by Chicanos—has said that most Hispanic students bitterly resented "seeing a small group of people put them in the position of the oppressor." The revival of Las Gorras Blancas lasted only a week. It consisted of no more than the hood-wearing at the dance, the skirmishes that night, a couple of spooky meetings with representatives of Highlands' black students, a few threats made by telephone, and two bombastic manifestos warning blacks that if they failed to begin showing more respect, particularly toward Hispanic coeds, "the consequences shall be upon your heads." At the end of January, another manifesto appeared, warning that since the blacks had ignored previous demands, they could expect "further confrontertisms of certain types and methods"—but that has been the only consequence visited upon the heads of black students at Highlands.

Still, there was a time during that week last fall when a good number of the black students at Highlands were thinking about leaving. At the end of the week, all six black players on the Highlands basketball team had left—explaining that, on top of some grievances that had nothing to do with Las Gorras Blancas, "it's hard to hit the books, play ball, and look over your shoulder all at the same time." The Highlands administration, sensitive about a reputation both the campus and the town of Las Vegas have had in the past for turmoil, became so concerned about harmful publicity that it came close to denying that anything at all had taken place—setting black students to grumbling that the university was more concerned with its image than with finding and punishing Las Gorras Blancas. In their second manifesto, Las Gorras Blancas were able to say—without sounding completely ridiculous—"Thanks to the strong reaction at Highlands and Las Vegas, the Gorras Blancas are proud to announce that our first step of our plan in this area has worked out. The Gorras Blancas can now return back to the underground and focus our forces and unity on some other sector of society which oppresses us as Chicanos." As it turns out, a revival that includes white hoods and spooky meetings and mysteriously materializing manifestos—at least one that takes place at an institution of some fragility—can have a considerable impact even if it is piddling.

"Drop back soon, Benzinger. It's always nice besting you again."

THE original Gorras Blancas had nothing at all to do with attempts to in-



“I think [illegible] ever spe[illegible] seagoing v[illegible]

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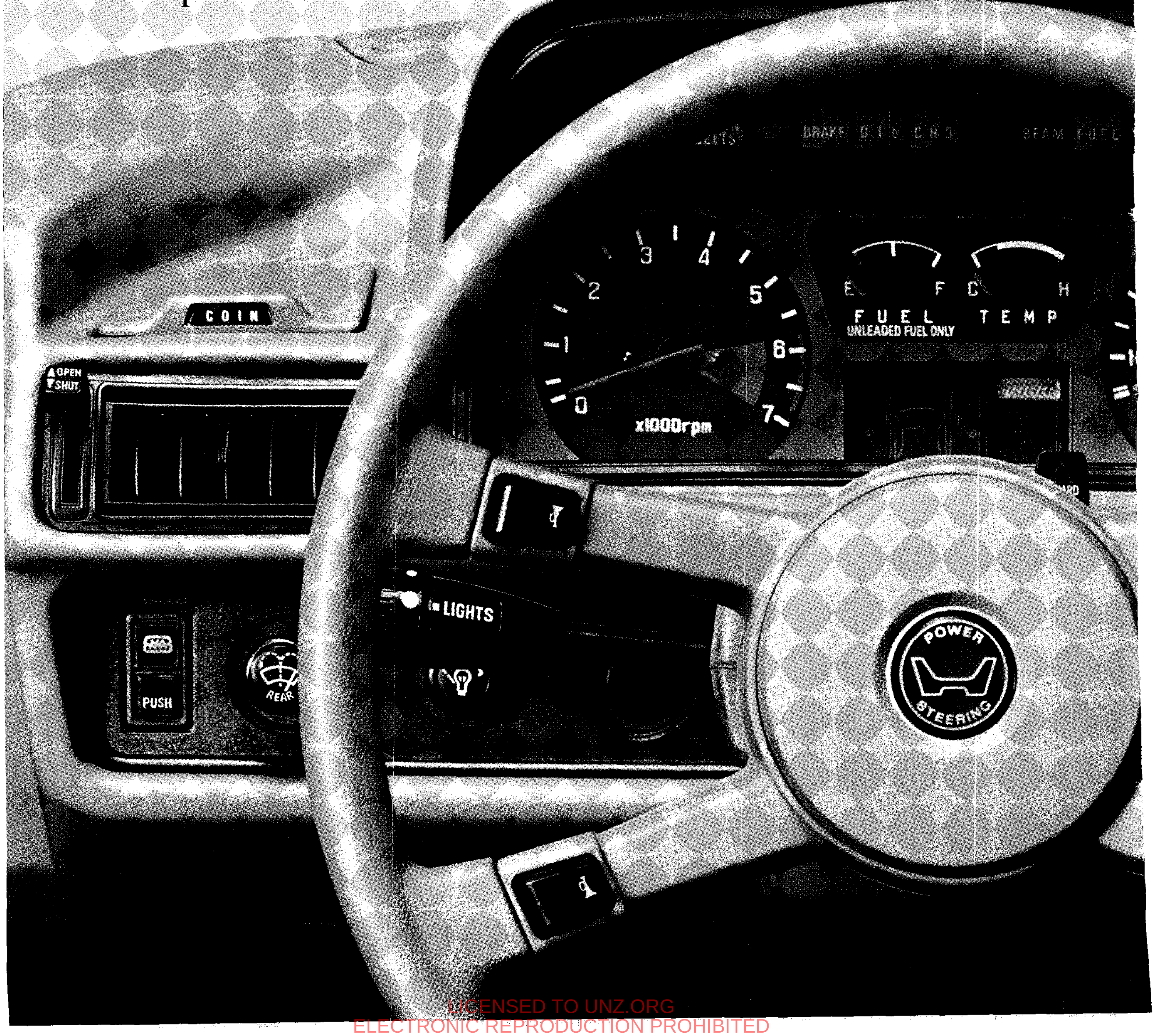
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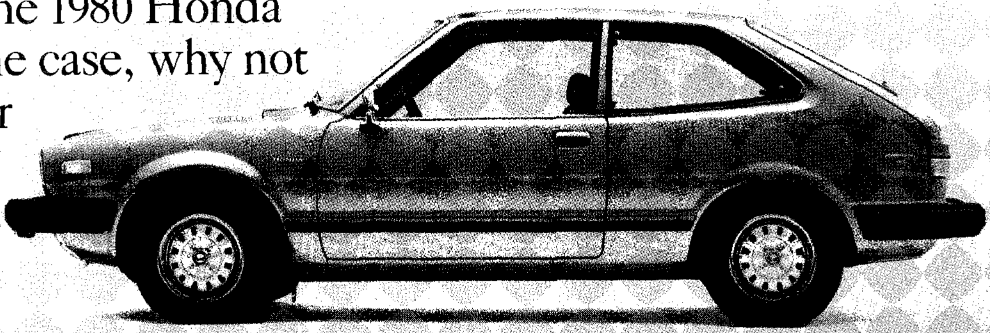

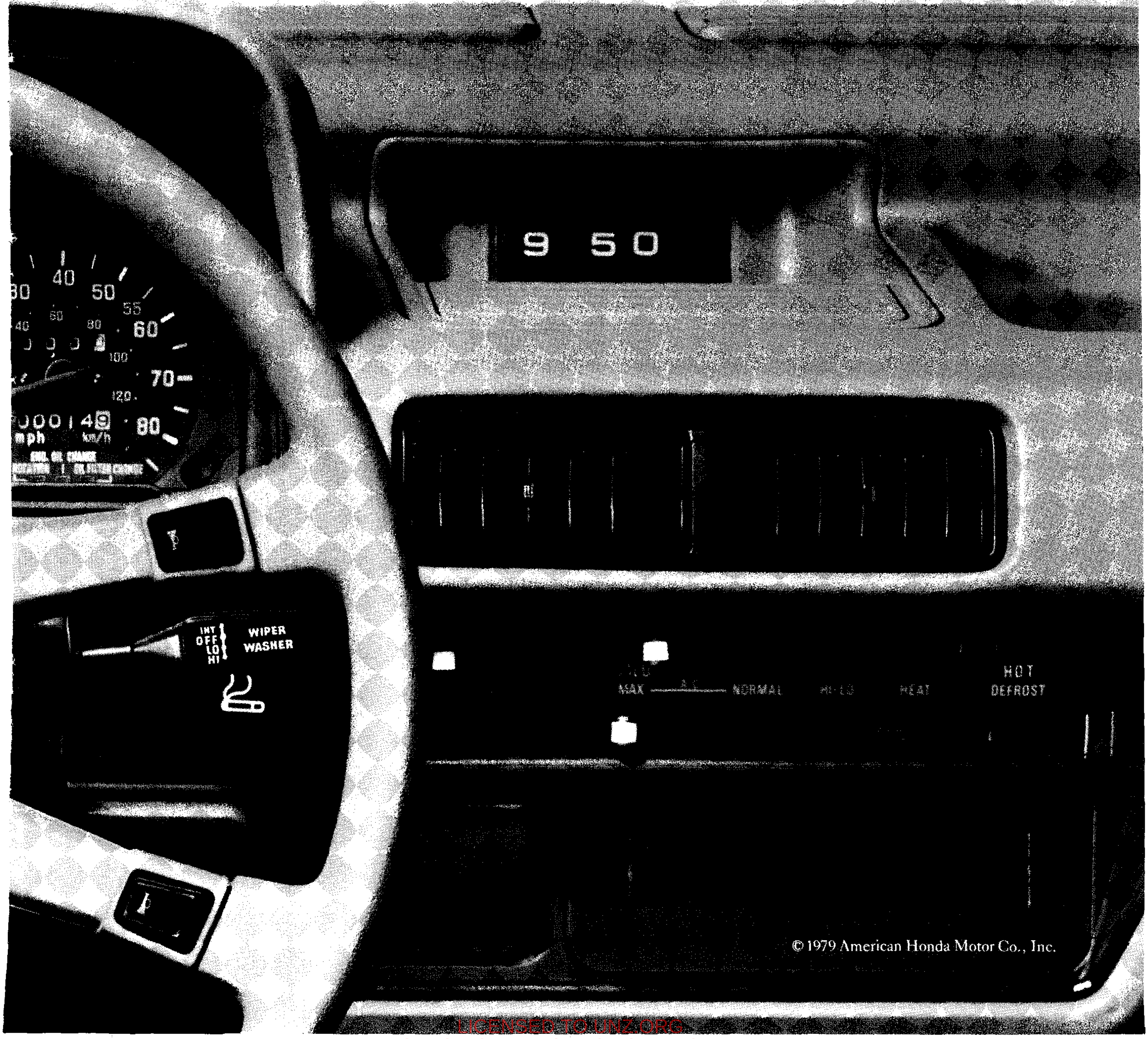
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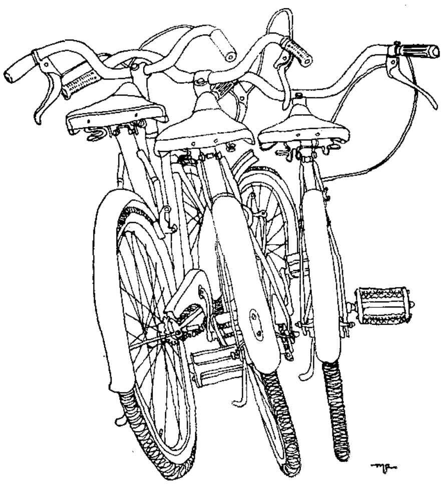
timidate black people. They had no connection with the Ku Klux Klan—the name that is likely to flash across the mind of a black student who sees people walking around in white hoods. There was nothing piddling about them. They surfaced in San Miguel County, around Las Vegas, in 1889, among the Spanish-speaking people who had farmed the semi-arid land of that area, across the Sangre de Cristo Mountains from Santa Fe, before it belonged to either the United States or Mexico. Before long, the strength of Las Gorras Blancas was measured in the hundreds; when there was talk of trying to control them, the talk was of federal troops. Their cause was resistance to the efforts of Anglo newcomers and a few rich Hispanics to fence off and eventually control what had been the communal Las Vegas land grant. Their methods were violent. They were masked night riders—cutters of fences, burners of barns, uprooters of railroad track. In some areas, their ranks may have overlapped with the ranks of bandits more interested in the violence than in the cause. In the view of a populist leader of the Spanish-speaking people of San Miguel County at the time—Félix Martínez, who as a territorial legislator in 1893 amended an education bill to create the normal school that became New Mexico Highlands University—Las Gorras Blancas simply used the methods that were at their disposal. "On one hand, you have the power of money—the rich land grabbers," he said. "On the other, the physical might of the people."

For many years after Las Gorras Blancas had faded away, not much was said about them—not even in the history classes of the university Félix Martínez's legislative maneuver had made possible. An interest in armed resistance to Anglo aggrandizement came rather late to Highlands. There had always been Spanish-speaking stu-



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dents enrolled at the school—some of them from the remote Spanish villages of San Miguel and Mora Counties—but well into the nineteen-sixties the faculty included no more than one or two people with Spanish surnames. Except for a period around 1946, when Spanish-speaking veterans organized into a fraternity called AZI to agitate for their share of student offices and recognition, the Hispanic students of Highlands seemed content to attend a university that in administration and faculty and even curriculum could have as easily been in Minnesota as in the historically Spanish region of northern New Mexico.

Then, in 1970, the regents of New Mexico Highlands, using a selection process that seemed to some as secretive as the decision-making of any vigilante group, named as the new president of the university a college dean from Wisconsin named Charles Graham. It was a time when a Chicano movement was emerging in the Southwest, and in Las Vegas the movement coalesced around opposition to Graham's appointment. Some of the protesters—notably Juan José Peña, a Las Vegas militant who became state chairman of the Raza Unida party—insisted that Highlands had to become a "Chicano university," with Chicano "community control." Some of the protesters simply argued that the regents had discriminated against likely Hispanic candidates—the most likely, in their view, being John Aragón, a University of New Mexico education professor who had been one of the AZI activists in the late forties. They said that Highlands could become a university whose faculty and academic specialties reflected the region while it celebrated the ethnic heritage of all students—Indian and Anglo and black as well as Hispanic. There were, no doubt, people among the protesters who saw Highlands mainly as a collection of jobs and grants that had been controlled too long by the wrong people. For some years, Las Vegas has been a place where just about the only institutions economically strong enough to be worth arguing over are public—the state hospital, the city government, the school system. It has not been uncommon for hospital workers or school superintendents or even teachers to be swept in and out according to which faction is in power. What all the protesters agreed on was that the next president of Highlands should be someone with a name more Spanish than Charles Graham. The Highlands administration building was occupied. Demon-

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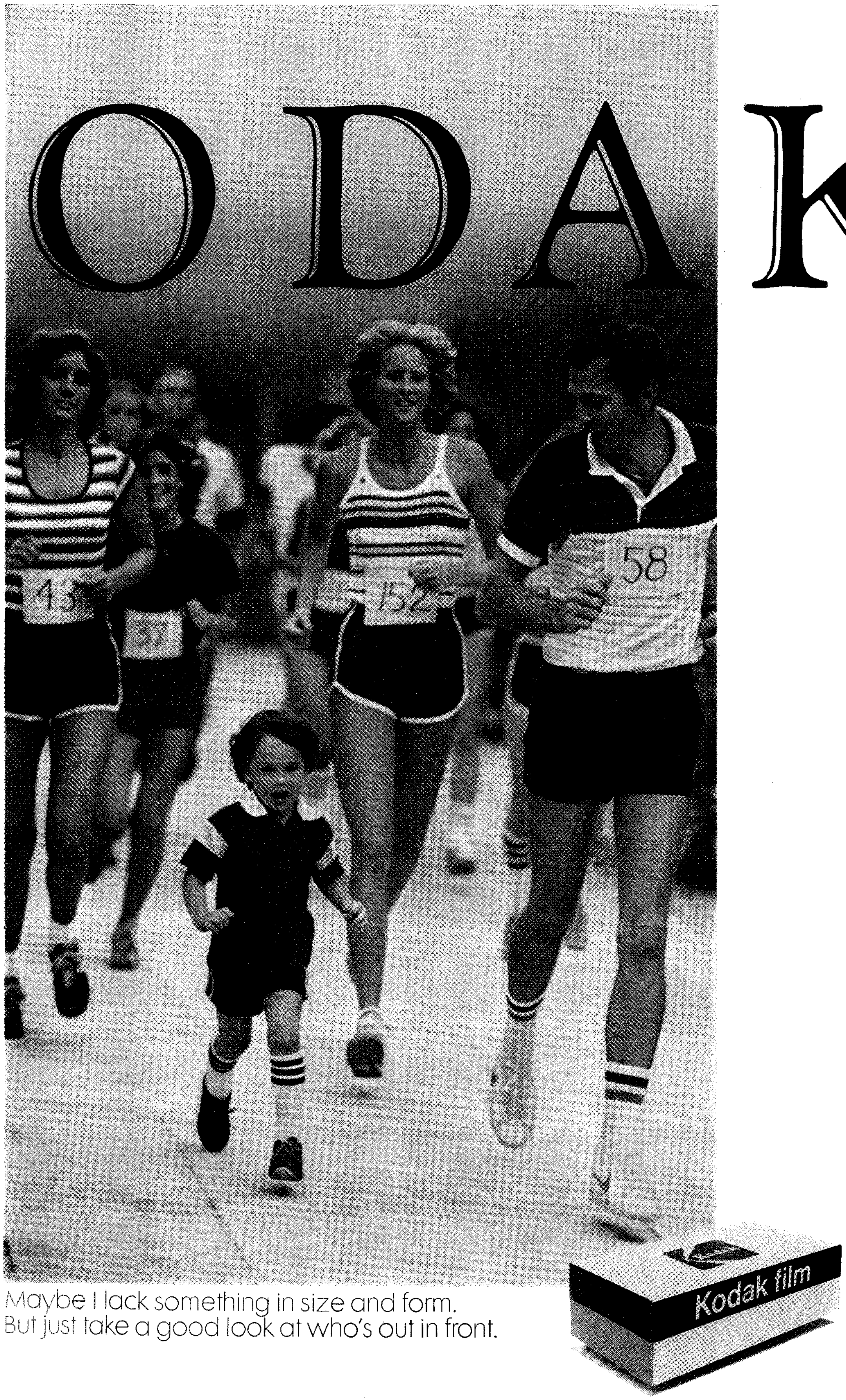
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strators held up signs that said "Blood Before Graham" and "Aragón or Death." In Wisconsin, Graham and his family received threatening letters and telephone calls. Eventually, citing the effect of the threats on his wife and children, Graham announced that he would not be coming to Highlands.

After a caretaker president had served for a year, the Highlands regents appointed a University of New Mexico professor named Frank Ángel—the first Spanish-surnamed president of an American university. The second was John Aragón, who succeeded Ángel as president in 1975. Beginning with Ángel's administration, the faculty of Highlands included more and more people with Spanish names. With the help of federal "Title III" money that was available in the early seventies to "developing institutions," Highlands began offering a broad range of Chicano-studies courses—taught by, among others, Juan José Peña. Highlands students, by then two-thirds Hispanic, began to learn more about explorers like Don Juan de Oñate and political leaders like Don Ezequiel C. de Baca and resistance groups like Las Gorras Blancas.

THE Graham incident started turning Highlands into an institution that reflected the area it served, and what showed up in the reflection was partly violence. Las Vegas has always been a hard town—a place where both barroom fights and political fights are meant to do real damage—and the added ingredient of Chicano militancy made it harder. The Chicano militants at the university were not easy to separate from the Chicano militants of the town, and the Chicano militants of the town were sometimes not easy to separate from the local street toughs. The weapons of political dispute in Las Vegas came to include tire slashing and the terrifying call in the night. The local police installed wire-mesh screens on the station windows in the hope that any Molotov cocktail that happened to be thrown their way would bounce off rather than crash through. There was a fierce controversy over the transfer of a Hispanic worker at the state hospital. An Anglo school superintendent whose appointment was opposed by some Chicanos left town after a few days of death threats and tire slashings. In the fall of 1973, Chicano demonstrators occupied the Highlands administration building during a dispute over hiring instructors, one of whom was Juan José Peña, and the state police were eventually called to remove them. About that time, there was a drastic drop in enrollment at Highlands, and President Ángel predicted that further disruption might endanger its survival as a four-year college.

Although Juan José Peña now spends much of the week in Albuquerque as a graduate student at the University of New Mexico, he remains the most outspoken militant in Las Vegas; in January, he was picketing the city police station with protesters who claimed that a policeman had used brutality when he ejected one of them from a wedding celebration. But the number of Highlands students attracted to such outings these days is tiny. What demonstrators are left in Las Vegas tend to come from the partly overlapping memberships of the local Raza Unida party and a militant Chicano organization at Highlands—a core of two or three dozen militants which also includes, it is guessed around town, the core of Las Gorras Blancas. (At the beginning of February, the policeman whom militants had accused of brutality was barely missed by three shotgun blasts as he warmed up his car outside the station. The two people arrested for the attack minutes later—the young man who had been removed from the wedding party and a friend—were both among those who had been identified as taking part in the Halloween-dance altercation at Highlands.) When Las Gorras Blancas surfaced, the Highlands administration could state, again and again, that New Mexico Highlands University, its enrollment now stabilized, has been about as peaceful in the last half-dozen years as any American campus, but there was still the matter of a basketball team leaving under the same cloud of intimidation that accompanied the resignation of Charles Graham and the sudden departure of the Anglo school superintendent. There was apprehension at

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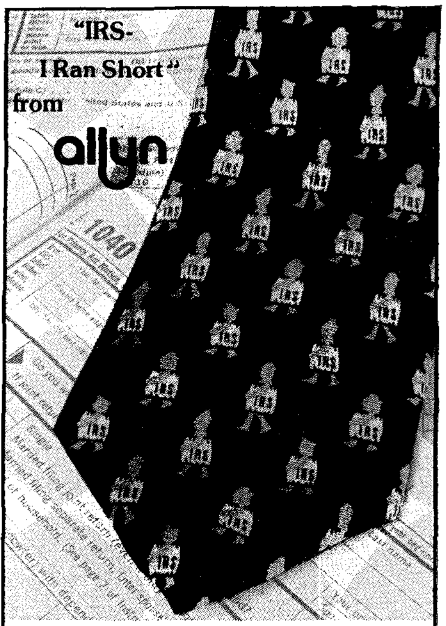
Highlands about how reporters in Albuquerque and legislators in Santa Fe might be tempted to respond to news of Las Gorras Blancas: "Las Vegas again. Highlands again."

BLACKS came to Highlands as athletes. In the final half-dozen years of his tenure, the university's last Anglo president, Thomas Donnelly, devoted a lot of his energy to building a football team that would be ranked nationally among small colleges. In the late sixties, Highlands regularly beat its natural opponents—small lower-Rocky Mountain colleges with a couple of thousand students—by sixty or seventy points, and roamed the continent to play schools the size of Kansas State. An overwhelming majority of New Mexico Highlands' triumphant football squads tended to be from West Virginia or Texas—and many of the stars were black. Given a free rein by the administration, the Highlands athletic department saw to it that the football players lived in a style appropriate to people who routinely won eight or nine games a year. "Apparently, the last few years they just about took the place over," President Aragón said recently. The black athletes were both glorified and resented. Stories are still told around Highlands about the football players of that era—stories of how they went on to triumph in the N.F.L., stories of how they used to elbow ordinary students off campus sidewalks. To Chicano students, it sometimes seemed that the black athletes were attracting most of the university's scholarship money and most of the university's solicitude and a lot more than their share of the university's women. The black athletes were, in a phrase of Juan José Peña's that many more moderate Chicanos would agree with, "a privileged and pampered élite."

After a deëmphasis of athletics begun by Frank Ángel, the black population at Highlands became much smaller and considerably less pampered. But the tension between blacks and Chicanos remained—particularly over the contact between black men and Hispanic women. The Spanish-speaking people of northern New Mexico are not immune to simple racial prejudice, and a black linebacker who grew up in a tough urban neighborhood might, from time to time, approach young Hispanic women in a manner that was not customary in Gallinas or La Cueva. Resentment of mixed couples was always particularly strong in off-campus Las Vegas, where feelings between local Chicanos and some black teen-



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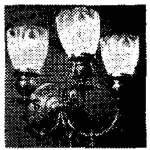

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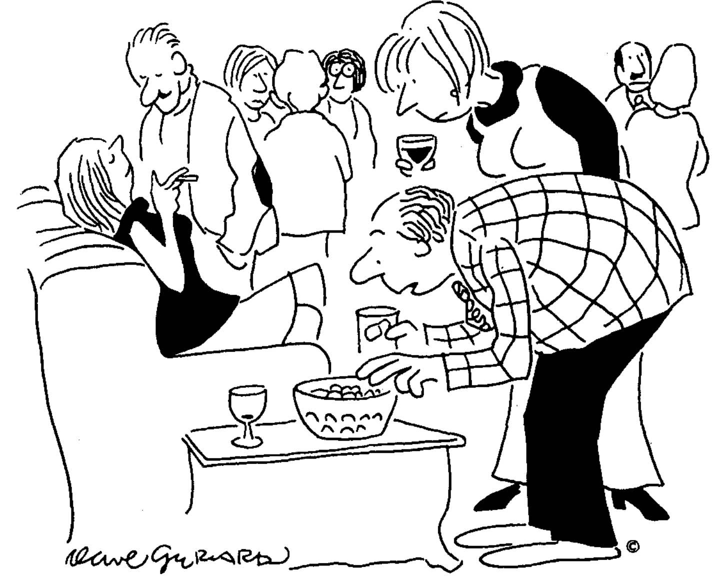
agers assigned to a Job Corps center outside of town during the War on Poverty became so poisonous that the state police once got to the point of blocking the road from the camp in order to prevent what they feared might be an all-out war.

Even under the restrictions of the relatively low-pressure athletic conference Highlands now belongs to, it is customary to field football and basketball teams dominated by black athletes. The Chicanos can play baseball for themselves, but the supply of, say, six-foot-ten-inch Chicano centers is severely limited. Although there are black students at Highlands who do not participate in sports, the black population remains so heavily weighted toward athletes that there are only five women among fifty black students—an imbalance that makes black-Chicana dating inevitable. The people who play on varsity teams for Highlands still tend to be from the largely black national troupe of itinerant gladiators—young men who use up a year of eligibility at a junior college here, another couple of years at a four-year university there. Of the black basketball players who left Highlands this fall, two were from Terre Haute, two from Kansas City, one from the Bronx, and one from Los Angeles. To anybody looking at athletic scholarships as one form of patronage—a normal way to look at almost anything in northern New Mexico—black athletes remain the outsiders who take the money and the glory that might have otherwise gone to the halfback from Raton or the rather short but quick-moving forward from Mora.

The sort of fight that took place after the Halloween dance last fall has never been unusual at Highlands. The fights have often been about women, but in the early seventies, when a lot of money was available for celebrating various sorts of ethnic heritages, there were bitter disputes about how to divide the pie. In 1972, Highlands came close to a race riot—with blacks on one side of the street, Chicanos on the other, and a lot of people on both sides holding fence posts or clubs. The basketball players who left last fall obviously did have reasons for leaving aside from threats—the incident with Las Gorras Blancas is usually spoken of as the last straw on a load of gripes the team had about finances and playing conditions and even after-practice food—but even before the Halloween dance they had spent some time looking over their shoulders. The great majority of black students decided to remain at Highlands last fall because it



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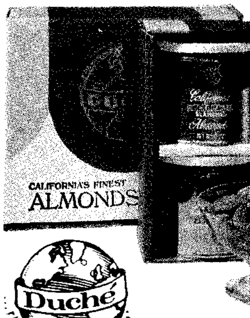

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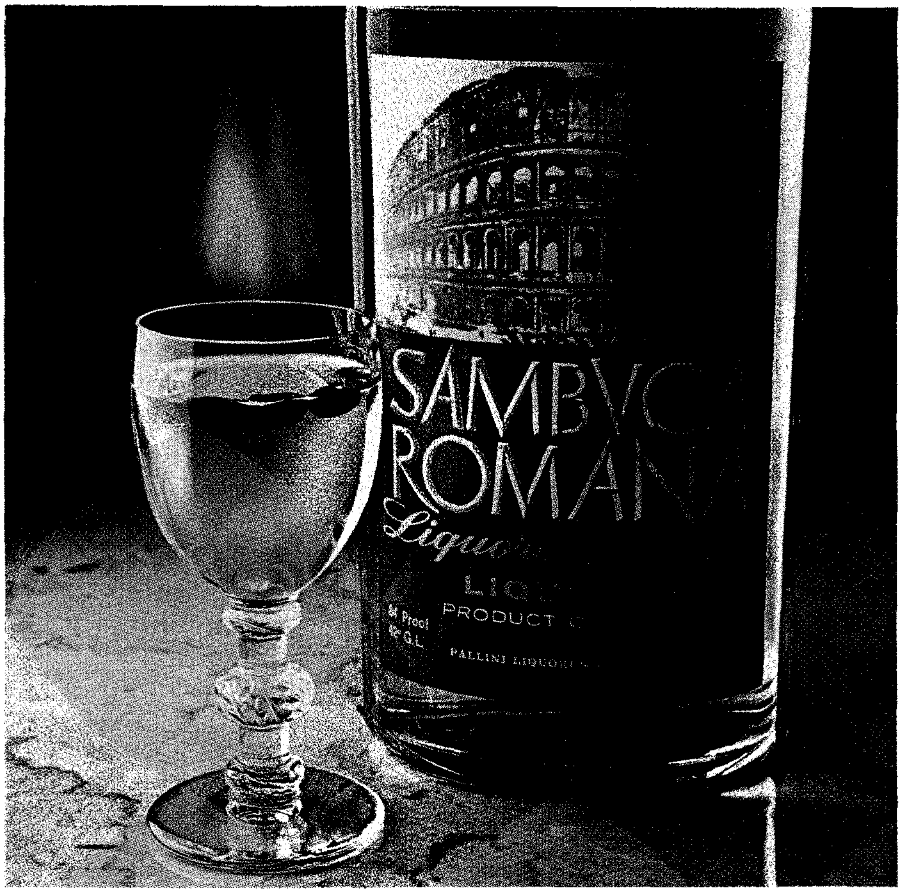

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became apparent that the threats of Las Gorras Blancas would remain unfulfilled and the methods of Las Gorras Blancas would be widely repudiated—even Juan José Peña says that he disagrees with some Gorras Blancas tactics, while maintaining that "the blacks were considered abusive and had to be responded to"—but black football players continue to go out at night in groups of at least three, a precautionary routine they have always followed.

When Highlands decided to abandon football completely for one year in the early seventies, a black student leader called the decision a way of reducing the number of blacks on campus. He may have been partly right. Does that mean, though, that it would be racist for Highlands to invest its athletic money in professorships or to confine its athletics recruiting to its own state? The Highlands basketball coach, Casey Martínez, who has had as many as ten blacks out of fourteen players on his squad, acknowledges that he sometimes wonders, as he watches five black basketball players take the floor to represent some small college in Colorado or Utah, whether there may be something unsettling about a team looking completely different from the rest of the students. This year, of course, the Highlands team looks a bit too much like the rest of the students for Martínez's taste. One of the black basketball players returned a couple of days after he left last fall, but otherwise Martínez has had to make do with New Mexico talent, including one player who did not even come to Highlands on a basketball scholarship—a category of athlete known in the trade as "walk-ons."

JUAN JOSÉ PEÑA routinely attacks John Aragón—the man the militants once offered to die for—for failing to turn Highlands into a Chicano university. There are also those, of course, who believe that the transformation of Highlands has gone too far rather than not far enough—that standards have been sacrificed to a sort of Hispanic cronyism, that, for all the talk of multiethnic celebration, there are many fewer Indians than there once were at Highlands, partly because Indians now feel less comfortable there. As someone who has to go to the state legislature for money every year, John Aragón—an ambitious, voluble man, who likes to make his case standing in front of a blackboard—is hardly in a position to say that Highlands has become a Chicano university. He would argue, though, that it has become what many of the 1970 protesters wanted it to be—a place where Chicano students know they will get a fair break, though not at the expense of others, and a place that can serve as an intellectual resource for the study of Hispanic culture in the United States.

Highlands now has a Hispanic majority on its board of regents. The administration, once virtually all Anglo, is now virtually all Hispanic. There are forty-two people with Spanish names teaching at Highlands. What Aragón likes to say about the Hispanic faculty is that it includes the largest concentration of Hispanic Ph.D.s in the United States. People who are concerned about academic standards at Highlands would probably qualify that statement to say that an extraordinary number of the doctorates are from the College of Education at the University of New Mexico, perhaps not the most rigorous academic testing ground. What someone in northern New Mexico who views the world as patronage of one sort or another might note about the Spanish-surnamed people teaching at Highlands is that all but a handful of them graduated from Highlands—meaning that the demand by student activists over the years for a more representative faculty eventually served the career needs of some of those doing the demanding. Whatever disagreements they might have with Aragón, most Highlands faculty members would probably agree with his explanation of why the militants have trouble these days attracting a crowd on the Highlands campus: "The kids are not dumb. They know that what started in 1946 has been accomplished." Looking back recently over what has happened at Highlands in the past dozen years, William Lux, a history professor who was deeply involved in the changes of the early seventies, said, "In every revolution, there are always a certain number of people who can't be accommodated. They form the genesis of the next revolution." In Las Vegas, New Mexico, he said, those people became for a while Las Gorras Blancas.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

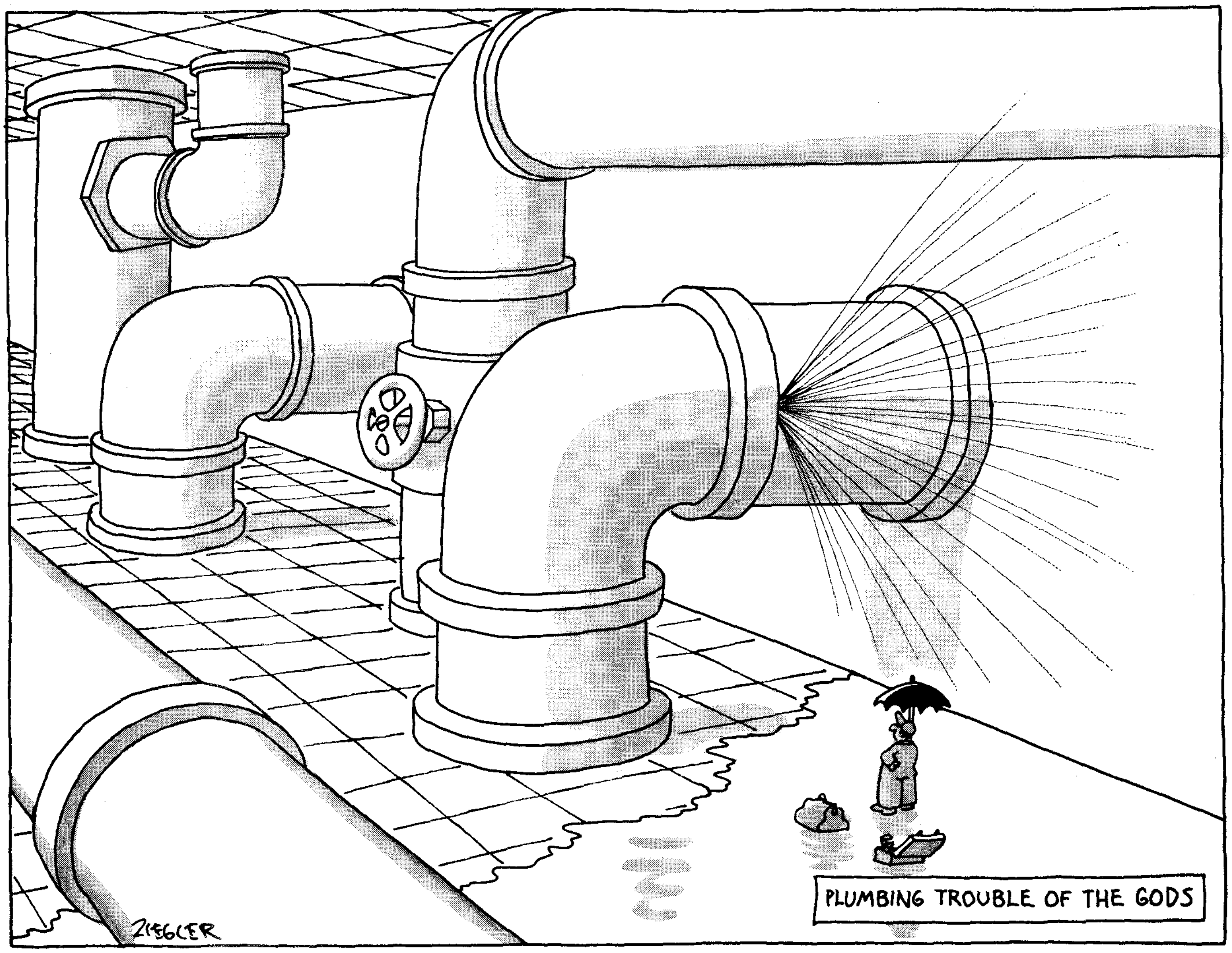
1980: BUSH

On a Monday morning in early February, George Bush is touring the Baron Machine Company, in Laconia, New Hampshire, in the central part of the state. Bush's motorcade left the Nashua Holiday Inn at 7 A.M. and drove for two hours to get here for this, the first of two plant tours he will make today—his forty-seventh day of politicking in New Hampshire. Thirty-eight of those forty-seven days were in 1979, and, in addition, Bush made several stops at political events in this state in 1978, as he quietly began his long march. In all, George Bush spent three hundred and twenty-nine days on political travel in 1979, which may be a record. He began planning his Presidential campaign in the fall of 1977, three full years before the election. This is his third trip to Laconia. Now Bush, a tall, slim man, cheerfully tours the plant, which has ninety employees. He has shed his green parka and is wearing a dark-gray suit; the sleeves of a navy cardigan show at his wrists. Bush moves swiftly through the plant, approaching each worker, saying "I'm George Bush" or "I want to say hello. I'm George Bush." Sometimes he chats for a minute or two. He is trailed by Hugh Gregg, a former governor of New Hampshire, who managed Ronald Reagan's 1976 campaign in the state and is running Bush's campaign here this time. Gregg hands out campaign leaflets. Bush's campaign slogan is "A President we won't have to train," and his pamphlet stresses his résumé—two terms as a congressman; almost two years as Ambassador to the United Nations; chairman of the Republican National Committee from January, 1973, until September, 1974, during the height of Watergate; chief of the United States Liaison Office in Peking for a little over a year; and director of the Central Intelligence Agency for a year. The pamphlet has a picture of Bush jogging. Ronald Reagan is, of course, the main obstacle in Bush's way to the nomination, and though Bush does not mention Reagan's age he does say things like "I do my three miles every day. I think I'm philosophically and mentally up for two terms in the eighties." Bush goes about this plant tour as thoroughly as he has gone about the rest of his campaign. Sometimes he spots a worker and heads for him, saying, "How about this guy? Can we snag him?"

As he does all this, Bush gives the impression that he can't think of anything that would be more fun. When Jimmy Carter (on whose 1976 campaign Bush's is closely modelled) did much the same thing, one saw determination, even obsessiveness, but no hint of enjoyment. After a quick tour of the second plant, a clothing factory just a few yards away, Bush stands out front and, in answer to a reporter's question about what was the point of the tours, says, "That was very pleasant. It's just a part of what we've been doing. I don't know—I enjoy it. It's relaxing in a sense. You want to get in there and meet people. They're very pleasant, whether they agree with you or not. The plant things we've done—people are very open-minded. It doesn't hurt a darn thing to learn about the productivity of a little plant like this." Given the speed with which he went through the plants and what he did when he was there, it's hard to see how he could have learned very much. "We've been through quite a few plants now, and you get a much better perception of what that's about. But if, obviously, you garner some votes, that's what it's all about."

It appears that George Bush really does enjoy this sort of thing. His does not seem the forced good humor that shows through in so many candidates' smiles. George Bush is enthusiastic. One of his aides told me recently that Bush's enthusiasm is often, but should not be, mistaken for naïveté. He comes across as a nice man, casual, easygoing, but there is obviously a purposefulness, a drivenness, that has propelled him all those miles all those days. And Bush also has a protective coloration of another sort. There seems to be some mystery about his political philosophy, but another of his aides explained it to me simply enough: Bush is a conservative, but his Connecticut-preppy-Ivy League style (he grew up privileged in Connecticut and attended Andover and Yale), which he has not shaken despite years in the oil business in Texas and years in Texas politics, colors the conservativeness with moderation. If he and John Connally or he and Ronald Reagan say the same thing, it sounds different. (Bush and Connally are said to detest each other, and their rivalry has divided Republican circles in Texas.) It is also a deliberate part of the Bush campaign's strategy to scramble the image. Bush began with a base among members of the Party establishment and is now trying to expand that base. The strategy has been to try to defeat Reagan without alienating Reagan's following and to attract Reagan backers without alienating the Republican Party's more moderate wing. (One of Bush's strategists told me that after Iowa, where Bush defeated Reagan, about half of Bush's new support was being drained from Reagan.) To overcome any idea that he is simply a nice guy who went to Yale and who jogs, who has travelled in Eastern élite circles and may be a touch "soft," his campaign stresses that he is "hard" on defense issues and that he is a war hero—while serving as a Navy pilot, he was shot down in the Pacific. (His campaign pamphlet also describes him as a "hard hitting first baseman" on his Yale baseball team.) To offset the conservatism on defense and domestic issues, the campaign also points out that he has supported civil rights, the Equal Rights Amendment, and certain good-government proposals. One of his strategists said to me, "You look for issues that overlap different wings of the Party, or issues that make conservatives happy but don't bother moderates, such as some civil-liberties issues—but not social ones—or Taiwan; and you try to find some moderate issues that don't alienate conservatives, such as conservation. Conservatives want two things: a strong defense and less government. On those, Bush is conservative. Frankly, it's good that the other issues don't make a lot of people mad anymore, so he has the best of both worlds."

At noon, Bush is speaking before a luncheon of the Lakes Region Chamber of Commerce in Laconia. He has already addressed a public reception in Laconia and done a walking tour of the



PLUMBING TROUBLE OF THE GODS

• •

town—a fast in-and-out of several shops. About three hundred people are gathered at this luncheon. He says much the same thing he said to the group this morning. He tells this group, "People say, 'Isn't it an awful system where you have to go out and campaign the way you do?' People asked me at the factory this morning, 'Why do you do that?' " And then he answers, "You learn from that. I'll be a better President because I've had to work harder than the others, had to see the full planting cycle in Iowa, or come here and see the job New Hampshire is doing in diversification of energy sources, or whatever it is." Of course, Bush, like Carter in 1975, was in a position to devote a full year before the election year to campaigning. And, like Carter, he probably had to if he was to get anywhere. Bush likes to point out that before the Iowa precinct caucuses he was an "asterisk" in the polls. As of now, on the basis of having won in Iowa, he is considered a hot prospect for the Presidency. Still, very little is known about him: how his mind works, what he really thinks, what grasp he has of the hard questions about governing. Like Carter four years ago, he is saying very little, trying to remain as inoffensive as possible. He is picking his way carefully among the minefields that lie in the path of a Presidential candidate, and trying to avoid the terrific ideological fights at which Republicans are adept. He is painting a picture by the numbers.

Bush has a standard upbeat litany, and now he tells the audience, "I believe in the integrity of the process. I believe our institutions can still cope. I believe that we can still solve problems. And so, fundamentally, I am an optimist, I am an idealist." He does add that "there are tons of problems, of course," and he attacks Carter for having presided over an increase in inflation. He has a certain way that he does this, and it goes over well with audiences. He says that when Carter came to office inflation was four and eight-tenths per cent. He says that Carter said in his campaign, " 'I'm going to do something about this.' " Pause. "He did. It's thirteen per cent the last year." At this, Bush's arm shoots into the air. "He made it a lot worse." He says, "I know these problems are complicated. There's no quick, simple, easy fix for the Middle East." This seems to be aimed at Connally; David Keene, Bush's political director, told me last fall that one of the problems with the speech Connally gave on the Middle East in October was that it appeared to suggest that one man had the formula for resolving such a complex situation. Bush goes on to say that there are no simple solutions "to the Persian Gulf, to the relationship in the Pacific where you have a very aggressive Soviet Union backing Vietnam, taking over Laos, Cambodia, and threatening Thailand." He says, "These are tough problems. I just believe if we emphasize the fundamentals that we can go about solving the problems. But I see that glass that is half full and not half empty."

He tells the audience, "I am convinced if we try something we haven't done for many many years, try to emphasize the fundamentals in economics, get away from the Keynesian economists that say the way you do it is

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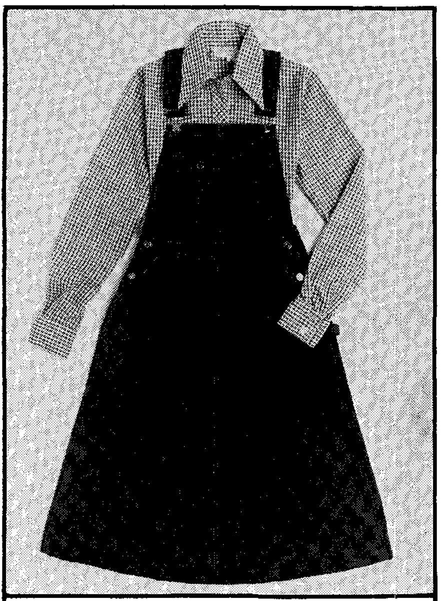

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spend yourself into prosperity, move away from that, limit the growth in spending, still improve education, still help those people that are destitute—in training, whatever it is, but you can still help. But you can't grow recklessly in the public sector. And you've got to have some meaningful growth in the private sector, so you hold the growth in spending." He says that he is against "excesses of regulation." But he also says, "If I found people burying toxic wastes in a brutal way—midnight buriers, they're called—if you found them, full force of the law against them, of course." When Bush talks about "excessive regulation," he uses the example of the new federal regulation requiring that manufacturers equip cars with air bags. (Actually, this is *optional*; manufacturers may install automatic safety belts instead, which is what most are expected to do.) Bush says, "When I back out of my garage and hit a neighbor, I don't want to be engulfed in an air bag." (In fact, air bags inflate only upon severe collision, and don't work when a car is in reverse.) The third fundamental economic point, he says, in addition to cutting the growth in spending and reducing regulation, is cutting taxes. He points out that twenty-one per cent of the gross national product goes into taxes, and he suggests that the amount should go back to eighteen per cent, where it was "when Gerald R. Ford was in office." He calls for tax cuts to stimulate investment, suggesting a cut of twenty billion dollars—half to individuals, in order to stimulate savings, and half to business. He says that federal spending should grow by less than the rate of inflation. These formulas have been floating around Capitol Hill. Bush does not say what else he would do about inflation, of which federal spending is only one component—how large a component is much debated—or where he would make cuts in federal spending.

Then he says, "In foreign affairs, again, emphasize fundamentals." He says, "I grew up in New England. I saw how so-called Yankee ingenuity, Yankee integrity, all that kind of thing—there's something to that." He says that in West Texas, where he first moved when he went into the oil business, "your word of honor's your bond." He says, "That concept is a valid concept in relations between people, it's a valid concept in relationships between nations. And we don't need to threaten countries, we don't need to bully our allies, but we've got to keep our word—our word of honor internationally must be kept." He talks of how the United States led Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany to believe that it would deploy a neutron weapon and then changed its mind. He says, "You don't look like you're willing to pull back on a commitment in the Middle East in order for a hoped-for economic gain. You don't look like you're going to pull your troops unilaterally out of Korea and say to the Japanese and the South Koreans and those ASEAN countries"—Association of South East Asian Nations—"like Indonesia and Malaysia and the Philippines, 'Look, we don't really care about the stability of the Pacific.' You cannot make decisions that shake up your staunch allies—you want to keep your word. Secondly, morality in foreign policy, of course." He says, "I don't know if all of you feel like I do, but I'm sick and tired of being asked to apologize for *our* failures, for *our* lack of compassion, for *our* misunderstandings."

Bush's talk is being well received. He's simplifying, of course, but then many candidates do that. But Bush does not give the impression that he has given hard thought to hard questions. He is a handsome man, and he comes across as likable, reasonable. It is an American likableness, the American regular guy. At fifty-five, he is youthful-looking; his smile is a bit crooked, and sometimes an eyebrow is cocked. When he gets going in speeches, a lock of his brown hair falls to his forehead. His voice is a bit high, and he talks loud and very fast, conveying a sense of urgency—as if he were trying very hard to get across his enthusiasm about what he is saying. He seems eager, and his eagerness conveys a certain weakness. He often drops one shoulder or the other as he speaks, and he uses gestures that seem out of proportion to what he is saying or to the real force, as opposed to the volume, with which he is saying it. The gestures seem unnatural; the clear impression is that he has been told

he is too bland, and is working to overcome the problem. Arms shoot out and up, sometimes out of sync with what he is saying; he jumps about, as if he had been told that standing still is dull.

He says, "I learned, as your Ambassador to China, Ambassador to the U.N., head of the C.I.A.—I saw the world as it is." He says that he sees "a Soviet Union that wants superiority, not parity." He says, "I've said it incessantly, and, some people said, at political risk—and I think I can do it protecting the rights of Americans: we'd better strengthen the Central Intelligence Agency and our intelligence capability." He is applauded. There was a time when Bush's polls indicated that his identification with the C.I.A. might be a liability; now times have changed and, to Bush's good fortune, his identification with the C.I.A. is turning out to be a plus.

Now Bush criticizes Carter for cutting from Ford's defense budget the B-1 bomber and the MX mobile-missile system. (Actually, Congress held up the B-1 until Carter could decide whether to go ahead with it, and he cancelled it on the ground that the cruise missile was a preferable weapon; he slowed down the MX in order to review its basing system, which was subsequently changed—and may be changed again—but the MX is under way.) Bush says that a strong defense "will be the best possible deterrent to Soviet aggression." He does not explain how he would cut federal spending, increase the defense budget, and reduce taxes. He says, "I believe in fundamentals, like family and religious conviction." Bush and his wife, Barbara, have been married thirty-five years and have five children; the family is apparently close-knit. He says, "I'm not a cynic." He tells the audience, "I lived in a Communist country. Fascinating! I know those Chinese leaders, perhaps as well as anybody in this country. . . . I saw the Great Wall. I like Chinese art. I appreciate the simplicity of the Chinese people. But after my wife and I were there for a while, we saw what it was like to live in a country devoid of the freedom which you and I have taken for granted every day of our lives."

He says, "Yes, I believe in service, and, yes, I believe in the integrity of the process, and I'm not so newfangled that these old-fashioned values have lost meaning for me." (This morning, when he made this point he said, "Some write that off as patrician or old-fashioned.") There is every rea-

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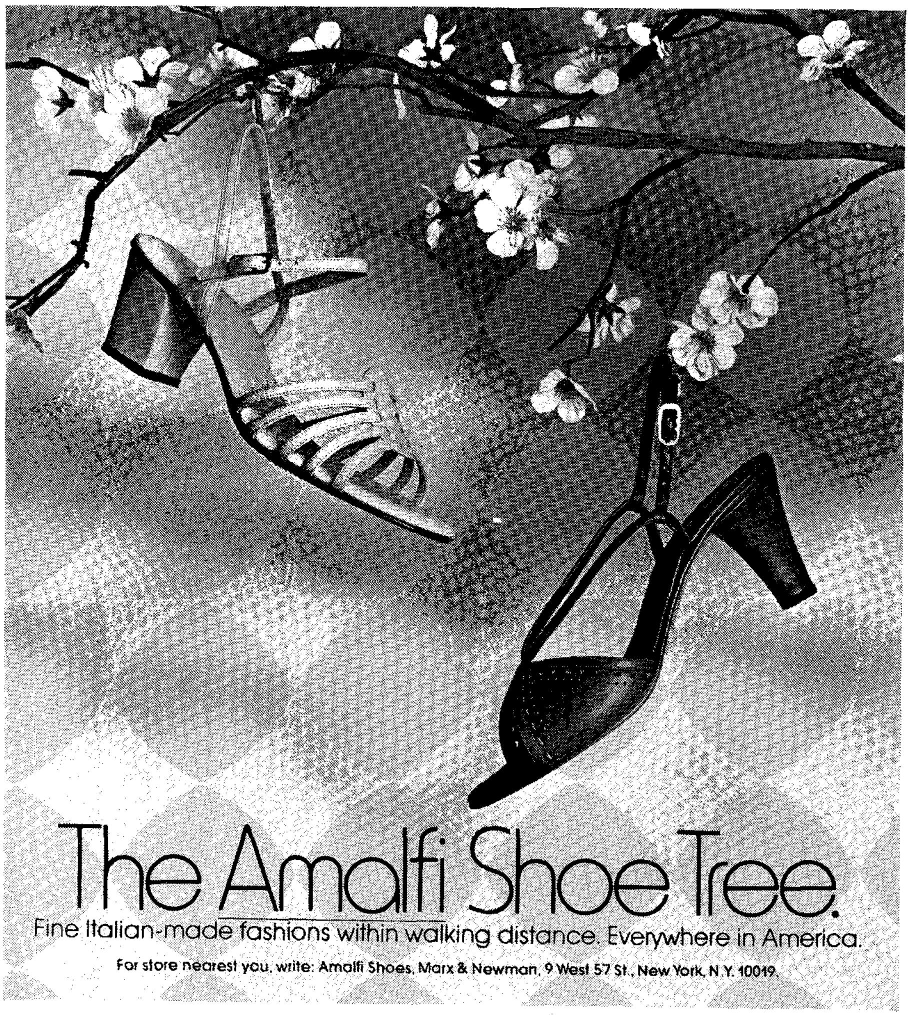
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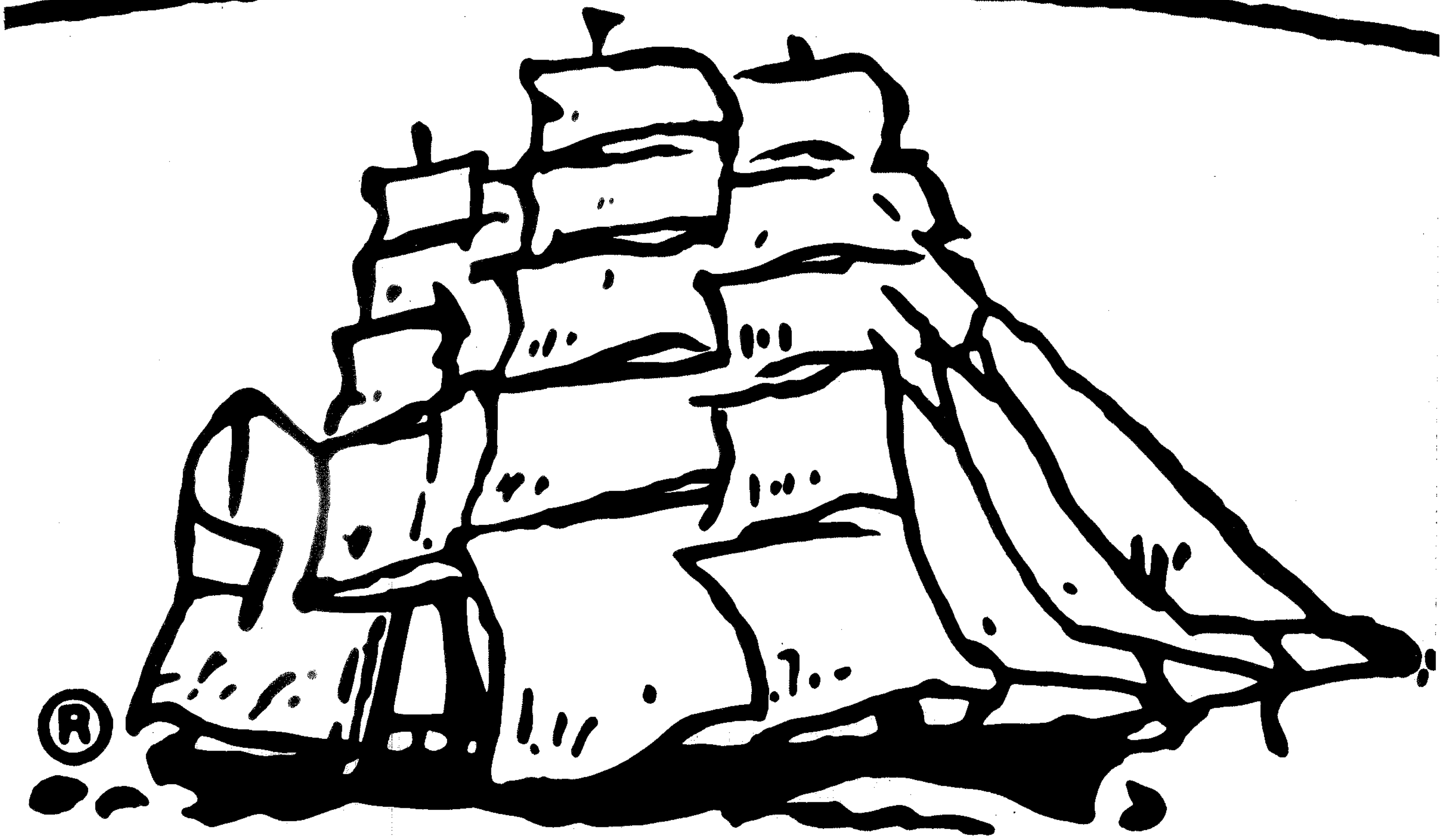

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son to believe that Bush does indeed believe in service as much as he says he does. He refers often to his father, Prescott Bush, who was a Republican senator from Connecticut for ten years, and to the fact that his father instilled in him a sense of service. Prescott Bush was a partner in Brown Brothers Harriman and then served in the Senate. He was respected and well liked but did not leave any particular mark. One interesting thing about George Bush is that he took off for West Texas—he later moved to Houston—to make it on his own. Bush did make his own fortune in the oil business. Now he concludes, "I want to keep countries around the world that want to be free—are free and want to stay free—and this is why I want to be President and this is why I need your help and, very frankly, this is why I feel deep inside now that I am going to be the next President of the United States."

During the question period, he is asked what he would have done about Afghanistan, and he says, "If certain items had been left in the budget, and turn around the perception of pulling back, it probably or could well have forestalled the brutality of Soviet aggression. We must strengthen our ability to project conventional force." He adds, "I don't think the Soviets want conventional or strategic war with the United States." When he was asked this morning whether he thought the Administration had overreacted to the invasion of Afghanistan, he replied, "Very candidly, I don't think there was an overreaction. I think there was a belated recognition that the Soviet Union is not seeking parity—it is seeking superiority." Then he says, "We've got to keep commitments. We've got to make the Saudis understand that we are not taking lightly the matter of revolution in Yemen. We have got to avail ourselves of the bases that have been offered in Oman, Kenya, and Somalia—not to permanently station people there, I don't want that, because I don't want to see the Soviets drawn down into the Middle East. We've got to reassure Israel that our commitment is not only a moral but a strategic commitment. And we have to help Pakistan. And these are the things, some of which, incidentally, Carter has belatedly, belatedly done."

Bush tells audiences that he supported the volunteer Army, that he is not yet sure a draft is needed but that if there is one it should be equitable, and that, as a strong supporter of the Equal Rights Amendment, he thinks women should be included. He says that the burden of the draft should fall equally on a Ph.D. candidate and a ghetto kid. (Bush also tells audiences, when he is asked, that he opposes a constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion—but this is an issue that he and his managers would prefer to avoid.)

Now he is asked about a poll in yesterday's Boston *Globe* which indicated that he was ahead of Reagan in New Hampshire. His answer is ambivalent—deliberately so. His advisers have cautioned him to stop saying, as he has been lately, that he is going to win New Hampshire and go all the way. They fear this will set expectations too high, and also may cause the troops to slack off. He says, "It shows we've come a long way. I was an asterisk about four months ago. But there's no complacency. We've got a long way to go these last three weeks. I'm going to work hard." He waves his fist in the air. The people in the audience applaud enthusiastically.

BUSH rides in the press bus to the next stop, about forty-five minutes away. He sits toward the rear, surrounded by reporters, and he is, for the most part, relaxed, direct—more natural and less forced than in his stage performances. And many of the people in Bush's immediate entourage are pleasant and candid and have a sense of humor. His is not the buttoned-up, tense sort of campaign that surrounds so many candidates. Sometimes Bush shows a certain edginess when he is pressed on a question. After a brief display of this edginess when reporters ask him why he is not more specific on such things as how he would cut inflation ("I don't think it's vague"), he calmly agrees that his description of how he would reduce inflation is "quite general."

When a reporter asks Bush if he thinks it is getting to be time to be more specific, he replies, "It could be. Indeed, I've asked a couple of people to take a good look at the budget."

When a reporter suggests that there is a hazard to getting specific, Bush replies, "Yeah, there's a hazard to it. There's a hazard to being too general, too. I listen very carefully to the questions I'm asked by the people of Iowa, the people of New Hampshire. I listen to the amount of specificity they're asking for."

Someone asks him why he does not spell out more of an energy policy. (In answer to questions from audiences, Bush says that he is for the windfall-profits tax, provided there is a "plowback" to the oil industry, to be used for further exploration.)

"I was asked about it at one of those earlier meetings today," Bush replies. "You know, you get up there and somebody says, 'You got to hurry up and get out of here, it's three minutes of.' "

Someone asks Bush, "What is your biggest worry, your biggest problem in New Hampshire?"

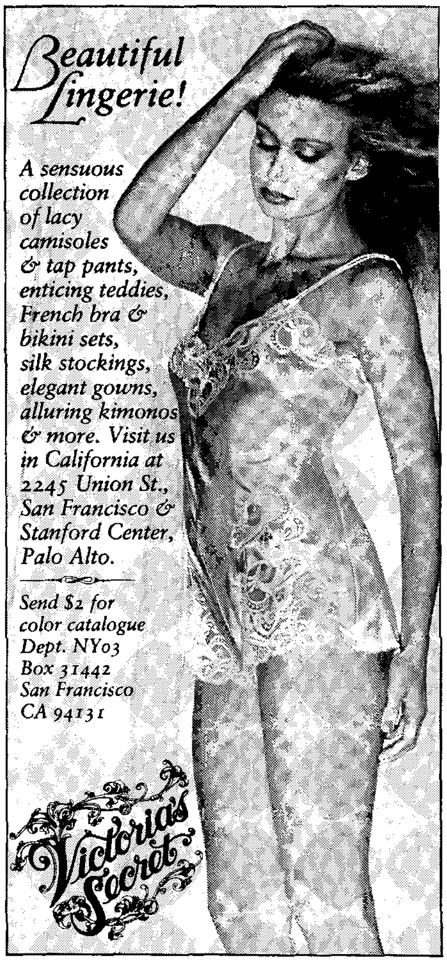
Bush replies, "Reagan." It is part of the Bush strategy to ignore Howard Baker, with whom he is presumed to be competing for the same voters. The Bush strategy is to get Baker out of the race as soon as possible, and meanwhile have voters see the real competition as one between Reagan and Bush. Bush's campaign does resemble Carter's 1976 campaign in some respects, but in another one it's different. He is organized for further down the line. His organization now has people in place in forty states, and, unlike Ford's in 1976, it has not overlooked the Western states, which were more or less left to Reagan by default.

Bush is asked about criticism that he is bland.

"I'm awfully bland, I admit," he replies. Then, as if he had thought over this concession, he says, " 'Bland' has a troubling connotation to me. It means I'm dull compared to some of those charismatic so-and-sos. I was never as bland as you people said I was. I don't know if I want to be charismatic or not. It used to be a good word. Ted Kennedy ruined it for me." He talks about his distaste for political labels, settles for the idea that he would like to be seen as a "moderate conservative," and then says, "What I hope people perceive is reasonableness. That you think through positions. That I'm thoughtful."

The press wants specificity, but specificity has killed off many a candidate, so it is in the nature of Presidential politics that many—not all—candidates see spelling out precisely what they would do about complicated issues as a trap to be avoided at all costs. "Position papers" are published for those earnest enough to pursue the question of where a candidate stands on certain issues, but even the position papers put out by the Bush campaign are, for the most part, general and unremarkable. It is hard to see how, having spent so much time on the road, he would have had time to think through what he had not already thought through, or how he can think things through now. If a candidate hasn't developed a coherent philosophy and a set of programs before he hits the road, it's too late. After that, he is at the mercy of advisers and events.

Like some others in public life, Bush seems propelled by a combination of duty and ambition. He accepted a couple of thankless assignments: chairmanship of the Republican National Committee during Watergate (leaving his U.N. assignment) and directorship of the C.I.A. during a time of turmoil in the agency (leaving his post in China). When he was given all his jobs by Presidents Nixon and Ford, it was generally assumed that it was not because he was especially outstanding but because he was dependable, safe, and willing. His was a name that was always on lists. He was one of those considered when Nixon had to select a replacement for Spiro Agnew. Still, people who are not Bush partisans give him good marks for the job he did at the C.I.A. One man who was involved with the congressional investigation of the agency at the time says that Bush was a good listener, that he was open to suggestion, that when there was a problem he heard people out and then tried to work out a solution, that he handled relations with Congress well, that he helped restore morale at the agency. I asked this man how smart he thought Bush was. He replied, "Not terribly. But I'm not sure what that means. He's smart enough to listen to people who know more than he does, and he works hard. I can't tell how wise he is." This man also pointed out that Bush did not stay in the C.I.A. job very long and that any appraisal is based on a short record. A Republican senator who thinks Bush did a good job at the C.I.A. and likes him very much—who describes him as a decent, friendly, open person—requested anonymity when I asked how deep Bush is. He said, "I have trouble answering that, as well as I've known him. He's obviously an able person, but he's been extraordinarily lucky. He's kept moving. Sooner or later when you're in a job, you make a mistake. The real question is how you confront that mistake. He's never had that test, so there's no way to judge his depth or his character in that context. Whether he can do what the Carter Administration fails to do, which is to take a problem and carry it through to its third or fourth consequence—whether George thinks in those terms I'm not sure. When you look at what he has said, he doesn't seem to have composed his



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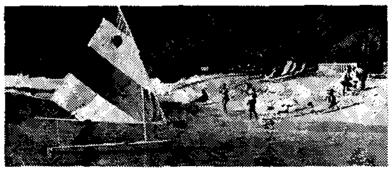

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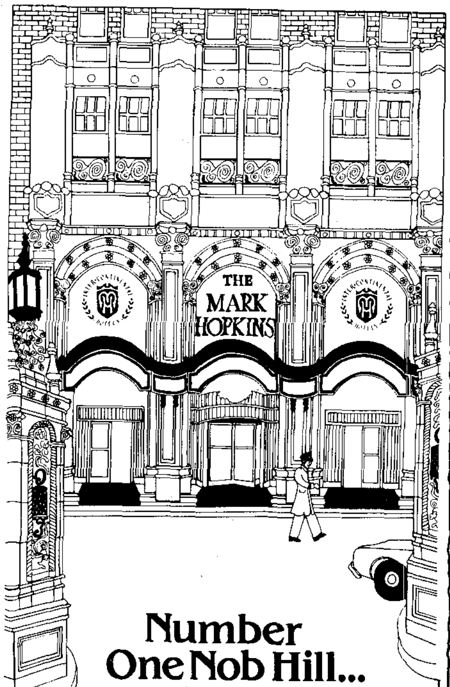
thoughts. They seem random, or scattered. They look jumbled. They don't seem pulled together in a program or philosophy. He kind of puts up the arguments and leaves them there. There's no guide to what he would do as President."

TONIGHT, Bush is addressing a large crowd at Plymouth State College. This afternoon, he spoke to two more public gatherings, and now he seems more worked up than he has been all day. He says most of the same things he did earlier, with a few additions. As he did at the earlier meetings, he says, "I'm an optimist." When he talks about holding down the growth in federal spending, he says we should "still be compassionate, still help people less fortunate than ourselves, but do it by emphasizing our fundamental economic strength." He says, "The answers are relatively simple, but they must be steadfastly pursued." When Bush talks about "Jimmy Carter's inflation," he gets big applause. When he talks about "excessive regulation," he waves a fist in the air and says that regulatory legislation should be more tightly drawn. Then he spreads his arms and says, "People say, 'Nobody can do anything about it.' " He says he would "get rid of people who are put in there who are always leaning over on the far side of the regulatory process." At a meeting this afternoon, he referred to such people as "McGovern-type regulators." Tonight, when he talks about the air bag he shrinks back as if in horror at the idea of having one. This afternoon, he said something a bit surprising when he was talking about the air bag. He said, "I worry that I'm going to feel like I do about life sometimes—you know, kind of engulfed by it." Usually, Bush gives the impression of a man who is personally secure and confident, a man who has been blessed by life—even though he has had both personal sorrow (a young daughter died of leukemia) and public reverses (the loss of two races for the Senate) and has suffered on occasion from an ulcer. It is not out of the question for a person who is truly secure to run for the Presidency, but the question of what drives people who make the race to go through what they do, especially these days, does arise. When Bush talks about giving tax credits to those who train people for jobs instead of using government programs to train people, he thrusts his fist in the air and shouts, "How much better to do that!" Having listed his "fundamentals" on economic policy—hold down inflation, decrease regulation, and increase investment incentives—he says, "If we try those three fundamentals— Oh, there are so many more!" He says, as he has been saying all day, "Centralized answers don't work."

On foreign policy, he avoids whipping up passions or fears about the current state of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. He says again that he does not believe that the Soviet Union wants war, but he adds, "When they see us as naïve, when they see us as weak, when they see us as vacillating, I think they're going to take a step forward." He says that he is opposed to the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks agreement. He says he would support a subsequent SALT agreement if it made deep cuts and if he was satisfied that it was completely verifiable. Of the Panama Canal treaties he says, "My concern with Panama was not the fact that we tried to address ourselves to the long-held charge that we were colonialists, U.S. flags flying in a swath through the other person's country. Mine was the perception of pulling back from a defense commitment, with others looking at us and saying, 'Well, the U.S. isn't really committed to the defense of the Isthmus as much as it used to be.' " SALT and the Panama Canal treaties are, of course, important to the Republican right. He says, "Jimmy Carter wakes up three years into his Presidency, sees naked aggression in Afghanistan, and says, 'Hey, I don't think we can trust the Soviet Union.' " He pounds the lectern and says, "*Come on!*" And, waving a finger in the air, he shouts, "That's too long. Too long." Again the forcefulness does not seem natural. He seems more convincing when he talks naturally, as he does when he is not onstage. Sometimes, particularly when he gets worked up, he stumbles and gets his syntax confused, but then he catches himself and goes on. Sometimes he uses words in such a way that he ends up saying the opposite of what he means—he'll state something in the affirmative when he means the negative—and occasionally it is totally unclear what he is trying to say. It is hard to tell at this point whether this is a man who could lead people. Audiences—at least, these audiences—like him, and seem to sense a certain decency and straightness. He does not have a commanding presence, but perhaps he does not need one. Politicians can acquire "Presidentialness" by virtue of being viewed in the context of



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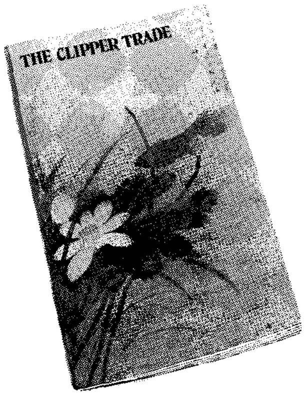

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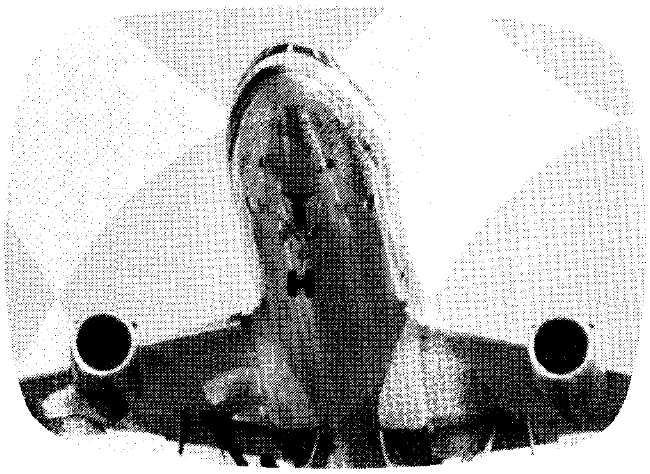

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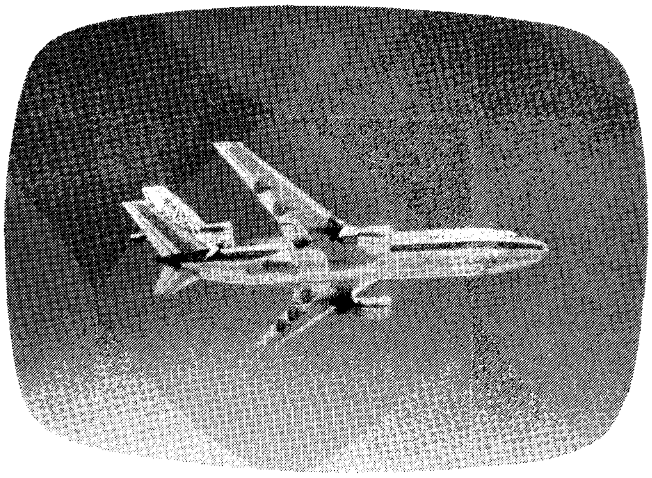

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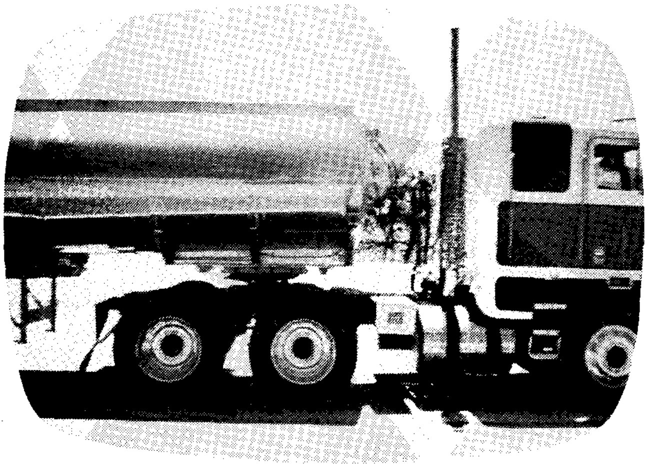

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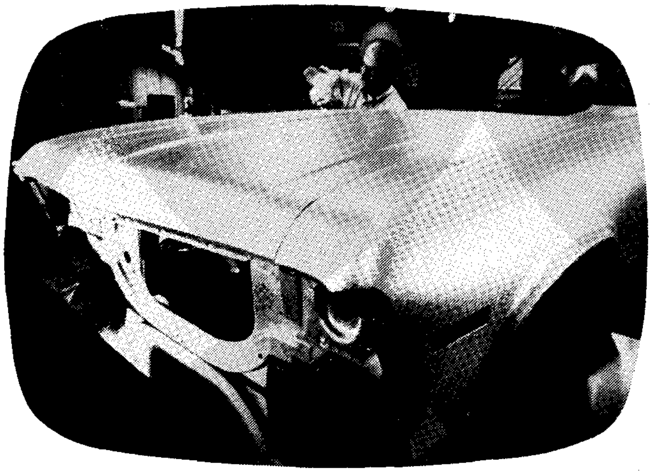

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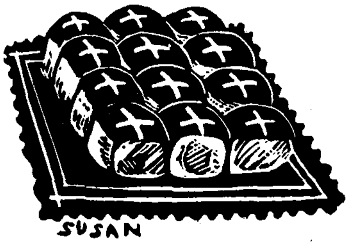
being President. They can also lose it. Of course, when people consider any candidate they must also consider the others; the choice in a Presidential election is often among not the ideal but the available.

Bush goes into an explanation of why he believes we should have supported—as the C.I.A. did for a time, until Congress intervened—the forces of Jonas Savimbi in Angola (Savimbi was also backed by South Africa) against forces backed by the Soviets and the Cubans. He says, "I believe that we have always had a moral foreign policy. We may have made mistakes, but Presidents, Republican or Democrat, I cannot assign immorality as an indictment. I just don't believe it. I think we've been generous. I think we've been fair. I think we've been extraordinarily compassionate to countries around the world." And then he says, "And so you have to try to effect change, and stand up for your fundamental, moral, human-rights beliefs, but you also have to be realistic—and you have to recognize sometimes that if we just continue to push and shove and change things that sometimes the person that we were supporting previously and then stopped supporting may be gone, that you may be faced with a situation where you then have less human rights and your total strategic interests are diminished." Bush appears to be referring to Iran; this echoes a conversation I had last fall with David Keene about the subject. Bush says, "I don't want to wake up seeing diminished strategic interests coupled with less human rights." And then he talks about Vietnam: "We had Vietnam. It divided us. We're asked to accept a rather revisionist view and impression of the United States and of our purpose. What's happened in Vietnam today has made our purpose more clear, less uncertain. We got out of Vietnam. Vietnam indeed is unified. The lack of freedom of the press in the South that we used to hear a lot about is no problem anymore, because there's no press at all there. They've taken over Cambodia and they've taken over Laos and they've brutalized the ethnic Chinese in their own country and we realize that this isn't a nice, peace-loving nation that's trying to live harmoniously within their own borders—it's something very different. But that divided our country, for very understandable reasons." He concludes, talking about running for President, "It's worth it, *believe me.* People say to me, 'Isn't it awful you've got to do this?' It's not awful at all. It's a *fantastic system,* because we are the most decent, fairest, most honorable country, and I want to be a part of the answer, not a part of the problem."



There are a number of questions from the audience. One young man says, "The focus of your TV campaign is on your experience. When you look at your credentials, you spent as long in foreign policy as Jimmy Carter did in the governor's mansion. If we already invested three national budgets on Jimmy Carter's education, why blow another two trillion dollars on yours?"

Bush stares aside for a moment and then answers calmly, "One thing you learn about this is you're no longer as inhibited as your parents taught you about talking about yourself." And then he talks about having been shot down during the Second World War—he usually works this in in his appearances. He talks about his experience in Congress and in foreign affairs. And then he says, "I also know something different than Carter. I know what I don't know." And he is applauded.

Bush often says that he would select better people than Carter did. Another questioner asks him who his advisers would be. Bush says that this is a good question but he's not far enough along in the race to answer it, and he suggests that people look at the list of members of his steering committee. The steering committee, of three hundred and fifty people, includes politicians—members of Congress, former members of Congress, and former governors; former Cabinet officers, ambassadors, and National Committee chairmen; people from the academic, industrial, and financial worlds; retired military officers; and the requisite sports figures and entertainers (Earl Blaik and Tom Seaver, Lionel Hampton and Tammy Grimes). Bush has attracted many of the Party's mandarins, allrightniks, and stars. Among those who support his candidacy are such people as Henry Cabot Lodge, Clare Boothe Luce, George Romney, and Hugh Scott. Among the members of Congress on the steering committee are Representatives Millicent Fenwick, of New Jersey; Bill Frenzel, of Minnesota; and Barber Conable, of New York, the committee chairman. As Bush's candidacy became increasingly plausible, Bush became increasingly attractive to investors in power. Even Henry Kissinger, who had once all but endorsed John Connally, came knocking.

Another questioner says, "I'm one of those poor, unfortunate people who every time I go to the polls I don't so much vote for one person as I vote against another one. You've taken shots at Jimmy Carter and other politicians and they're doing the same with you, right? What's so special about George Bush that his miracles he's talking now are not going to fade away when he gets to the White House, if he does?"

Bush replies, "They're not miracles. They're fundamentals. And the very fact that you are so cynical you think they're miracles troubles me, because what we haven't done is try these fundamentals. There's nothing so special about me except I have a deep conviction about our country, and based on experience, as a matter of fact, that we can solve these problems. I'm not so cynical that I go into the polls always to vote against somebody." He pounds the lectern and shouts, "*Come on! Cheer up a little bit!*" He says, "My perception of the Presidency is that a person can make a difference." He concludes, "I'll end where I began. I'm an idealist. I firmly believe that the United States can solve any problem, do anything it sets its sights to, to help people at home and to help countries around the world that want to be free."

TUESDAY, Worcester, Massachusetts. This morning, Bush toured one insurance company here—he gave a talk to the officers and then the employees on each of four floors—and at noontime, trailing camera crews, reporters, and aides, landed in the cafeteria of another insurance company. This afternoon, he is to hold a press conference in Boston, where he will be endorsed by Elliot Richardson. There was a time, until not long ago, when Richardson, whose list of jobs held is even longer than Bush's, considered being a candidate himself. Richardson's endorsement was originally scheduled to take place after the New Hampshire primary, so that it would have special impact on Massachusetts, whose primary follows New Hampshire's by a week. Richardson embodies the Eastern, Brahmin wing of the Party, and his endorsement was to show that Bush has, as one of his managers said to me, "broad appeal." The timing was advanced after Edward Brooke, the former Republican senator from Massachusetts, endorsed John Anderson. The Bush aide told me that Anderson is a worry, because he is attracting activists—"people who will make more than their share of phone calls per day." The Bush people want to narrow the number of candidates as soon as possible, and the problem, the Bush aide explains, is that it is still possible for what he termed "conscience candidates," such as Anderson, to remain in the race. Also today, in Washington, William Ruckelshaus will endorse Bush. Ruckelshaus was the Deputy Attorney General who was fired after Richardson, then the Attorney General, resigned on that famous Saturday night when Nixon ordered them to fire Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. Bush was chairman of the Republican National Committee during these goings on. When he is asked today what role he played then, he says, "I was in the foxhole, waiting for other shoes to drop."

I HAVE an interview with Bush in his car as he rides from Worcester to Boston. I ask him about his concept of the Presidency, and of how one can bring about change. I point out that he talks about the importance of getting a Republican Congress, and ask how, aside from that, he envisions working with the interest groups and the institutions—dealing with the paralysis that affects so much public policy no matter who is President.

He replies, "In the first place, having been in the Congress and been around the White House, I am not so naïve as to think that a Republican President, if dealing with two halves of the Congress controlled by Democrats, would have it easy. I do think one obvious place to begin would be with your legislative liaison." He says he has heard that Carter's legislative-liaison office has not been effective. He continues, "I think it's got to be a combination of a strong liaison office and a mandate with which you're elected, where you move very fast to try to get certain kinds of changes, because as time sets in you're against a hostile Congress. The further away you get from your election the more contentious and divided things can be."

I ask him again about the broader question of how to get things done in the context of the number of interests.

"I think you take a position and spell it out," he says. "Clearly, if you've been elected you'll have some popular support and you've got to mobilize that. You've got to have the people react;

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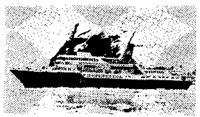

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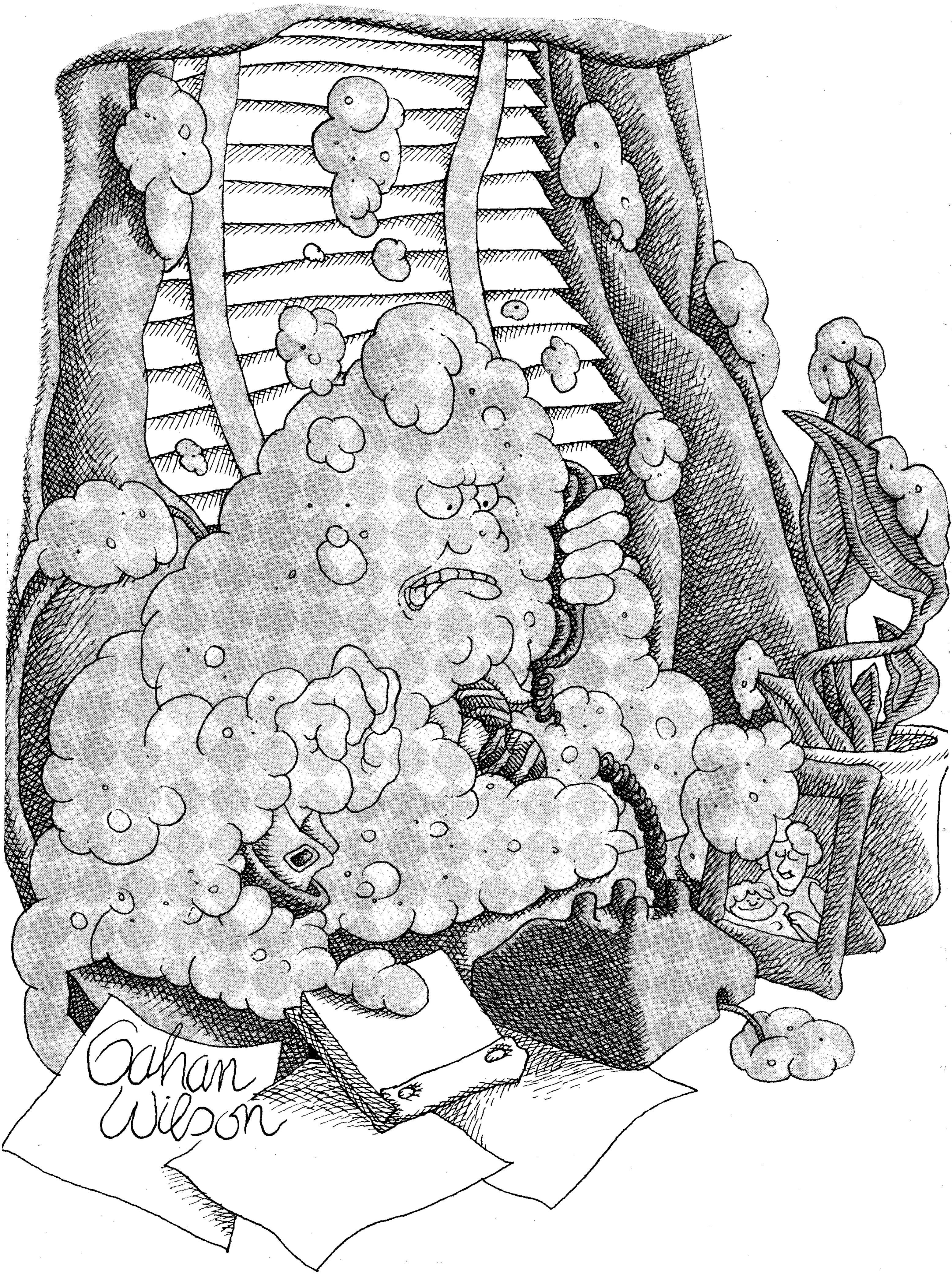
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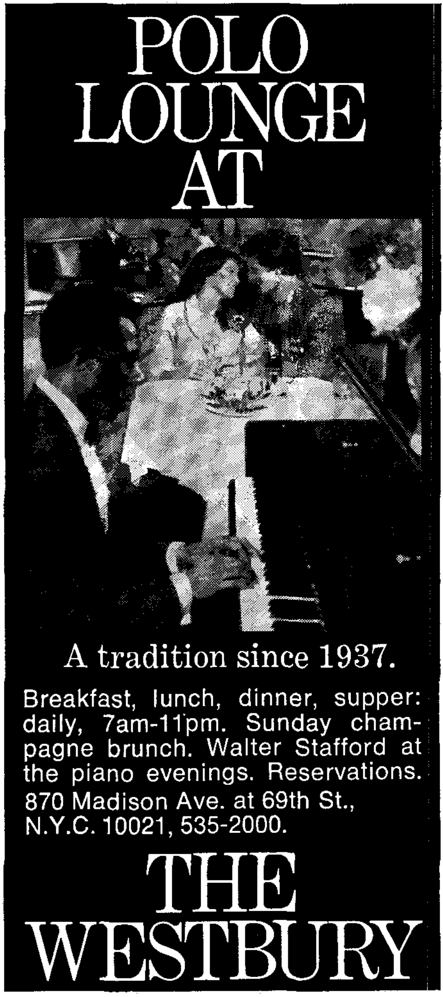
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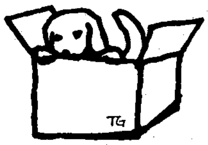
you have to lead in such a way that someone follows. Some of it, I don't know, leadership to me is kind of, it's an abstract thing, all right, but I think I could mobilize people to do things, encourage contact with Congress. But there's no institutional change that's going to do that; there's no way we can fine-tune institutions to do it unless, as I say, you improve your legislative liaison. It's going to have to be spelling out a path and staying with it and having people think you're right more than you're wrong and that you're sincere, that you believe what you say. You see, I don't think people are in quest of ideological conformity. I don't think they're looking for someone that agrees with them on absolutely everything. I think they're looking for reason, I think they're looking for conviction, I think they're looking for integrity. If I am elected President, I will have demonstrated that I can get people fired up to vote for me, and I will use whatever that is that got me elected to get 'em fired up to get their Congress to do what it is they wanted when they voted for me. I think I can do that, I just believe that."



"So you think you have some feel for working with, or taking on and fighting, the interest groups that do make it so tough?"

"Sure I could do it. I'm not saying it would be a cinch, at all. I'm sure there will be battles with labor or certain elements in the business community or special interests in the regulatory field, but I think I can get things done—not everything I wanted done. I worry about this kind of fractionation, special-interest constituency, the rise of the single-purpose groups, but I also see a certain decline in some of that. Ralph Nader today is less effective than Ralph Nader was ten years ago. I think people are waking up on some of that. I'm a great believer in the pendulum theory. We talk about it too much, but I really believe that. I think it swings over on some things and then has a way of coming back to a certain common-sense, reasonable norm, and that the country's demonstrated that. I really believe—and I haven't articulated it as well as I want—that the late sixties and the seventies were an anomaly. I really feel that we've had a confluence of things that made us unsure of ourselves. One of them was the election of a very decent, honorable fellow who didn't have a feel for the way the system or government or Washington works. I can sit down with Lane Kirkland"—the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—"and say, 'Lane, what price do we agree on?' and try to start from there, and then when you get to the contentious ones, O.K., you will have eliminated a lot of points before you have to fight on whatever else remains. I've always been able to talk to people I disagree with; I can talk to them agreeably and still not knuckle under and do it someone else's way. There's a certain reason to leadership, it seems to me. Now, toughness is sometimes reaching an impasse and getting your way over screaming, kicking, tough opposition, I understand that, but I don't think you start off by assuming that the way you demonstrate leadership or toughness is the destruction of someone who disagrees with you. You start with the assumption that you're dealing with reasonable people. Now, when you wake up and find out you're not, you don't wait too long. You treat adversaries with a certain respect, and you prevail because you've convinced them that you're more reasonable in your position and that position is the way it's going to be and that you're the President of the United States, like it or not, and you need coöperation. Do you ever compromise? Sure. But you don't start by assuming that if this guy differs with me on that I'm going to crush him."

"When did you decide to run for President?"

"Well, I started thinking a long time ago—I mean, like, hasn't everybody thought about being President for years? It's been a cumulative, kind of emerging process, and some of it was looking around at possible opposition, without arrogance, saying, 'Look, I think I'd be a better President than these people.' Feeling, 'Well, I've had the experience.' A certain confidence mounted as I surveyed the field. It just evolved."

I ask Bush if, when he talks about human rights and how we can end up with a regime that is worse than the one we had been critical of, he is saying that we should have tried to maintain the Shah in power.

"Well, I'm not saying that now or discussing Iran now, because I want to avoid doing what I was critical of Kennedy for doing. So let's wait until the hostages are back to tell you what I'm saying."

"Well, it seems that you allude to Iran in your comments."

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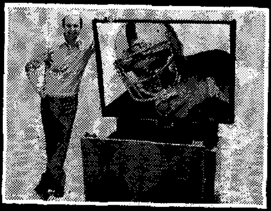

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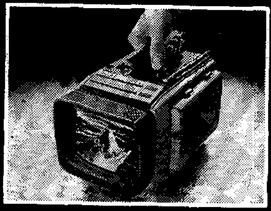

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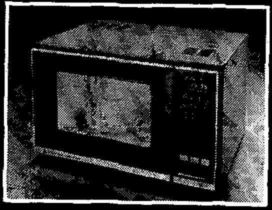

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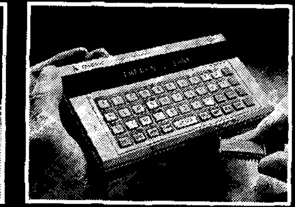

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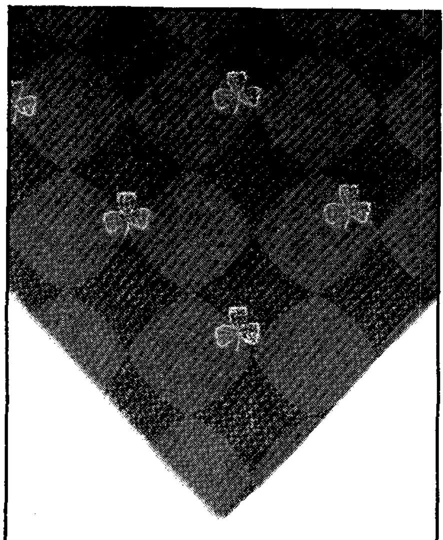

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about the changes where we end up—Nicaragua is a good example where I think the jury is still out—as to whether we're going to be worse off or better off in terms of human rights, and where I worry that our strategic interests would be diminished."

I return to the idea that he has been referring to Iran, at least indirectly, in his public comments.

"I could have, but I'd prefer not to go any further than what I've said, because I just don't want to go into—Here they are, trying to determine some tribunal for the Shah at the U.N., and I just don't want to inadvertently go further than I may have inadvertently gone. But ask me a hypothetical question and maybe I can help you with the answer."

"Do you think there are instances in which we have—

"Undermined a friend?"

"Yes."

"Yes. We failed to try to shape events in any way. I'm unclear on Iran, I'm unclear on the Huyser mission." (According to press reports, General Robert Huyser, the deputy chief of United States forces in Europe, was sent to Iran as the Shah's regime was crumbling, and urged the Iranian military not to try to block the revolution.) "If it's, as it appears, that Huyser was sent to keep the military in the barracks and keep them from doing anything at all—if we intervened in that way—I'll certainly have something to say about it later on. I'll have the benefit of hindsight, which I think is a good thing."

"Do you think the Shah could have been maintained in power?"

"I'm not sure about the Shah being maintained, I'm not sure that's our role. We're not dealing, in a lot of these situations, with just nice, unsupported, indigenous uprisings. You're not. You're dealing with things which are stimulated from the outside in one way or another. The Communist dogma talks about it—both the support and export of revolution—and we don't seem to understand that, or if we do understand it we don't want to be troubled by it."

"Isn't there going to be a lot of crossfire over Iran eventually?"

"Yeah, there is. I suppose I'll be to some degree a reluctant dragon, because there's going to be plenty of room for criticism. Gosh, what this country's being put through—all of this is a very tough period."

"Is the burden of the Vietnam comments that you made last night, and that I know you've made earlier in the campaign, that that is a war you would have waged?"

"No, just the opposite; it's a war that divided this country. No—not the opposite. It's a war where we were asked to believe that we were immoral in our purpose by some in this country. Many of our young people were taught that we were immoral, that this was an indigenous civil war and that these were peace-loving people that, once unified, and once free of outside intervention, would live at peace with their neighbors and would respect free institutions. You remember arguments about how the press in South Vietnam wasn't free. Our journalists said, 'Wait a minute, they're muzzling the press.' The whole concept was if we were just out of there you'd have a free, united, peaceful society. You don't have that, you've got something very different, and I think what you've got, particularly with the boat people, really kind of manifests the fact that we weren't immoral in trying to preserve some self-determination for the South. Now, if your question is 'Should we have been involved in the way we were involved in it?'—with the benefit of hindsight, I don't think so."

"What do you mean, 'in the way'?"

"Just getting in there and getting bogged down in a land war in Asia."

"Getting in there at all? I'm just trying to get clear what it is you're saying."

"Just getting in there the way we were involved."

"In other words, if you're going to get in, do it with more strength?"

"Don't get into a situation in which you put yourself into a virtually unwinnable position. In hindsight, that appears what we got into."

"Would you have got in?"

"When?"

"Is it a war you would have fought at all?"

"Would I have ever tried to help South Vietnam stay free by any means?"

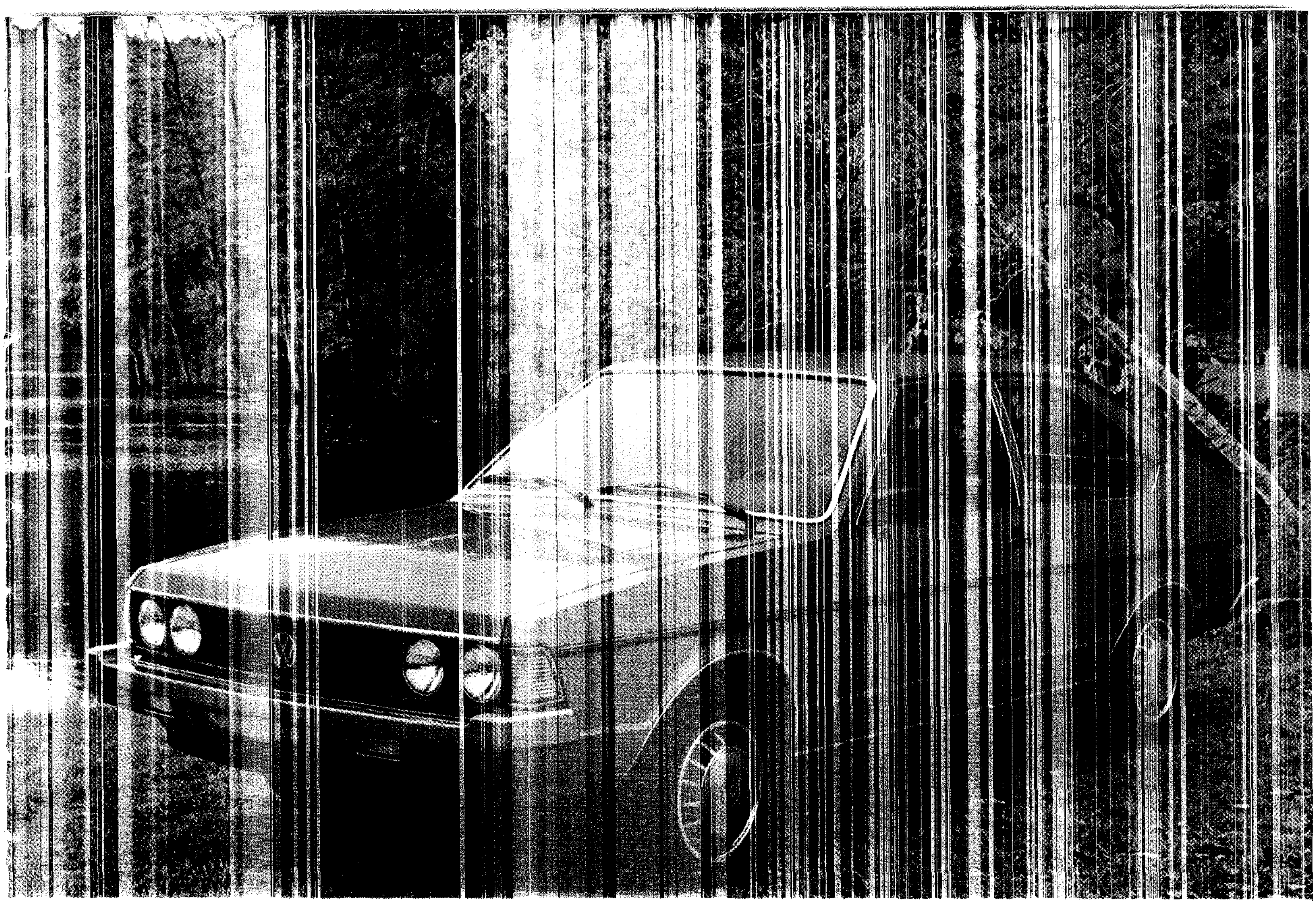
"By military means."

"Not knowing what I know now."

"Because, as you know, there are those who argue that if we'd used more force we would have been able to do more. Is that your argument?"

"I answered your question."

"Well, I'm not sure. Because one



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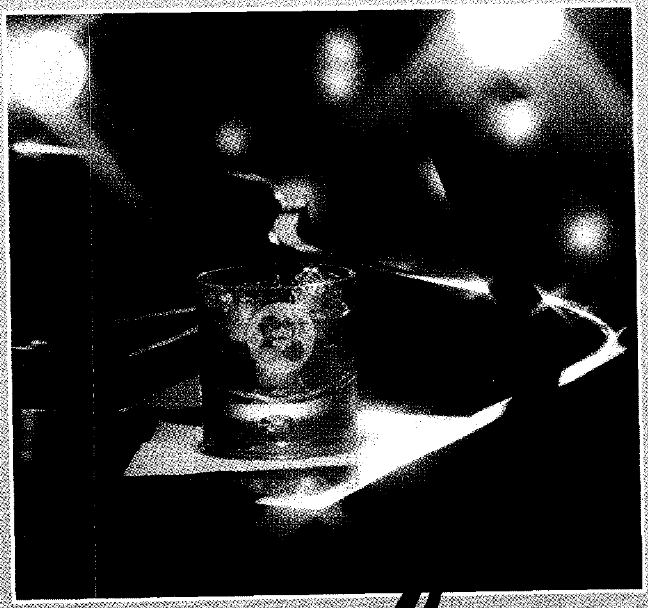

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argument over Vietnam is either we shouldn't have got in or if we did get in we should have done it with more force."

"Clearly, my view is, in hindsight, if we were going to be in there we ought not to have had such a limited— You know, where we held back and cut off support for the effort. We ended up in a way where we were not able to keep the South free from what now is brutality. And so we didn't do it right once we got in there. I don't think there's any question about that. I supported the President on the war; I didn't feel we were immoral in our purpose then. And yet if you give me the benefit of hindsight and you talk about a divided country and you talk about a wave of mobilization of world opinion—part of the mobilization fed on our own perception of ourselves among certain elements—no, I think it was very divisive and unproductive. But that's not a choice a President has; he can't always know the outcome and make the judgment."

"I just wanted to be sure we cleared this up, so that I understand what it is that you're saying."

"I'm trying to make a very different point about Vietnam, and you don't want to let me off; it's just you want me to make another point. You have any idea what point I'm trying to make?"

"Yes, I do. But the implications of it weren't entirely clear. In that same vein, when you talk about the Panama Canal, that we gave the appearance of retreating on a commitment, does that mean that you would not have—"

"It means that I have opposed the Panama Canal treaty the way it resolved itself."

"What does that last phrase mean?"

"Well, it means without a permanent treaty where we worked out arrangements to keep more of a continued defense presence in Panama. I don't believe that that Latin-American solidarity we saw at the treaty signing was solidarity."

"So if it had come down to their refusing to have a treaty providing a military presence, then you wouldn't have had one?"

"Take some time. It was the same as tearing up our treaty with Taiwan. Take time, resolve it in a better way, later."

"You end some of your appearances, as you did last night, with words to the effect that we should help any countries in the world that want to be free. How far do you extend that, and to what kind of—"

"It's too hypothetical to answer that. We want to be a beacon of freedom to countries—and we have rather limited capabilities. If we are widely and credibly viewed as strong and as a deterrent to Soviet aggression, we'll be fulfilling to a large degree that challenge. There are still countries that probably would like to be free and where undoubtedly majorities of the people would like to be free that aren't, and we can still be a beacon of freedom to those people. And—who knows?—someday we might see the extension of freedom. It would be a marvellous concept to think that would be possible—more human rights, more freedom, less dictatorial control."

We talk about SALT for a while. Bush spells out his concern about verification: that his real concern is over why the Soviet Union is unwilling to share certain information.

Then I say, "Let me ask you an economic question for a minute, and then I'll let you alone, if you want to be left alone."

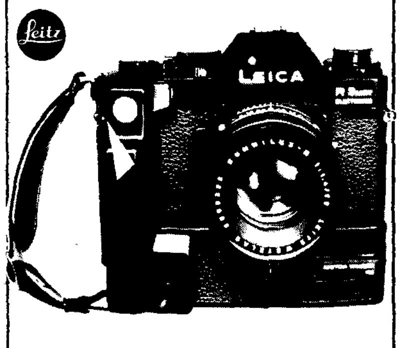
"Forever." He smiles a thin smile when he says this.

"You got into this whole thing. It comes with the territory," I said, smiling back.

"How much has to, though?" Bush asks this quizzically.

I decide to follow up on these indications that he is not as overjoyed with campaigning as he usually says he is. "I guess more than you expected. Is it all, in that sense, more demanding or more difficult or more unpleasant than you expected?"

"No, it's not more unpleasant than I would have thought. You're talking to a guy who's been tempered by two assignments that were helpful in this regard—the C.I.A. during the Church Committee hearings, chairman of the Republican Party in Watergate times. I was tempered. I've still got plenty to learn. But I'll tell you, the unfortunate thing is I find myself like a zone-defense man—I find myself playing much more defense than I would have had I not been through those experiences and had the country not been through what it's been through. And so maybe I don't tell you the neat joke I heard that's funny but maybe slightly— If somebody just wanted to make it wrong they could, and ruin my character in the



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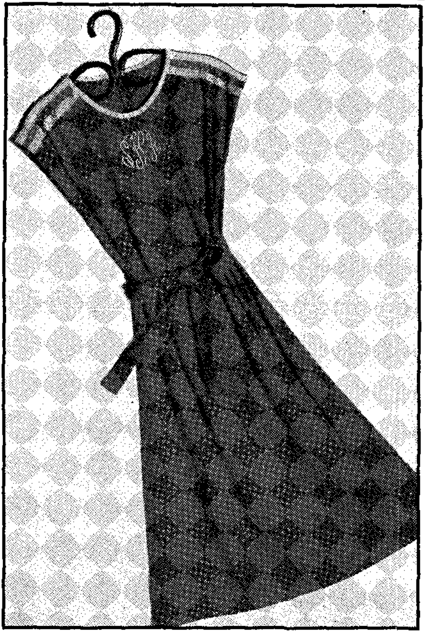
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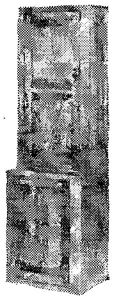
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process. So I'm less— But that's all right, you gotta play by the rules you don't set up. So people say you're bland or you're uncharismatic or you're— You know, *probably* that's true, because I'm defensive in some ways. Not with voters, not with people in a plant. I think it feels great going through that; I really do. I felt better when I left that cafeteria than when I went in. I learned stuff. I've learned to be, hopefully, respectful; hopefully, available—but cautious."

"Other than that, is it different from what you thought it might be?"

"No, it's a lot of fun."

"You do seem to have a good time with it."

"I do. Isn't that awful? I really enjoy it, and I say 'awful' only because I'm just beginning to wonder what the hell's happening to me, you know, but I really do enjoy it. I loved going through that cafeteria, kidding with them and learning stuff and sitting and chatting and trying to be responsive to the person and yet have a concern for what concerns them. I mean it when I say I'm better. I'll be better, more sensitive, stronger, from things like that. And there *is* the smell of the greasepaint and that other crap, there's some of that. I mean, this is very different today. There was a time nobody'd stand out in even hot weather to see me. I was all alone four months ago, and here people are waiting. And there's a certain forward adrenaline feeling there that exists today. Hopefully, there will be more of them. Maybe not; maybe I'll be lousy and they'll go away, but that's part of the fun of it. Part of it is the process itself. It's a good process. I love going to those things in New Hampshire in those town halls and seeing different kinds of people. I liked it when there were ten people, so I guess it's not just the adrenaline. People don't understand things about me. I think they sit around scratching their head—'Why does a guy like this in his Botany 800 Brooks Brothers suit think this is any fun?' I mean, look at an individual, look at a stereotype, look at a mold, and understand that— I don't agree with it."

"Do you think your temperament is different from most people's?"

"Hell, I like people. I liked them in West Texas, and I was taken from one culture and—oomp—put right down in the middle of another. Taken from a prep school here and plunked into Squadron 86-C or whatever the heck it was at Chapel Hill—completely different. And I mean I feel that about

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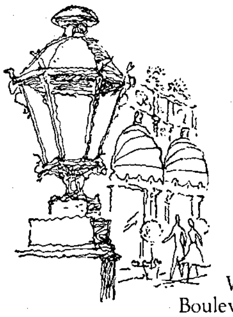
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people, so I hope I can convey it to them. But I can understand that people are inclined in this world to deal in stereotypes and just make everyone fit a mold, or fit a label. I don't want to be a part of it, and I'm not just being politically clever when I say I don't want to get into these molds, 'cause these damn labels mean different things to different people—they really do. You go into a black church in Texas and you say I'm a conservative and they'll nod and they'll want balanced budgets and they'll want less taxes; they damn sure don't want inflation. But that's not what they think about when they say 'conservative'—they think the status quo in race; it has a historic negative connotation to them. It's probably less true today, but that's been true over the last thirty, forty years. I've been involved in politics for thirty years in Texas. And it's a good lesson. Why do it? Particularly in the Republican Party, where we *thrive* on everybody being labelled. One guy's out there to prove I'm a moderate. Why? 'Cause he thinks that'll finish me off. Somebody else's out there to prove I'm a right-winger. Why? 'Cause then he can garner in the other factions. We're dealing all the time in being determined, as politicians in our party, to fractionate a minority party. I just won't be any part of that. I'd rather have you conclude what I am if you can figure it out after listening to me. You know, I don't know what you'd say. If you'd say, 'Well, I don't care what you say or how you couch it in rhetoric, you're a conservative'—fine, that's your conclusion. Somebody else might look at it and conclude just the opposite. So why should I be out there worrying about all that, especially when the words mean different things to different people? Labelling. I hate it. Back in 1966, I ran for Congress, and some guy says, 'Hey, try this one— Labels are for cans, not for people.' And I tried it and it didn't go anywhere—nobody thought it was very funny, and I stopped saying it. But I cite it only because it's not something new with me. It's something I've felt a long time. And I'm not sure it's bad politics, either. It may prove to be, but I don't think so. It may prove to be good politics." —ELIZABETH DREW

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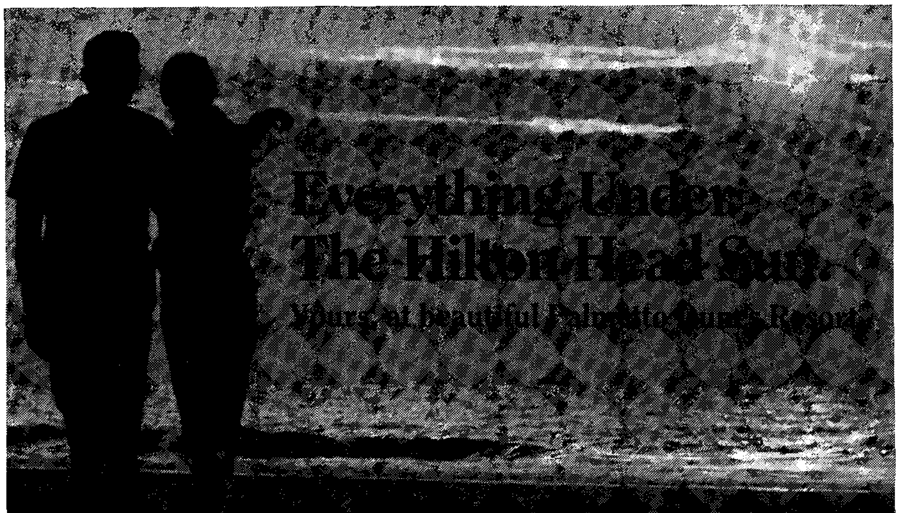
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Impressions

Milton Babbitt has brought out three brilliant and substantial solo pieces this season. The first of them, "Images," is not strictly solo; it is for saxophone and synthesized tape. Harvey Pittel, who commissioned it, gave the first performance at his Tully Hall recital in December. Babbitt likes to pack a program note into a single sentence, and his sentence about "Images" is a corker. It took twenty-five lines of the program book. "The multiple mutualities of music issuing from the loudspeakers and the instrument of the 'human' performer, and . . . definitive properties of the composition, particularly the complementary parallelisms of transformation between temporally proximate events projected by the different media, and between and among temporally distant, dimensionally distinct, events occurring in corresponding locations in the large design" is a scrap of it. If Babbitt wrote music the way he writes English, one wouldn't be able to keep one's mind on his scores. But he doesn't, and one can. Finding words afterward to describe his music isn't easy. What I see jotted on the margin of my program is simply "very beautiful"—a straightforward if imprecise piece of criticism. I can amplify the two words with two facts—"Images" lasts ten minutes and forty-three seconds; the outer sections are for alto saxophone, while the central section is for soprano and sopranino saxophones—and with the assertion that the play of timbres and rhythms between the loudspeakers and the live player gave delight. One listened eagerly for what was going to happen next, liked it when it happened, and decided—intuitively, at least—that the work held together and made sense. The balance seemed to me slightly awry; the tape machine should surely have been turned up.

The two other Babbitt pieces appeared at a League-ISCM concert last month in Carnegie Recital Hall. The first was "Tableaux," for solo piano, composed back in 1973, for Robert Helps, but given its first performance at this concert, by Matthias Kriesberg. Mr. Kriesberg is a gifted and forceful young composer, whose Short Symphony was done by the Juilliard Orchestra in Tully Hall last year; at the Juilliard he was a pupil of Babbitt. As a pianist, he played Babbitt's "Tableaux" with brio and brilliance. The piece lasts about ten minutes, ranges the keyboard vigorously, is bright, sharp, and exciting. The second Babbitt première was of "My Ends Are My Beginnings," for solo clarinet, composed in 1978 for Anand Devendra, who played it at this concert. The composer's program note says, "The appropriation and pluralization of Machaut's title [the rondeau "Ma fin est mon commencement"] should intimate the, I hope, appropriate, and the—I know—plural relations of, and multiple paths to, fro, and between initiations and terminations at various musical levels and in different musical dimensions, so as to require, for their coherent realizations, this exceptionally extended one-movement, instrumentally tripartite composition." The work lasted for some fifteen minutes; in the central section the player moved to a bass clarinet. Mr. Devendra, beckoning with his musical pipe, shooting out keen, piercing glances, seeming to search for inspiration as much in the air as in the score set out before him, is rather like a snake charmer to watch. He draws soft, smoky, seductive notes from his instrument in a way that does suggest the casting of a spell: instead of a drowsy cobra, strange melodies uncoiled, or single notes were molded and given form until they seemed to rise and float before him, almost palpable. Then, with a sudden, sharp signal, they were dismissed. The effect was musically picturesque. At first acquaintance, "My Ends" seems to be a charming piece, mysterious and gravely lyrical where "Tableaux" is tough, glittering, and fervent. Of course, I'm reporting only on what Babbitt has elsewhere called "local coherences and immediate modes of progression and association which are instantly apparent." After a single hearing, without scores, I can only guess at the constructive thought in the making of the works. But "Images," "Tableaux," and "My Ends" are all pieces I'd like to hear again, and I hope they will be recorded soon.

Between the Babbitt works at the League concert, there was a serious, beautifully fashioned suite, "Seven Trios for String Quartet," by Mark Brunswick, who died in 1971. And then John Graziano's "In Memoriam Mark Brunswick," five well-fashioned tributary movements, for string quintet. Good playing, with Rolf Schulte as first violin. As the second half of the concert, the veteran pianist Beveridge Webster gave a "retrospective" recital of music by composers associated with the League, the ISCM, or both. Artur Schnabel's "Piece in Seven Movements," dated 1947 in the program (is it a different work from the "Piano Piece in Seven Parts" played at the 1941 ISCM Festival in New York?), is earnest and thoughtful. There is a moving passage toward the close which suggests the Andante of Beethoven's Opus 28, the D-Major Sonata, pared down, epigrammatic, and tragic. But the work as a whole is prolix. So is Erich Itor Kahn's "Ciaccona dei Tempi di Guerra" (1943). Marc Blitzstein's Piano Sonata (1927), on the other hand, is terse and punchy. I'm glad to have heard some music by Schnabel, and the memory of certain episodes stays with me. It was instructive to hear some early Blitzstein. But—to apply once more that simplest of critical tests—I don't really care whether or not I hear any of the three pieces again.

On Sunday last week, at the Great Performers concert in Avery Fisher Hall, there was veteran pianism of another kind. Claudio Arrau gave a recital, eleven days after his seventy-seventh birthday, playing Beethoven, Debussy, Liszt, and Chopin. His technique was as fluent as ever, his platform presence as spry and dapper. He seems not to change at all. If he had given this recital ten, twenty, thirty years ago, I feel I might have reviewed it in much the same terms—with the same admiration and yet with the same, difficult-to-define reservations.

Admiration first. Mr. Arrau gave an exquisite account of Debussy's first book of "Images." The timbres in "Reflections in the Water" were delicate and beautiful; the control of rubato was masterly. In "Homage to Rameau," he seemed to stroke the theme from the keyboard; again, the play of timbres and the flexible shaping of the phrases within a clearly perceived pulse were wonderful. And "Movement" was breathtaking. "With fantastic lightness but precise" is Debussy's indication; Mr. Arrau's two hands sounded a quicksilver moto perpetuo of shifting colors and shifting rhythmic phrases to suggest the kaleidoscopic intricacies of a full Steve Reich ensemble. The Liszt works, the B-Minor Ballade and "The Fountains at the Villa d'Este," were equally fine: virtuosity and lyricism were combined; pianistic impressionism at its most captivating was put at the service of poetic thought. Liszt set as an epigraph to the "Fountains" a text from St. John ("But the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life"), and in all the "Years of Pilgrimage" pieces the seductively picturesque instrumental writing enshrines deep feeling. In the works of nature and of man and in famous places of history, he discovered not "fruitless images" but, in the words of his preface to the "Pilgrimage" volumes, "a vague yet direct relationship, unidentified yet real bonds, a sure yet inexplicable communication," which he sought to render in "a poetic language perhaps even better able than poetry itself to express everything in us that . . . is linked to inaccessible profundities, imperishable desires." In performances like Mr. Arrau's of the Ballade and the "Fountains," Liszt's greatness as a composer, as poet and visionary, is made apparent.

Mr. Arrau was using a Hamburg Steinway, a warm, full instrument without harshness or glare, aptly protean in most of its range but a shade constricted—more bassoon than cello—in the octave below middle C, where the main melody of the Liszt Ballade lies. For Chopin, one is accustomed to a fresher, more buoyant timbre, but the instrument matched the pianist's grave, even slightly sombre approach to the A-Flat Ballade and the B-Minor Scherzo. The performances were thoughtful, large, and beautifully "voiced"—satisfying, if not exactly exhilarating.

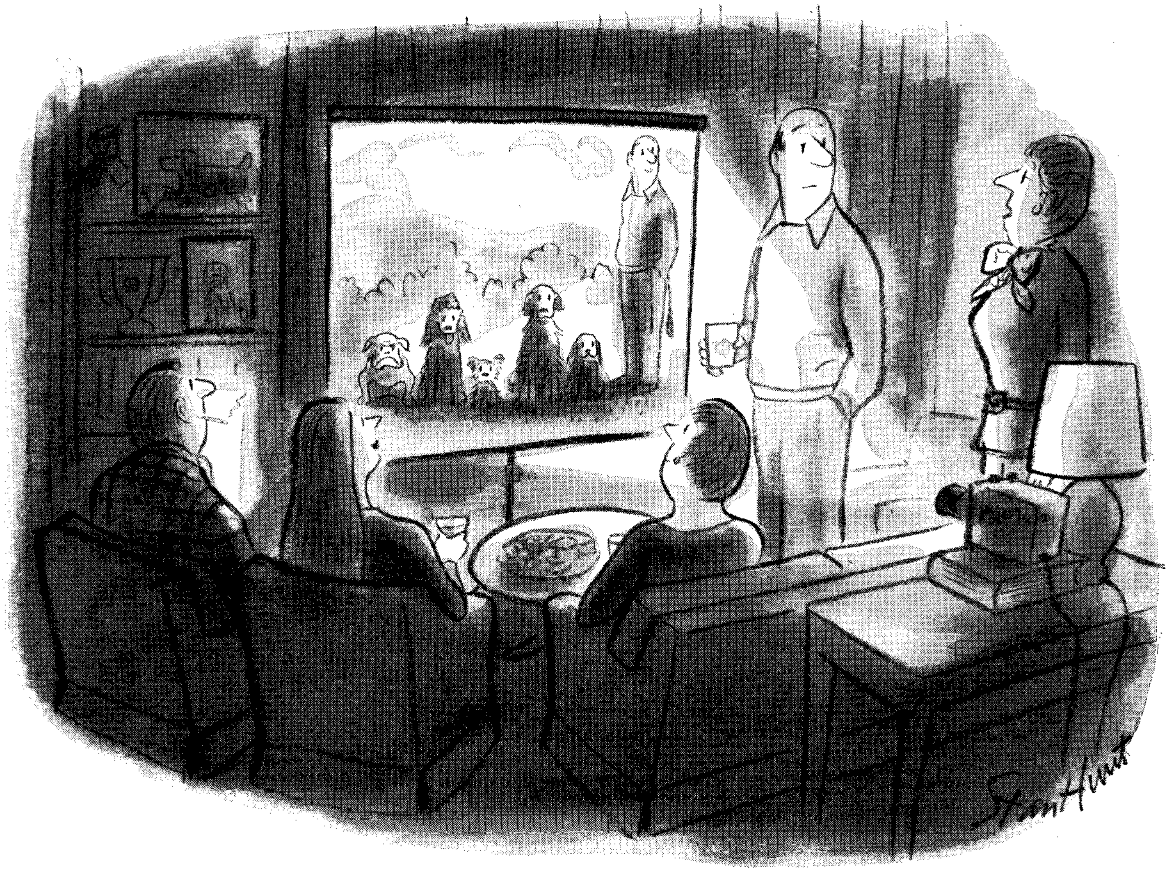
Why the reservations, which I find many people share? Some may be the result of prejudice: a feeling that a pianist whose "specialties" encompass those of Schnabel, Cortot, Kempff, Rubinstein, and Serkin must be something of a chameleon; that someone who plays so much, day after day, in country after country—here Brahms or Beethoven, there Debussy, next Schumann or Chopin—cannot be fully committed to everything he does. The evidence of one's ears suggests otherwise—there was nothing uncommitted about any part of his Fisher Hall recital—but such thoughts can cloud the way people listen. "Arrau never has anything to tell me about the pieces he plays" is a comment I've heard. It's true that he doesn't "make statements," decisively set out personal perceptions or points of view, in the way that younger pianists such as Alfred Brendel, Charles Rosen, and Paul Jacobs do. He himself has declared, "I believe that in interpretation the pianist is transformed and plunged into a world which is not normally his own. Like an actor he must be capable of transformation, for just as one becomes Hamlet one must also live Beethoven's sonatas." His recital began with Beethoven's Opus 109, followed by the "Waldstein." Something was missing, I felt. Perhaps it was just the assertiveness, the individuality, that, paradoxically, always seems to stamp the most convincingly "Beethovenian" performances of the sonatas. There was nothing wrong, and there was much that was marvellous. Not since Gieseking have I heard the "Waldstein" finale flow so bewitchingly—and Mr. Arrau, without being any less fleet or fluent, avoided the hint of daintiness that Gieseking used to bring to the movement. When Gieseking proved less than inspiring, it was, one felt, because he turned argument into melody. Mr. Arrau turns argument into timbre. Was it grit, a keener clash of harmonic incidents, a touch of roughness that I missed? I don't know. But I do know that Mr. Arrau, who (after child-prodigy years in Chile) made his formal début in 1914, aged eleven, is still one of the world's great pianists.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Novelties

WITOLD LUTOSLAWSKI has called his most recent work for full orchestra "Novelette." The title has the flavor of a little salon piece for cello and piano sweetly singing its way through a sequence of innocent melodies. Lutoslawski's piece, which in January was given its première by the National Symphony Orchestra, at the Kennedy Center, is indeed short (eighteen minutes) and quite sweet. But Lutoslawski has written an intricate, carefully patterned, and atmospheric score, unpretentious in content and satisfying



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in effect. As we have come to expect from his earlier pieces, he makes imaginative use of a range of devices drawn from the world of the musical avant-garde: controlled indeterminacy, noncoördination between different groups of players, sections guided by time rather than by rhythm, passages in which individual instrumentalists control the progress of the music. How many pieces has one heard in which these techniques have sounded tired and dated! Lutoslawski makes them fresh and purposeful. There are five sections. "Announcement" is just that: a call to attention, in a pounding crash of oompah chords that dissolve into eerie violin chromatics, tumbling wind lines, and an insistent babble from the whole orchestra, fading section by section as the players come to the end of their freely repeated parts. Then "First Event," an expressive tune for muted violins, broken by wind comments of growing agitation, led by a clarinet cadenza; brass players join in, but just as the melody is transformed into a loud *tutti* the whole subsides in a giant orchestral groan. "Second Event" is more fragmented: there are isolated woodwind chords, a stuttering bassoon, and lines in which the wind soloists repeat material faster and faster; another eruption from full orchestra returns the music to the mood of the beginning, with a piccolo wavering above staccato chords. "Third Event" increases the music's momentum: busy triplet figurations are thrown around the orchestra, stopping and starting; strings (in twenty-four separate parts) slide grotesquely between pitches while two solo violins, celeste, and tinkling bells chatter away high above them. This is a kind of trio section, after which the bustling scherzo of the opening returns, brighter and thinner in its scoring. The last section, "Conclusion," is the longest. Instead of the violent alternations of loud and soft which have marked the previous sections, the music grows at what seems a snail's pace, through passages for choirs of instruments (there is a misty sequence of overlapping entries for flutes, oboes, horns, and trombones against a background of high percussion and harp), to a *tutti* that recalls the babble of the "Announcement." Everything stops for a tiny moment. Then a cascade of sound—screeching winds and sliding strings—burns itself out. Another sudden set of oompah chords—a dismissive gesture—and it's over.

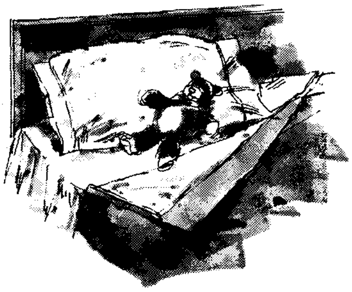
Lutoslawski aims here, I think, to do no more than create a series of happenings in sound, without labels. The piercingly direct emotional quality of his works with sung texts—"Paroles Tissées," of 1965, for Peter Pears, and "Les Espaces du Sommeil," of 1978, for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—is absent; we are instead in the abstract, exploratory world of "Livre pour Orchestre" (1968) and "Mi-parti" (1976). Lutoslawski is one of the few contemporary composers for the orchestra who sound as if they had found a musical language that precisely matches and readily communicates their intentions. "Novelette" is concentrated yet easy to enjoy; I am sure that a Third Symphony, using the many advances he has made since the Second Symphony, of 1967, could be an exciting work.

Mstislav Rostropovich, the music director of the National Symphony, who had asked Lutoslawski to write "Novelette," conducted a series of four performances. The third and fourth, which I heard, were boldly conceived by the conductor and vigorously and colorfully realized by the orchestra—the players appeared to have little trouble entering into the spirit of the freedom they were given by the composer. On a Thursday evening, the audience in the Kennedy Center was restless, and included some gigglers; the next afternoon there was much more open-minded attention. Rostropovich followed his conducting of the new work by playing Lutoslawski's Cello Concerto, which the composer conducted. I wonder if it might not have been more prudent to give this work first: its deadpan sense of humor and Rostropovich's witty and brilliant playing seemed to convert all listeners—the laughter was with the music, not at it. In the first half of the program, Rostropovich conducted Dvořák's Sixth Symphony. The impression that the National Symphony had made at Carnegie Hall in January was confirmed; a bright, not especially sophisticated orchestral sound is even brighter and shriller in the Kennedy Center hall, which has a wide-open, uncovered stage and no overhanging balconies. Whipped into life by Rostropovich's antics, the Dvořák had moments of resplendence, but it also had some loose notes and ungainly transitions.

Washington houses a great deal of adventurous musical activity. On Friday evening, following the National Symphony's program, I could have returned to the Kennedy Center for the Vienna Chamber Orchestra and Philippe Entremont or visited the Library of Congress to hear the LaSalle Quartet play Alexander Zemlinsky's Fourth Quartet. I decided instead to go out to the campus of Catholic University, dominated by its monumental and hideous shrine, and squeeze into a tiny hall for a student performance, by the university's School of Music, of Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress." It was fun; arguments about the opera's stylistic unease were answered by this lively, confident attempt, which treated the work simply as a twentieth-century classic, both singable and playable. The winds of the orchestra were precise and pungent; Ellwood Annaheim was a forceful Shadow, G. Stephen Stokes a lyrical, small-scale Tom Rakewell, and Barbara Lewis a powerful Anne Trulove. There was practically no staging to speak of, but (except in the auction scene) that scarcely mattered. Robert Ricks conducted.

TWO of Washington's smaller professional ensembles made appearances in New York on successive nights in February: the Smithsonian Chamber Players at Tully Hall, and the Folger Consort at Abraham Goodman House. Both might call themselves "early music" groups, yet much of the Smithsonian's program was devoted to Haydn and Mozart. The twenty-two players perform on original instruments or "carefully made reproductions" (three members of the group are instrument-makers)—a practice to which we are now accustomed in the music of the Baroque, and which is edging forward into the classical and Romantic periods. (The first record in a series of the complete symphonies of Mozart on original instruments, by the Academy of Ancient Music, under the musicological guidance of Neal Zaslaw, of Cornell University, will be released soon.) The Smithsonian offered a Haydn symphony, No. 54, in its original, small-scale version, without the slow introduction. The sound was right, but the performance was sloppy. There are excuses for a lack of subtle phrasing, and even for a lack of precise tuning, on old instruments. I can find none for the lack of attack and firm chording which characterized this performance. The music does not need a conductor if the players have a good sense of rhythm; but it needs stronger direction than was in evidence here. Perhaps James Weaver, who is called "artistic director," should wheel his harpsichord into the center of the ensemble; instead of exchanging odd nods with the principal violinist, he could then control the proceedings directly. In two Handel works, the Concerto Opus 3, No. 1, and the Cantata "Ah! crudel, nel pianto mio," everyone sounded on firmer ground: it was good to have a proper complement of four oboes balancing six violins in the concerto; this transformed the usual string-heavy (and soggy) balance, and the oboes were played with liveliness and spirit. The sinfonia to the cantata went well, too. Jan DeGaetani sang the vocal line with a noble dignity and restrained, undramatic poise. The sound was well molded. But Miss DeGaetani resembled a gracious countess assuring us of her best wishes rather than a lover suffering "a thousand sighs and pains;" she sang of a hurricane laying low the tender harvest as if she had rarely visited a field.

The Folger Consort is an exceptionally well-organized, cheerful group of players (and one singer), resident at the Folger Shakespeare Library. Unlike many other groups that specialize in medieval music, this consort wears a neat uniform—black tie and a flower in the buttonhole—and smiles when it comes onto the platform, and knows what it is going to play next. Its program spanned "Three Centuries of German Music"—regrettable, I feel, to cast the net so wide in the search for novelty. I have heard a whole evening based on the fascinating music of the early-fifteenth-century Minnesinger Oswald von Wolkenstein. This program started with a group of his songs (a couple of them performed instrumentally) but, just as we were becoming used to the remarkable intensity of both his words and his music, moved on a century, to Senfl and Hofheimer, and then on to Schein and Scheidt. The Consort plays skillfully. There is none of the emphasis on the sheer oddity and variety of medieval instruments which can be so distracting in these presentations. David Gordon is a light, lyrical tenor who blends excellently with the playing, even if he lacks a desirable hard edge to his voice. Ludwig Senfl's setting of the Seven Last Words from the Cross, "Da Jesus an dem Kreuze hieng,"



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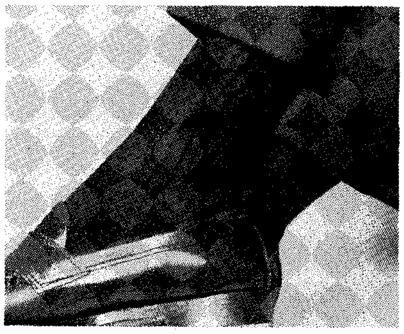

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made a curious long interpolation in a program of short, mostly secular miniatures, but its contrapuntal elaboration was beautifully realized.

I LEFT the Folger Consort's event early, because I was eager to hear the Cleveland Orchestra play Mahler's Fifth Symphony in Carnegie Hall: five centuries of mid-European music. The Cleveland, under Lorin Maazel, is a supremely efficient orchestra, with some very distinguished solo players and a fine string sound, yet this Mahler performance was utterly unidiomatic and unmoving. After the work's first rehearsal, Mahler wondered what people would make of the scherzo: "What are they to say to this primeval music, this foaming, roaring, raging sea of sound, to these dancing stars, to these breath-taking, iridescent and flashing breakers?" With Maazel in charge, people could say that it really sounded quite ordinary—no Viennese lilt to the manic waltz tunes, no wildness in the strings, no violence in the brass, no expressive portamento (so that where a glissando was marked, it sounded embarrassingly awkward). Maazel put every note in place, cued his players impeccably, and maintained a strong rhythm (even in the Adagietto, which was welcome). But that was all.

The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, which also visited Carnegie Hall in February, is a slightly stolid, inflexible ensemble. Leonard Slatkin, who has recently become the orchestra's music director, made its unity and drive work to fine effect in the first New York performance of "The Execution of Stepan Razin," by Shostakovich—a 1964 work familiar from Kondrashin's recording, on Angel, but thrilling to hear live, punched home by the St. Louis Symphony Chorus and the bass-baritone Arnold Voketaitis. The setting has none of the introversion of Shostakovich's last works; it is shot through with demonstrative bitterness.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, who had left their Casa Pacifica in San Clemente, Calif., last Saturday, flew from Miami to Kennedy International Airport on a noon Trans World Airlines flight. They traveled under an assumed and undisclosed name, according to an airline employee. Their limousine was escorted into Manhattan by a five-car security motorcade. Sources in Miami said Mr. Kennedy had been fishing with friends at Ocean Reef, a luxury resort in the Florida Keys.—The Times.

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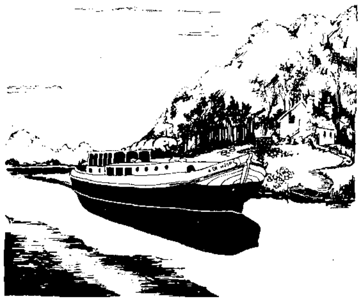

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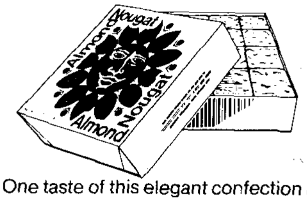

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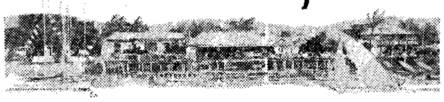

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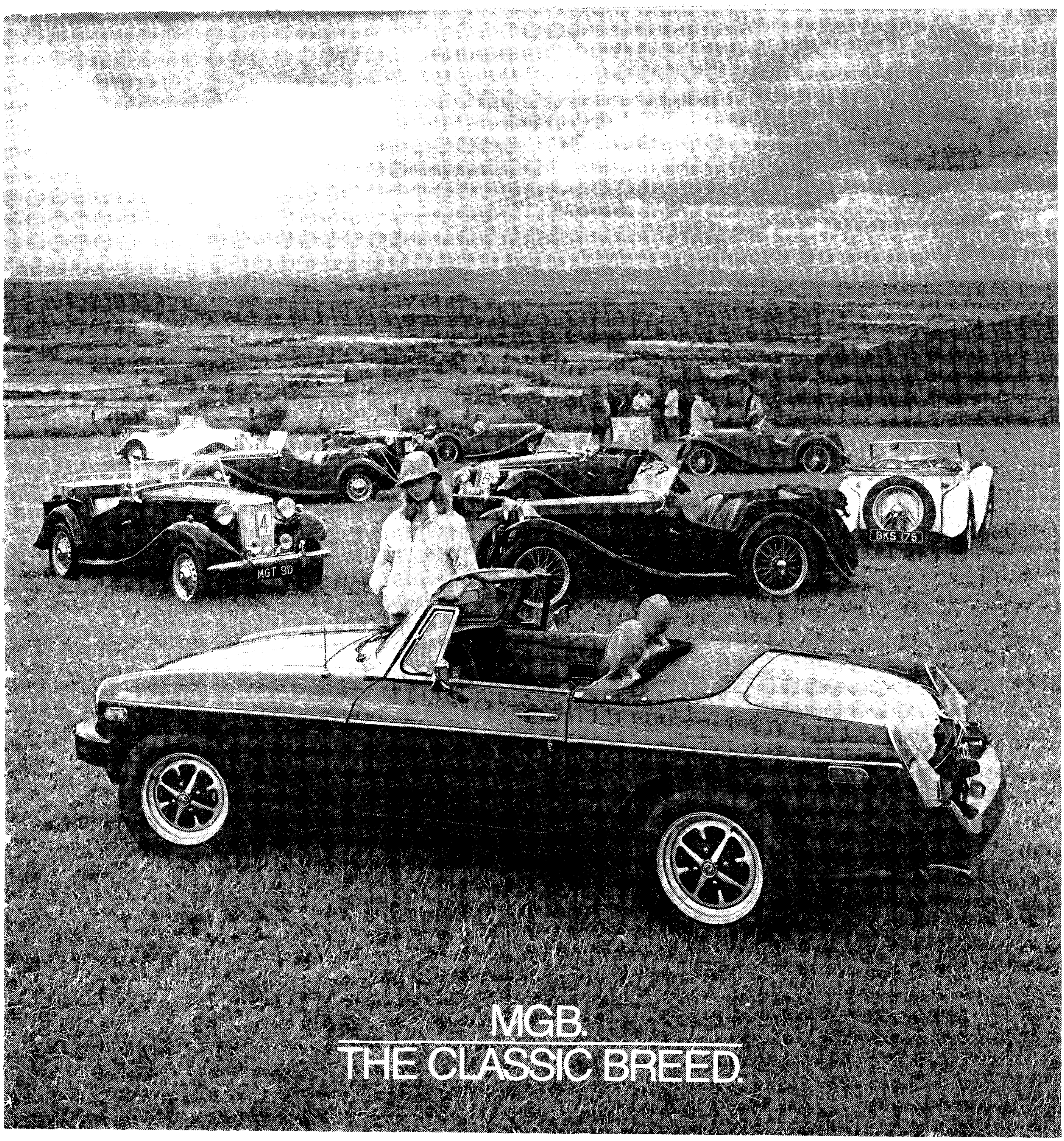

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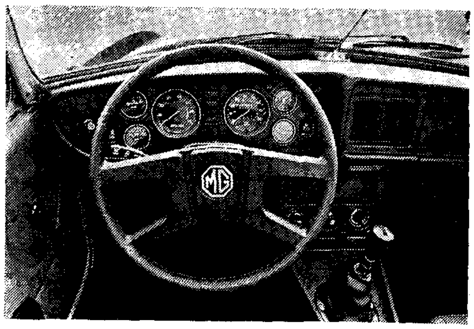


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Three Beauties

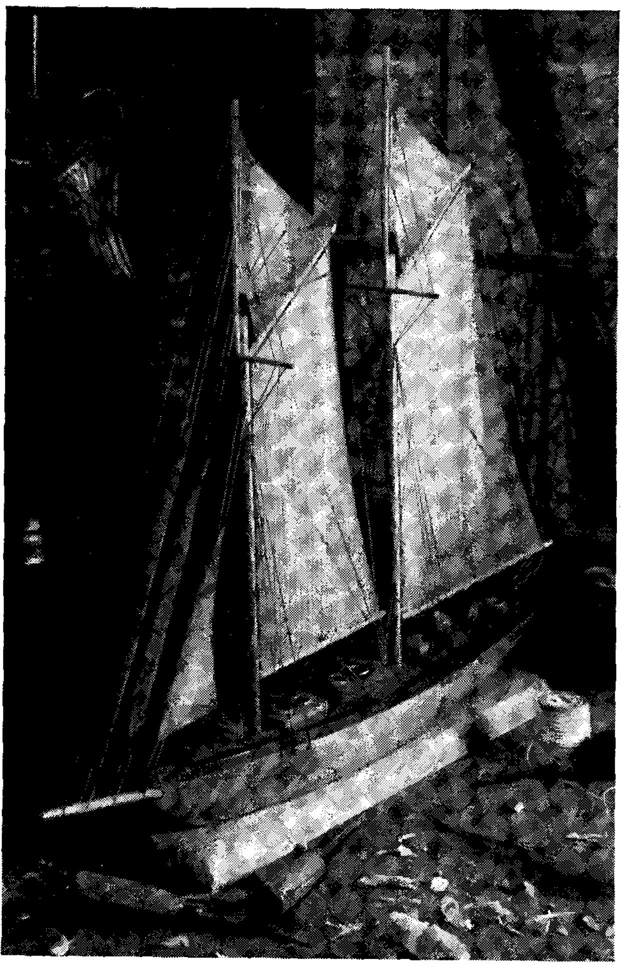
LINA WERTMÜLLER's concerns are large and unchanging—sex, honor, politics, survival—but her exploration of them is habitually so ironic, shifting, and ludicrous, and takes such unexpected turns, that people sometimes get her wrong. Her movies knock us off balance, because they can be appallingly funny or brutally satiric at one moment and wrenchingly sad at the next, or grotesque and exaggerated in their juxtapositions and suggestions but simple and reduced in their conclusions. She writes her own screenplays, of course, and she is a masterly director of actors and a maker of powerful screen images, so none of these emotions and ideas strike us glancingly or leave us feeling simply entertained. I have been disappointed but never entirely surprised when a friend of mine or an admired critic finds a Wertmüller picture offensive or outrageous or opportunistic, because I have often been on the edge of reaching the same conclusion. I do not propose to debate here the charge that her "Swept Away"—in which a proletarian deckhand (Giancarlo Giannini) humiliates and beats up a blathering rich bitch (Mariangela Melato) with whom he is cast away on a Mediterranean island, and she responds with slavish sexual adoration—is overtly or secretly sexist, or to reopen the serious criticisms made of "Seven Beauties," which appeared to some viewers as a sexual comedy impossibly placed in a Nazi death camp, and also seemed to preach a doctrine of survival at any price: survival above resistance, above courage, above hope. Nor do I intend to get into the lesser question of whether Miss Wertmüller is sometimes facile or derivative or too easily distracted, as in the Rabelaisian or perhaps Fellini-esque scene in "The Seduction of Mimi" in which the angry little leftist worker (Giannini again; he is also the anti-hero of "Seven Beauties") is almost smothered in bed by the naked, grossly fat body of the woman he has implacably seduced because her husband has cuckolded him. Miss Wertmüller's men and women—her men, particularly—are constantly being presented with farcically or gravely difficult questions, and I believe she presents a similarly hard choice to the moviegoer, which is whether to cling to the strong reactions one sometimes feels welling up in mid-movie and to stop and pull back at that point or to hear her out—to *live* her out—until the end and then begin to deal with the rich, conflicting blur of emotions she has imposed on us. When I do manage to stay with her, I find that she is not cheap or sexist or cynical but forgiving and generous. For me, she is a humanist (again and again, she is unexpectedly, wildly funny) who is amused and saddened by the ambiguities and distracting difficulties of life, including the unfair or unsatisfying nature of the questions we must answer. Her sexists are lovers distracted by the power of politics and the power of sex; her survivors are tiny, miserable sexual animals—moral bacteria—who know they have lasted because they did not have the nobility to die; her cuckolds live broadly comic but ultimately desolate lives because they can't do without the attitudes of honor. Some of these difficult questions and issues reappear in Miss Wertmüller's new picture, "Blood Feud," which is in some ways the most striking movie she has made, but I don't mean it as a compliment when I venture the guess that it will outrage almost no one and that it will prove to be her most popular picture so far. It is an easy movie to enjoy, which is the whole trouble.

We are in Sicily in the early nineteen-twenties—steep, sun-whitened stone villages; hot, windy hillsides of tans, ochres, and pale greens, studded with withered trees and a brown, worn Doric Greek temple; the singing sounds of midday crickets; a foreboding sense of violence and poverty everywhere. Titina Paterno (Sophia Loren, shrouded in widow's-black robes and veils), on the verge of madness, roams the hills alone or wanders into the little town square and howls for revenge. Her husband has been murdered in a meaningless, feudal killing (we see the shooting as the picture opens) and her unborn baby has died, and the criminal, Acicatena, a fat bullyboy in a black derby who fronts for the local *barone* and

"He's not here anymore. He's returned to an age of elegance."

landlord, has been acquitted in a fixed trial. Later in the picture, when Mussolini ascends to power, in 1922, Acicatena becomes the leader of the village Black Shirts. Titina, who is a charcoal-maker, is courted by Spallone (Marcello Mastroianni), a soft, talkative, self-doubting lawyer and Socialist—a theoretician, from a too safe, comfortable background—and then also by Nico Sammichele (Giancarlo Giannini), a brash, frightening, comical gangster, just back from America, who drives an open yellow touring car in which he carries, propped up in the back seat, a large, hideous statue of the Virgin, store-bought in New York, and who startles her with his sensuality and his insistent male vanity.

Loren, Mastroianni, and Giannini—this is the celebrity vehicle of the year: three famously beautiful and accomplished actors who, together, weigh down and twist and pull at this movie in almost every scene, like huge, slowly orbiting, overlapping spatial bodies. Like stars. Each is seen again and again in immense, stunning closeups (a violation of Lina Wertmüller's customary style, but who can blame her?), and each looks better, if possible, than ever before. Sophia Loren is forty-five now, but age has only sharpened and accentuated her extraordinary form and features—the etched full lips, her marvellous *antelope* wrists, her striding, long-legged vigor. Here she has frizzled thick hair, and huge smudgy shadows under those astounding light-hazel eyes. Swimming in the ocean, with her black skirts floating in a cloud around her, or whipping her horse and cart along the road in her black, proud anger, or biting her hand on hearing the hated name of Acicatena, she rivets our attention and admiration; she eats up the camera. Our first view of Marcello Mastroianni is just as surprising, for he has been given a thick, curly head of hair and a full, ridiculous beard that straggles down to his waist. When he first lays eyes on Titina (they are passing on a road), she is holding a corner of her black veil in her teeth, against the wind, and he is wearing a white panama hat; their eyes, in quick closeups, meet, look away, and then look again. And then Giannini, as Nico the New York gangster, comes along and equals, or perhaps outdoes, the famous pair, in a funny, rich, effortless, bravura performance. We see him first in a straw hat, a garish plaid coat, and a soft turkey-red bow tie; he is rolling a small cigar in his lips, under a thick mustache, and boasting in a dialect (I think) Italian that is comically



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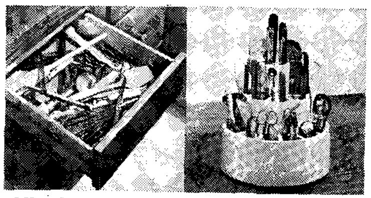

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interlaced with American phrases: "So leesten!" . . . "O.K.? Vonderfull!" . . . "You know whatta I mean?" When he explains to Titina that he is a speakeasy owner and a rumrunner in New York, she asks in some confusion, "You mean you're a smuggler?," and he grins dazzlingly, salutes, and cries "Yezzir!"

Lina Wertmüller, of course, has more in mind than simply to pose these three shining figures in various glittering, big-screen tableaux. Anyone who knows her films will not be surprised to find that only the widowed, hard-pressed, grieving Titina Paterno has a view of life that is sufficiently tough and free of illusions to sustain her. She is always close to reality. She has learned how to perform abortions on poverty-stricken women of the countryside ("Honor is even harder on the poor than religion," she says), and even when she succumbs to each of the two men in turn, fighting them both, she is without wishful imaginings about them. "Peaches and cream," Spallone murmurs, almost fainting with love in her arms (he has rescued her from an attempted rape by Acicatena), "vestal virgin . . . Aphrodite . . . Mother Earth," and she says, "Be quiet. Let's do it without the poetry." When it's over, she still calls him Spallone, formally, and she has a grave, pensive stare. And when Nico explains to her that he is a big man back there in America, who has killed twenty-five men because he had to ("Now they have respect," he says smugly), she stares at him sadly and says, "You *are* lost, poor darling."

This is the Wertmüller choice again, and again it is a depressing kind of choice to be stuck with. Titina can't decide between the two men, and although she knows exactly what each one represents, each one attracts her powerfully, for all his posturings. A band of loutish Black Shirts in a car interrupts a gathering of Socialists in a field (they are angrily wrestling and punching each other, like schoolboys, over some trifling matter of political tactics) and forces Spallone to swallow a bottle of castor oil—a favorite torture of theirs, I recall. Recovering in bed, sick and humiliated, the lawyer, detesting himself, says, "I don't know how to live and I don't know how to fight," but the widow comforts him, telling him that she loves him because he is compassionate and noble, the way a man ought to be. And then, in the very next scene, Nico returns from a trip, and she cries "At last you're back!" and they embrace, in an ex-

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traordinarily sexual and passionate closeup. She is pregnant by this time, by one or the other of them, but at the end, when a woman tells her that she can still have the child aborted, Titina says, "It isn't the *baby* I've got to get rid of!" Love is powerful and irreplaceable, but men aren't much—any of them. What are we to do about it?

The question is unanswerable, but "Blood Feud," for all this, never aggrieves us or takes us aback, never knocks us down with surprise and indignation. The picture, to be sure, is skilled and sometimes sharply interesting. (There is a tense, tight scene between the two men, for instance, in which Nico tells Spallone that Spallone's wealthy father used to kick *his* father whenever he saw him, until the victim showed a knife one day, whereupon the other muttered, "It's a sign of bad times when a man isn't free to kick his own peasant." Spallone, shocked, says he hates his father for this, but the gangster—the man of honor—says no, it is *his* father who was despicable, for not using the knife.) But the movie fails to drive us away—away from the screen and into our inner selves—with a switch or a shock, or even with sudden, startled laughter. It is the presence of the three great stars that is most to blame, I think, and the great scenery, too, for Miss Wertmüller repeatedly indulges herself in the opposite kind of closeup—a long, sensual, backward zoom, revealing another marvellous Sicilian panorama of heat-stilled hillsides and overlapping vistas and rises. She has taken undue advantage of the classical ruins of her locations, filming the near-rape scene under the columns of a Greek temple, and then staging a big, bloody shoot-out on the steep curved steps of an ancient amphitheatre, as if her story shared something with "Antigone" or "Oedipus Rex." The score of the movie, which is by Dangio and Nando De Luca, is self-indulgently beautiful as well, accompanying some of these long panoramic shots with a piercingly romantic and inapposite single soprano voice. At other times, unfortunately, Miss Wertmüller has given in to a different kind of temptation, and has staged an easy, Hollywood sort of scene: a gambling sequence, for instance, in which Nico invites himself into a card game at a gents' club (why would they let him in?), wipes out Spallone—who has drunkenly bet all his money and land holdings—by cheating, and then generously refuses to collect, out of some John Ford, Nevada-saloon form of gallantry. Miss Wertmüller's pictures are not about

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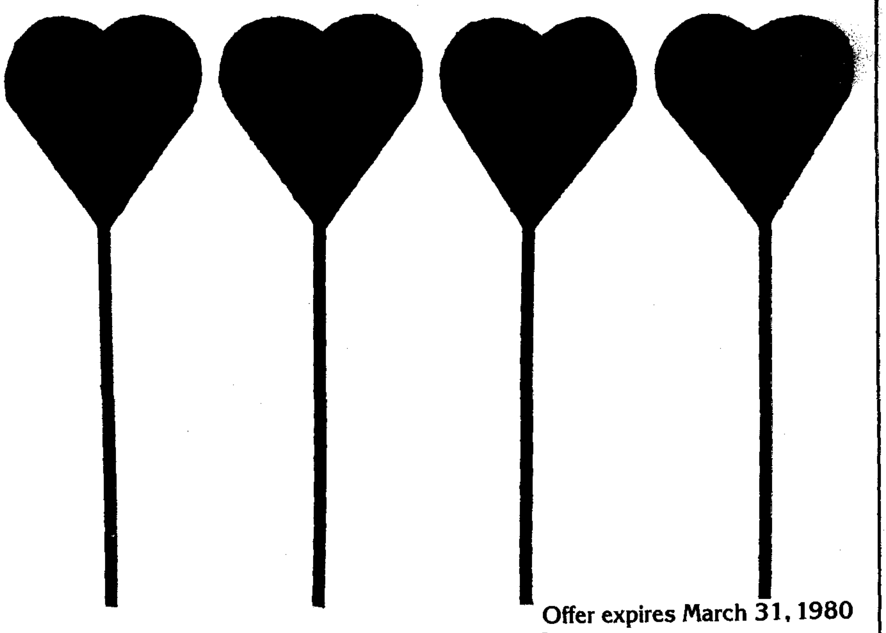

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little people—her characters are too alive and energetic to seem downtrodden or cowed into anonymity—but they have not previously taken on these empty, godlike dimensions. When I watched Spallone and Nico, almost united by their passion for the same woman and their hatred for the Fascisti, making hasty plans to flee to America with Titina, I was embarrassed by a sudden inner flash of Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross smiling at each other in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Which is not to say I did not almost love "Blood Feud." I had a wonderful time, most of the time, and my extreme disappointment over the absence of any real seriousness or surprise on the part of Lina Wertmüller did not do away with my continuing admiration for the splashiness and large dimensions of her cinema. She is never afraid to be excessive, and this time she has been excessively sensual and entertaining. At the end (in a scene I will not describe, out of deference to the audiences that will flock to this show), she closes with a shot—this time it *is* a tableau—that is as ridiculous and affecting and unrestrained and purposeful as a First World War bond poster. Italia, tear-stained and stricken, rises from the ashes with spirit unbroken. No, it is Europa herself! This shallow, ravishing movie wants only a Verdi to make it whole, for it is grand opera.

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this idyll comes the evil Captain Benson, bearing a large suitcase out of which he assembles an eight-foot, see-through, genius-level robot ("the first of the Demigod Series"), which is intended to help them in their labors. Benson is bonkers, however; we are not told *why*, but we can see it, all right, because he is Harvey Keitel, with that white, taut, coo-coo face, and also because he has a small, horrible electronic terminal hidden under a pigtail at the base of his neck. Benson lusts after Alex and is repulsed, but since he is also programming the machine (named Hector: all space robots have cute names now), the robot learns to lust after Alex, too. A horny *robot?* Hector is eight feet tall, and *mean*, man, and soon it (he?) is clomping about and scaring all three human beings out of their wits; he (it?) scared me, too, perhaps because he has some stalklike, movable, self-adjusting lights instead of a head, as well as several other businesslike, humming overhead flexors and extensors, which imparted an uneasiness I had heretofore experienced only in a dentist's chair. The fate that Hector has in mind for Alex is not exactly orthodontic, but for the life of me I couldn't see or imagine quite how he was going to bring it about. Poor Hector. Miss Fawcett (she has lost the other half of her name, along with that Hairdo, which survives now only in countless thousands of junior-high-school classrooms) widens her pretty eyes apprehensively whenever things get bad on Saturn 3, but the blankness of her gaze—which sometimes made me think I could see all the way through to the back of her head, as I could see through Hector's torso—and her disarming way of whispering "Whass going to happen to us?" convinced me that the only real danger she might encounter on her planetoid would be the unexpected, terrifying arrival of a book or an idea.

"Saturn 3" is a silly, vacuous movie—just the thing, perhaps, for an empty late-winter evening—but one that has properly been rated R. Children are a million times too good for it.

—ROGER ANGELL

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Michael Platt, Associate Professor of English at Franklin and Marshall College (Lancaster, PA) and noted authority on bio-medical ethics, will deliver a public lecture entitled "Would Life Be Better Without Death?" April 12 at Rockford College.—*Press release from Rockford College, Rockford, Ill.*

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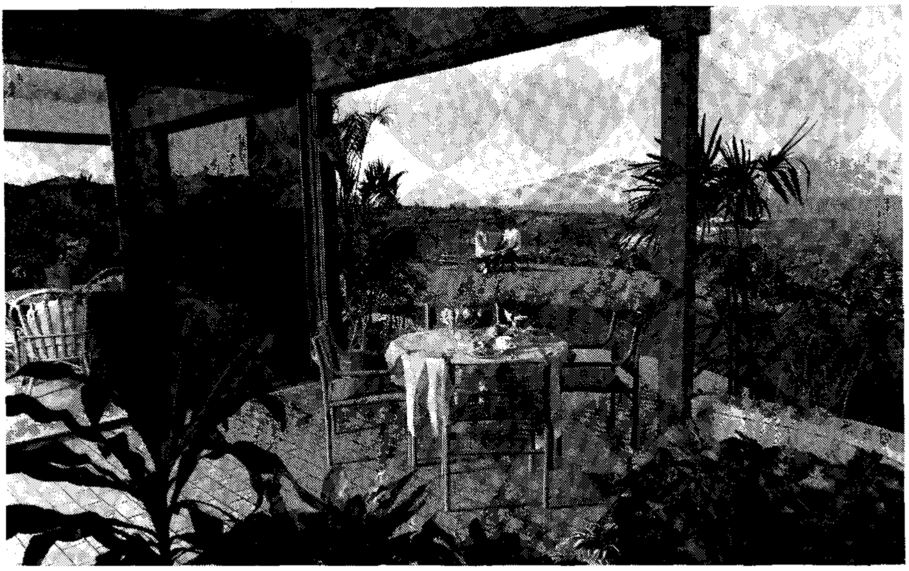

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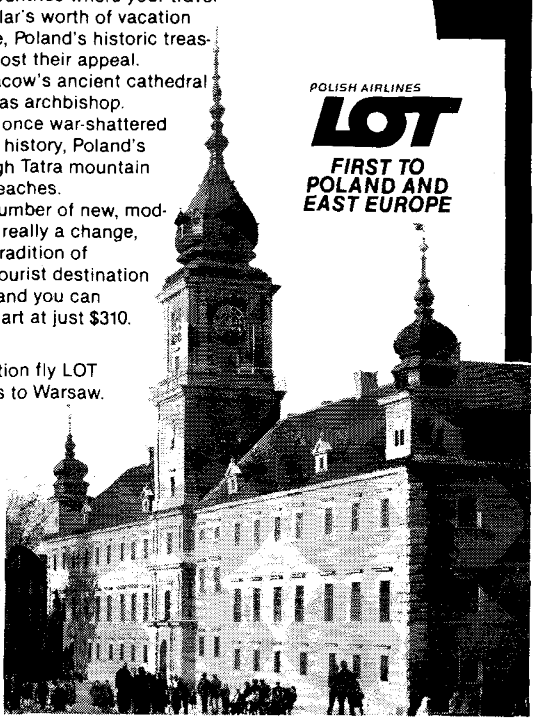

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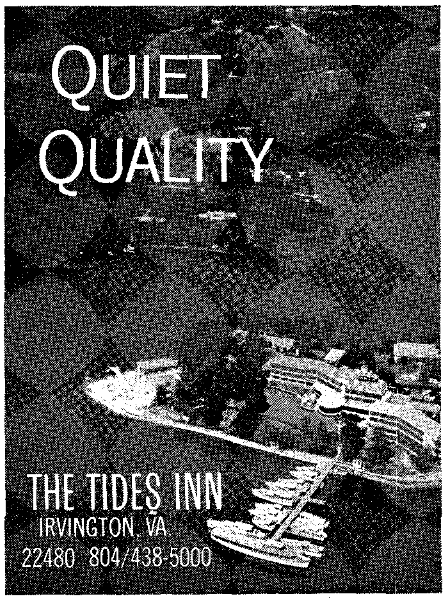

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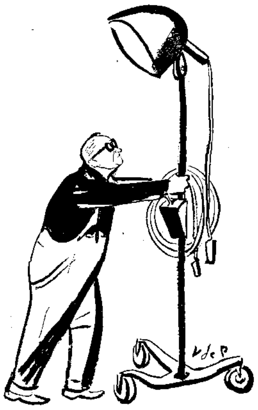
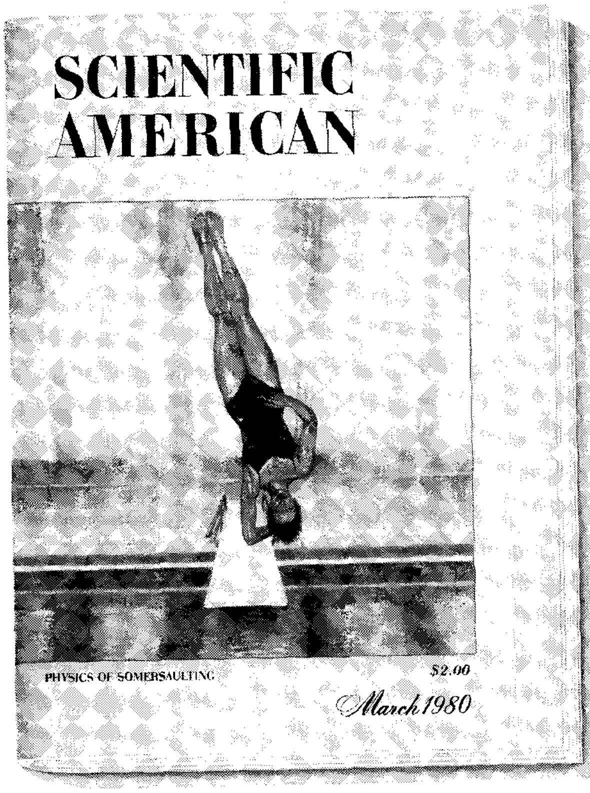


ALTHOUGH it is hard to pick a Special Sportscasting Moment from this winter's Olympic Games, a likely candidate might be the time, a few evenings ago, when one of the knowledgeable TV commentators up in Lake Placid remarked knowledgeably to his companion something to the effect that "the great thing about the Olympics this year is that everyone gets to have a different favorite Olympic event," thus giving the lie, if you will pardon the expression, to an idea that many of us were brought up on, though clearly in less complex times; namely, that everyone always has to have the *same* favorite Olympic event. Such as the exciting downhill ski race, which this year, to judge from ABC's clever use of advanced tape-editing techniques, was dominated by Franz Klammer's 1976 victory at Innsbruck. To have seen the splendid yellow-suited Klammer once, hurtling and bouncing downhill on his skis, is to have seen him a hundred times, accompanied by the breathless 1976 commentary of Bob Beattie and Frank Gifford, all of it fresh as a daisy and none the worse for wear after being packed on ice and lightly salted for the past four years. No matter that the event is somewhat archival. Klammer is a great competitor, and since his trip down the mountain in 1976 lasted less than two minutes, one can hardly begrudge him a Proustian share of viewing time in 1980. But perhaps you were wondering about my own favorite Olympic event. Was it the speed skating, *par exemple*? After all, how splendid for America, at a time when the old bald eagle is beset by sinister forces abroad and the incredible shrinking dollar bill at home, to watch that unbelievably muscular young Eric Heiden gliding along on the icy oval, and gliding along, and gliding along, and gliding along, and gliding along. Somebody (was it August Strindberg?) once asked why there was such a scarcity, almost a dearth, of great novels—or, certainly, plays—on the subject of speed skating, and though there is no ready reply even now to the famed Swedish dramatist's question (should he have been the one, after all, to raise it), it is possible that sports that contain an excess of *gliding along* are not easily translatable to the imaginative realm. So much for the strange fascination that Eric Heiden held for August Strindberg, though the two never, to the best of my knowledge, actually met. Ships that pass in the night, as it were. For a while, I thought that my favorite Olympic event was going to be ski jumping, but it appears that somebody has changed the design of ski-jump courses in recent years so as to minimize the effect of *thudding* from great heights onto the snow—an effect that was long an intrinsic source of awe-struck fascination to spectators of the sport. Of course, today's ski jumpers hurtle down a fearfully steep incline, and they could always thud onto that, but instead they usually soar out and out—not an unthrilling spectacle, by any means—and, because, alas, somebody (the jump designers, or possibly the ski jumpers' parents) has somehow either raised the landing ground or lowered the soaring angle, the spectacle is altogether different. Very skillful, to be sure. Generally excellent. But somehow deficient in the possibility of *thudding*. Another instance, if you will, of the careless demolition of old values in the service of a new technology. Briefly, I considered transferring my favorite-event allegiance to pair figure skating. This was while I believed that *we* stood a chance in the competition. This was while I was being led to believe that *we* did *not* stand a chance in the hockey—which is also very exciting, even though it lacks background music. This was while I was being nudged and chivied and generally pushed around by the ABC commentators to put my spectatorly emotions on the line for America's leading pair-figure-skating duo, Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner. The rest is part of pair-figure-skating history, as everyone knows. I put my emotions on the line, or I was all set to put them on the line. They were very close to the line. And then occurred that dreadful moment when Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner had to withdraw on account of injury! I'm telling you, I thought ABC handled its disappointment very well. As things were, I was extremely sorry not to see Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner do their stuff, but



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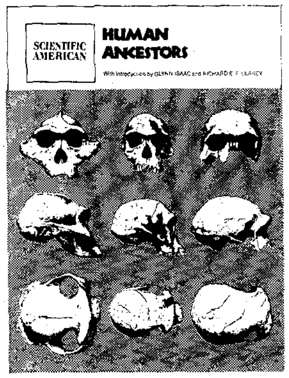

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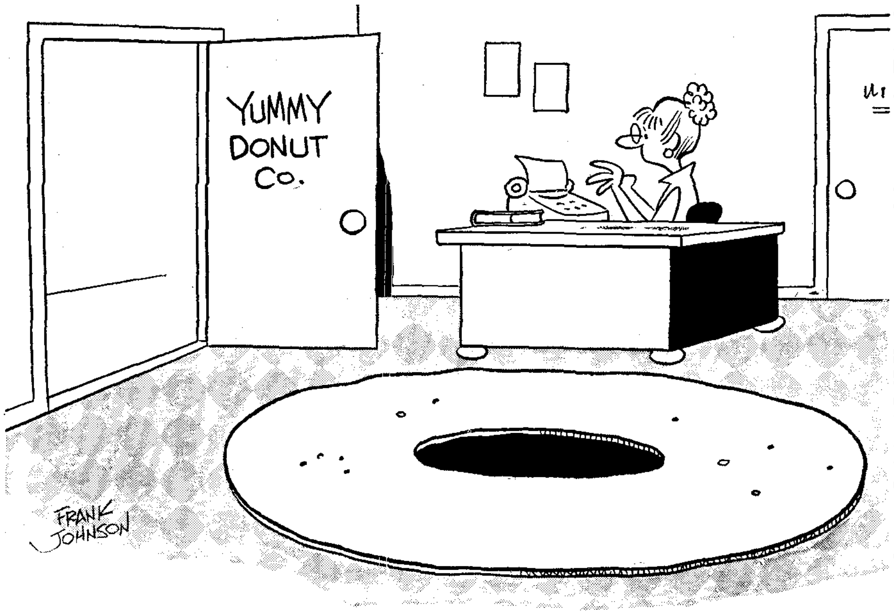

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later I realized (possibly it was only a rationalization) that it would have been even worse—wouldn't it?—to have watched them, and to have listened to all those wonderful semi-classical selections, and then perhaps see them lose to the stuck-up Russians, with their murkily recorded disco.

So let me tell you my this year's favorite event. It is the cross-country biathlon—I may not have got some of the words quite right; at any rate, it is clearly a fascinating event that combines, according to a report I am reading in *TV Guide*, elements of cross-country skiing and rifle shooting. Imagine that! The best of both possible worlds. On the one hand, a little small-arms fire definitely raises the interest level of cross-country skiing, while all that vaguely lyric, somewhat frostbitten whoosh-whooshing along on the snow on tiny, *thin* skis certainly softens and enhances, in my opinion, some of the horrider aspects of popping off guns in the woods. Mind you, I have not watched the cross-country biathlon at present writing, but I am very much looking forward to it. Indeed, it occurs to me that when the next Winter Olympics are held, in 1984 (Aha! An irony there!), the sagacious Olympic Committee, meeting, as it does, in the watery caverns of Atlantis, may see fit to combine many—even *all*—of the events with a bit of rifle shooting. Speed skating, for example. Or that peculiar giant slalom, with all the zigging and zagging and whooshing and zigging and zagging and whooshing, and with the little numbers showing the giant slalomers' time being displayed so interestingly and so accurately against the snow. Imagine how a couple of random rifle shots would add to the mystery and drama of that event! But it would have to be done *just right*, keeping true to the Olympic ideal, and not pushing too far into the shadowy realms of entertainment-for-its-own-sake, which I know that even the ABC sportscasters are very much against. Still, I bet we are the nation that could pull it off. Also, there is always the possibility that, armed to the teeth and firing cheerfully from the hip, as it were, we might win a freedom-loving-though-defense-minded superpower's proper quota of medals, for a change. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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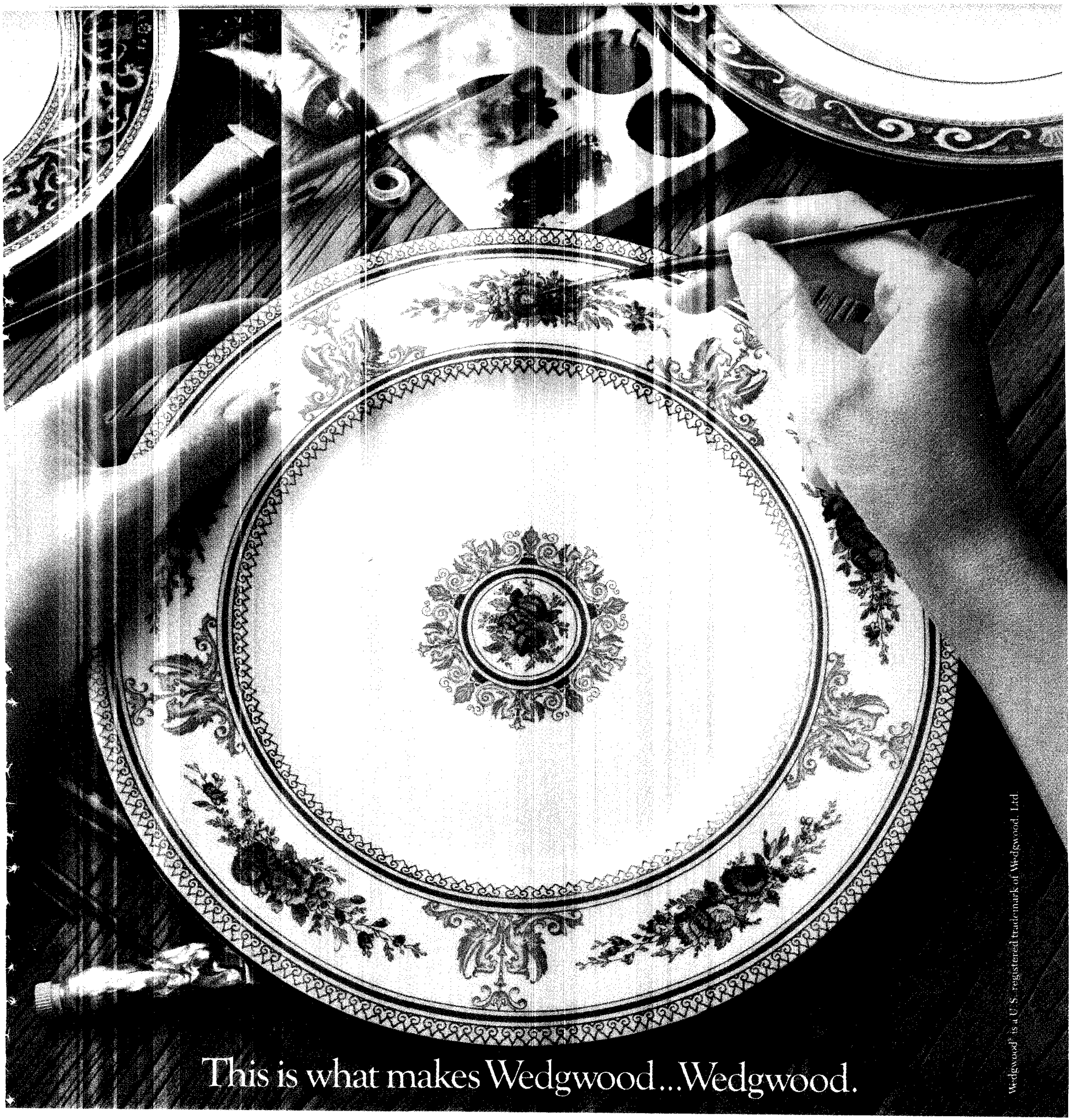

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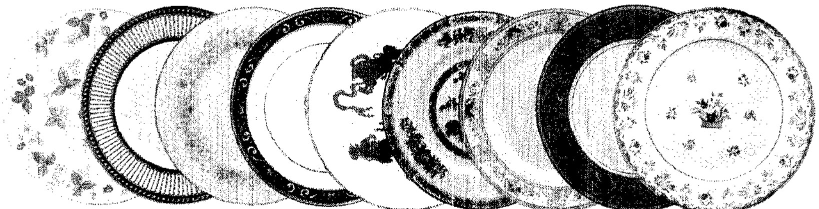

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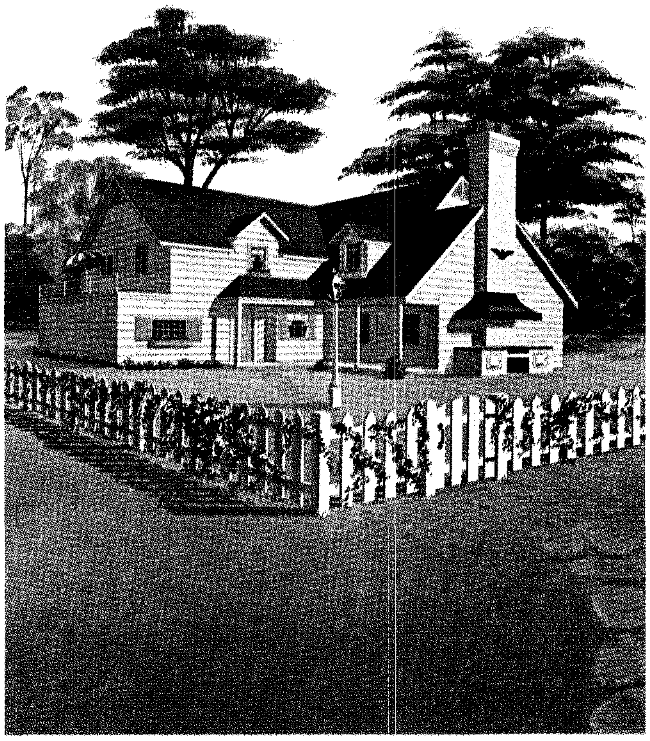

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BOOKS

Lewis Carroll

EVEN among the prolific letter-writing Victorian authors, Lewis Carroll is a phenomenon. He said that a third of his life seemed to go in receiving letters and the other two-thirds in replying to them—"wheelbarrows full, almost." He got about two thousand replies done every year but, even so, was often seventy or eighty names in arrears. The teacher of Euclid and mathematics, the ordained clergyman and Curator of the Senior Common Room at Christ Church, Oxford, was not only compulsively scribacious; he was also a systematic keeper of his postal records. From the age of twenty-nine until his death, he kept a précis of every scrap he wrote, and also a register. The recorded number of letters runs to over ninety-eight thousand, and this does not include letters concerned with college business. So fascinated was he by his addiction that he once did a kind of time-and-motion study of his flow. He wrote, he said, twenty words a minute, and took seven and a half minutes to do a page of a hundred and fifty words; an original draft of twelve pages took two and a half hours and a fair copy one and a half hours more. The learned bachelor was married to his inkpot and a harem of ingenious pens of his own invention, which included an "electric pen" that he used for writing under the covers when at last he got into bed in the small hours of the morning. He even wrote letters that could be read only in a looking glass. He was far from solemn about his eccentricity:

> I hardly know which is me and which is the inkstand.... The confusion in one's mind doesn't so much matter—but when it comes to putting bread-and-butter, and orange marmalade, into the *inkstand* and then dipping pens into *oneself* and filling *oneself* up with ink, you know, it's horrid.

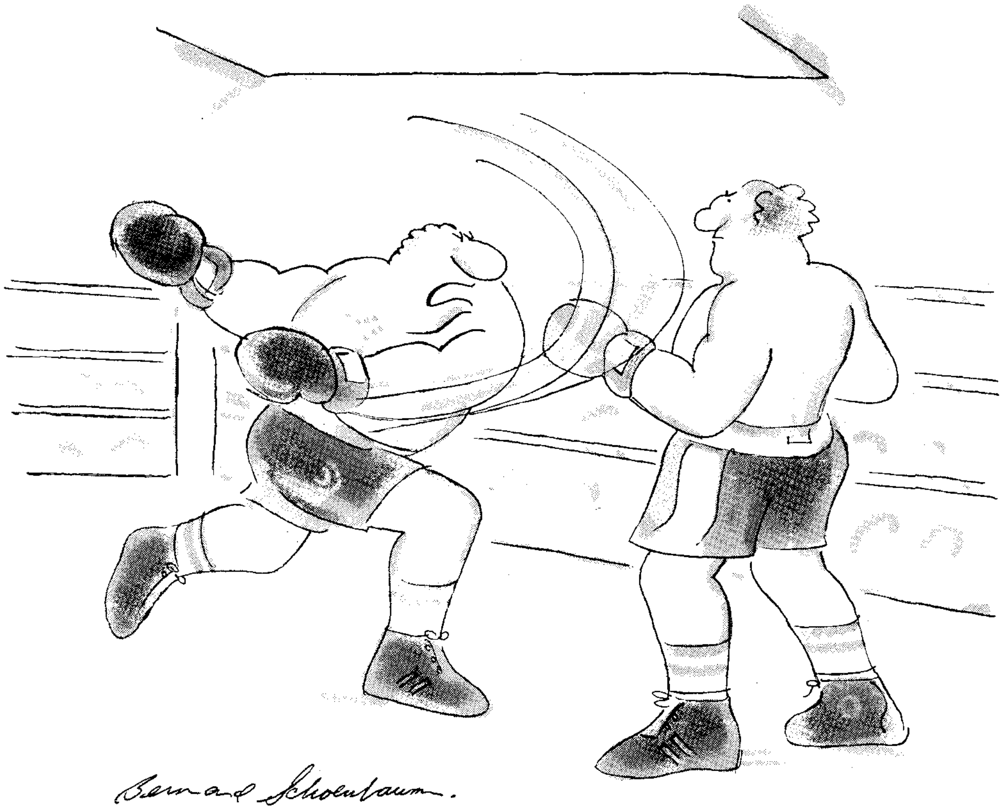
A breakfast in Wonderland! One thing to note is that if he is obsessional he is not one of the educated indecipherables who write entirely out of self-infatuation: he wrote in a clear hand in purple ink. He was determined, on principle, to give pleasure to others.

From the tens of thousands in Carroll's "wheelbarrow," Professor Morton N. Cohen—aided by Roger Lancelyn Green, who edited Carroll's diaries twenty-five years ago—has selected thirteen hundred letters, which have been published by Oxford in a handsome and scholarly two-volume edition ($60). The annotation is profuse, and Carroll's photographs and drawings are diverting. The selection includes a very large number of his nonsense letters to children and many letters on his love of the theatre, the arts, and literature, on his pioneering skills as a photographer, on his interest in science and medicine; it also reflects his fastidious religious orthodoxy as he considers the manners and doubts of Victorian family practice. We are led once more to speculate on the private springs of the genius that created "Alice in Wonderland." Carroll was a man who carried his childhood within him as a privacy all his life. It is simple to see him as the timid, pernickety don—all brain but emotionally arrested, for reasons we can only guess at. He hated publicity. He preferred to fill a monastic loneliness with fuss, puzzles, parodies, and fancies—a "case," as so many humorists have been.

But before we try this tunnel there is the second letter in this edition to consider. It is from Carroll's father, Charles Dodgson, written to the boy when he was seven. The boy had asked for a present. The father writes:

> As soon as I get to Leeds I shall scream out in the street *Ironmongers, Ironmongers.* Six hundred men will rush out of their shops in a moment—fly, fly, in all directions, ring the bells, call the constables, set the town on fire. I will have a file and a screw driver and a ring and if they are not brought directly in 40 seconds, I will leave nothing but one small cat alive in the whole Town of Leeds, and I shall only leave that because I'm afraid I shall not have time to kill it. Then what a bawling and a tearing of hair there will be! Pigs and babies, camels and butterflies, rolling in the gutter together—old women rushing up chimneys and cows after them, ducks hiding themselves in coffee cups and fat geese trying to squeeze themselves into pencil cases.

A High Churchman, from a long line of churchmen, a scholar, and a man of dominant, driving character, the father was Archdeacon of Richmond, and had his own wanton relation to the inkpot. The son's resort to fantasy is inherited. Other factors favored its growth. He was the eldest son in a precocious family of eleven children—four boys and seven girls—living in an isolated country rectory. To see a cart pass down the road was a startling event. At home, there was the Victorian stress on brainwork. There was the lifelong stammer that afflicted Carroll and his sisters and that brought too many words to the tongue at once. There was the very conscious need for the self-control nec-



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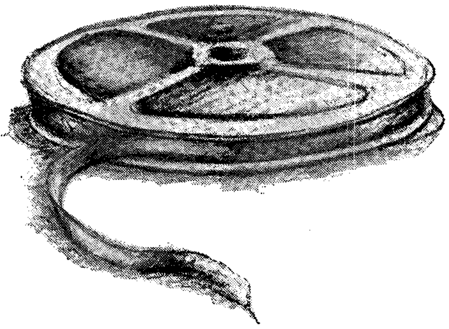

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essary to conquer whatever blocked utterance; perhaps the minds of the clever children skidded into absurdity as they paused before they hit the right word. (It is known that the character of the Dodo came from Carroll's real name, which was apt to come out of his mouth as "Do-do-dodgson.") If the stammer is a minor matter, it is surely important that Lewis Carroll was the eldest son in a family of many sisters, and the leader in the storytelling, the parodies, the charades, puppet shows, puns, conundrums, and other pranks of the brain that made for wit in a jolly family life in which privilege was assured and serious studies were exacted. The Archdeacon had been a double First in his time and had translated Tertullian: a First was confidently expected of Carroll, a born examinee, and of course he got it. If he was a mother's boy and a swot, indifferent to sport, he was neither namby-pamby nor a prig: he quietly held his own in the roughhouse of Tom Brown's Rugby. He worshipped Tennyson. He had a taste for poetry, though his own talent for serious poetry was wan, and he turned, as the too clever will, to parody; he ground away at mathematics and logic and amused himself, like many a Victorian polymath, with scientific gadgets. Here he was influenced by an adored Uncle Skeffington, of whom he wrote:

> He has, as usual, got a great number of new oddities, including a lathe, telescope stand, crest stamp (see the top of this notesheet), a beautiful little pocket instrument for measuring distances on a map, refrigerator, etc. etc. We had an observation of the moon and Jupiter last night and afterwards of live animalcula in his large microscope: this is a most interesting sight, as the creatures are most conveniently transparent; and you see all kinds of organs jumping about like a complicated piece of machinery, and even the circulation of the blood. Everything goes on at railway speed, so I suppose they must be some of those insects that only live a day or two and try to make the most of it.

The young man has an intellect that will make the most of the detail in everything, whether he writes an exact report of a dogfight in Oxford or—inevitably—turns to mastering that new fashionable gadget the camera. Much has been made, quite naturally, of the possible unconscious sources of his genius for nonsense; but what strikes one is that he displays an extreme, perhaps obliterating consciousness. He lives for figures, words, and propositions—as a game, even a career. His fantasy has none of the melancholy

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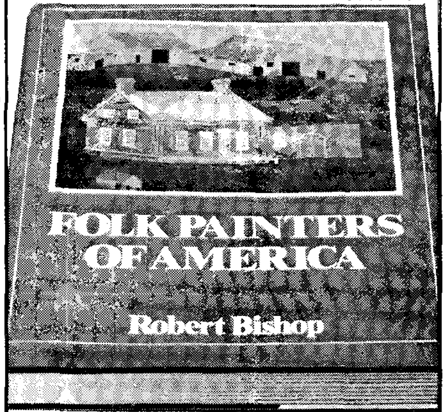

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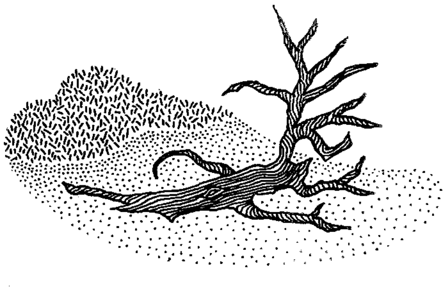
of the autobiographical Edward Lear, his great predecessor, who was half in love with failure. Carroll's is a surplus of efficient, inventive intellectual energy, the positive energy of a busy child. One has to be content with attributing his fondness for little girls (he hated little boys) to the natural continuation of his love for his sisters, and his lack of emotional interest in adult love to the shock of his mother's death, when he was eighteen. He could never, after that, connect sex with love. After girls reached the age of eleven, they lost interest in him and he in them. He had only a sort of register of them in his albums of photographs. Many wrote to him when the "Alice" books appeared—but often confessed in later life that they could not remember much about him except that he was fun.

Nothing in his diaries or his letters suggests that his interest in the scores of little girls he told stories to, played with at the seaside, and loved to take very formally to the theatre, when mothers allowed this, was other than innocent. The clergyman was strict in his religion and in the acceptance of the sexual taboos and social conventions of his time, though he did complain of Mrs. Grundy. He never breaks into the rhapsodic language of a fellow-lover of girl children, the now famous and equally innocent Reverend Francis Kilvert, whom he knew. Carroll plays but he never worships. His well-known references to the torment of his "pillow thoughts" may, of course, indicate deep sexual miseries, but one notes that the man whose overworked brain may have killed natural feeling suffered all his life from insomnia. Kilvert speaks of the "wild passionate hearts" of his little friends; Carroll of their evanescent love—and, indeed, feeling, for him, takes the form of a nostalgia for childhood itself. Really, he is delighting in the behavior of a species; he catches what, I think, Kilvert misses—the child's puzzled sense of growing. A superior person himself, he does not condescend but listens, knowing that children feel themselves to be superior, too, and grow by playing; they love rules, they are little bosses in behavior. Carroll had the attraction of a conspirator



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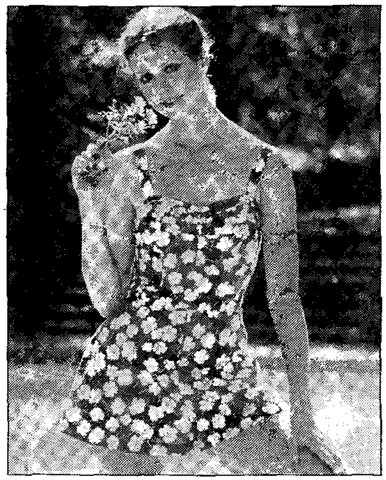

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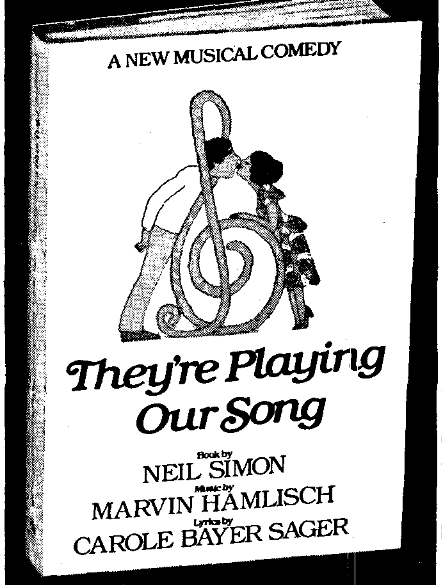

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in the libertinage of his grotesque theatrical invention. As he listened, he studied faces and physical peculiarities very much as children do, and then turned his observations of eyes, noses, heads, and legs into mad fancies. His manners were as proper as any child could desire. A pedant himself, he satisfied the pedant in the child. He carefully avoided the moral. Let nannies and mummies indulge in that; he would not.

Carroll's letters are packed with hidden quotations and disguised nursery verses. Having told little Agnes Hughes a satisfactorily violent story of how he knocked three cats down with a rolling pin, he adds in the next letter an appeasing dramatic sequel:

> Of course I didn't leave them lying flat on the ground like dried flowers: no, I picked them up, and I was as kind as I could be to them. I lent them the portfolio for a bed—they wouldn't have been comfortable in a real bed, you know: they were too thin, but they were *quite* happy between the sheets of blotting paper... Well then... I lent them the three dinner bells to ring if they wanted anything in the night.
>
> You know I have *three* dinner bells—the first (which is the largest) is rung when dinner is *nearly* ready; the second (which is rather larger) is rung when it is quite ready; and the third (which is as large as the other two put together) is rung all the time I am at dinner... In the morning I gave them some rat-tail jelly and buttered mice for breakfast and they were as discontented as they could be. They wanted some boiled pelican, but of course I knew it wouldn't be good for them. So all I said was "Go to Number Two Finborough Road and ask for Agnes Hughes, and if it is really good for you, she'll give you some." Then I shook hands with them all... and drove them up the chimney. They seemed very sorry to go and they took the bells and the portfolio with them. I didn't find this out until after they had gone, and then I was sorry too and wished for them back again. What do I mean by "them"? Never mind.

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Lewis Carroll was much opposed to allowing servants to bring up children. He was also critical of the absurd overdressing of children that became a form of conspicuous waste in the latter half of the century, especially at the seaside. And here we come to his troubles as a photographer of little girls: he wanted them to be as near to innocent nature as possible. The ideal, he tried to convince mothers, was to take pic-

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tures of the girls naked or as near naked as possible. There was, indeed, a Victorian cult of the idealized, sexless naked child. Painters and illustrators of fairy tales were allowed the subject. Why not the photographer? Parents were divided about this. Carroll's negotiations were elaborately tentative and polite yet also persistent. He was reassuring. No girl over the age of eleven. If necessary, he would take two girls at a time—if possible without their mothers, so that the children would be natural. It was, of course, a principle, for him (he said), never to take a frontal picture. The movement against Mrs. Grundy had begun; often he got his way, but often there was a break with old friends, and eventually, in later life, he gave up photography in despair of the age he lived in. He was indignant at the questioning of his motives—*that* he never forgave. My own impression is that Carroll's pictures of the solemn, overdressed child are better than his semi-nudes, which he hoped would embellish the walls of the parents' drawing rooms. The overdressed girls are simply bursting with will and repressed emotion. One has the suspicion that nowadays, when the silence about sex has been broken and no one believes in the innocence of either children or adults, the opposition would be stronger. The cult of the idealized child has gone. Carroll had his own reservations. He would never have boys at these scenes in his studio; they would be too enterprisingly curious. Any form of sexual curiosity or marital misbehavior shocked him. He refused to meet Ellen Terry—whom he had loved deeply when she was a child—when she left her husband for another man; many years passed before he would agree to meet her. It has been said that he wished to marry her.

In his biography of Carroll, published in 1954, Derek Hudson wrote that the surface life of this self-controlled man "disguised a precarious balance. He was at once selfish and unselfish." Perhaps the dominant will of the Archdeacon had been unnerving. The son was noted "for statements no sooner made than they were nervously reversed." The stammerer was a waverer. And so in the main his few letters on public and business matters are full of assertions nervously made and then half withdrawn. In religion, he could not be sure whether he was as High as his father; in his disputes with agnostics, he was the winning logician who escaped apologetically into the argument for faith, in a gentle-

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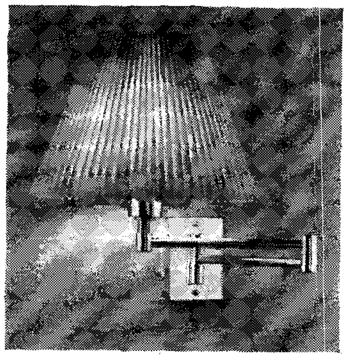

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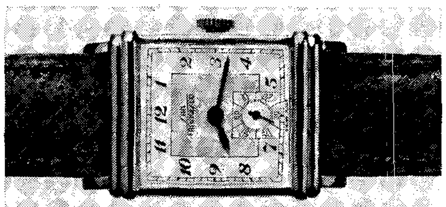

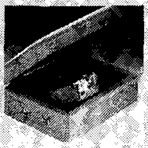

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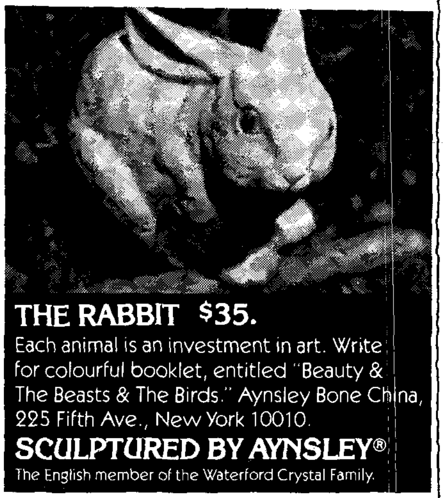

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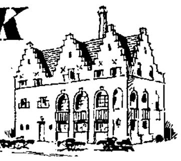

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manly way. He was a touchy grammarian in dispute. This comes out early, in a rather telling youthful quarrel with Tennyson. Carroll had been given a copy of an unpublished poem of Tennyson's, and he felt it would be wrong not to reveal this to the poet. Tennyson was angry and called Carroll's request to circulate the poem ungentlemanly. The proud young Carroll demanded an apology and got one—but it was grumpy and halfhearted, and he let the great man know it:

> Nevertheless I accept what you say, as being in substance, what it certainly is not in form, a retraction (though without a shadow of apology or expression of regret) of all dishonourable charges against me, and an admission that you had made them on insufficient grounds.

At Christ Church, he was noted for such donnish precisions about elections, architecture, and the college wine. There came a time when the nonsense became strained. He was the loneliest of busy men. —V. S. PRITCHETT

•

[LAUGHTER] ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore (Mr. HEFLIN). The Chair would like the Sergeant at Arms to bring forth the official Senate thermometer. [Laughter.]

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, this would be considered a heat wave in Vermont. I find it very comfortable here in the Chamber. I know in the few years I have been here it seems often that the Senate Chamber is chilled almost unbearably during the summer and heated unbearably during the winter. Now we seem finally to have moved it around the other way. I just assumed under one of the special orders that the temperature was just dropped to make me feel a lot more comfortable.

Mr. STEVENS. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

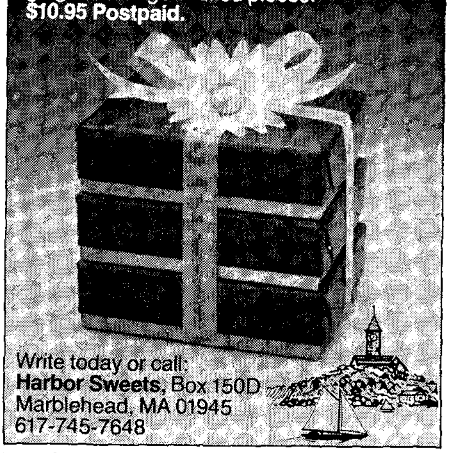
Mr. LEAHY. I yield to the Senator from Alaska.

Mr. STEVENS. I was just admiring the majority leader's sweater and vest today, and thought this was a great temperature. I would urge the present occupant of the chair to obtain the thermometer and see if we cannot come to an accord that, perhaps, this is the time of year to visit his part of the country and enjoy the warmth and hospitality and spirit of the South. But this is a very comfortable Chamber for an Alaskan Senator.

Mr. LEAHY. I must admit that it is comfortable for a Vermonter as well.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair cannot help but observe that the Senator from Vermont's hands have been in his pockets most of the time. [Laughter.]

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, the chill falls alike on the just and unjust. The important thing is to keep the temperature down, be well-clothed, and conserve energy.



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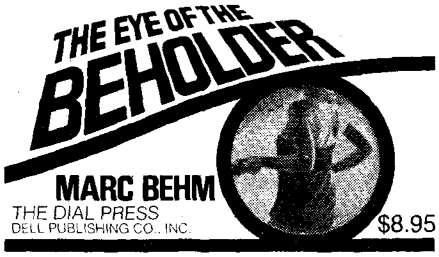
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